

1-1-1906

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# THE REDWOOD

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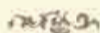
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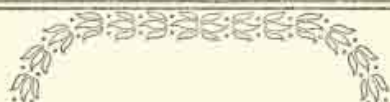
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REV. RICHARD A. GLEESON, S. J.  
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE



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REV. ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.  
PRESIDENT OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, 1899-1905

# The Redwood.

*Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

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VOL. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1905.

NO. 1

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## THE OLD AND THE NEW

Once more we meet on classic ground,  
Once more reunion's joy is ours,  
But mid the dear old college bowers,  
A face we loved is nowhere found.

Yet sorrow's cloud is silver-lined;  
Though much we lose, much do we gain;  
Sweet pleasure comes to soothe our pain;  
The rose is with the violet twined.

For we behold a kindred face  
To cheer us up true manhood's steep,  
A face that in our hearts will keep,  
With him we loved, companion place.

Freshman.

## GARCIA MORENO

"Who is Garcia Moreno, anyway?" I fear some of my readers are tempted to exclaim. It is a strange as well as a sad thing that so few are acquainted with this truly great man, whom no one can know without being the better for it. Stranger still is it that we may look in vain for any decent account of him in any of our encyclopaedias. Perhaps there is no room in encyclopaedias for men of his stamp, for after all, he was only the savior of Ecuador; he was only the greatest Christian politician of the nineteenth century; he was only a Catholic statesman who, while enriching his people with the temporal blessings of peace, moulded, with incomparable skill, their hearts to the observance of God's law.

Any adequate account of a life of fifty singularly active years is of course impossible in these pages. All I aim at is to draw an outline of the man, which, distorted as it shall be, may yet, I trust, awaken in some the desire of studying more fully in his biography a character whom to know is to love and revere.

Garcia Moreno was born in Guayaquil, December 24, 1821, of Spanish parents, noble by birth and more noble by their piety and high character. His early schooling he received from his mother, and so fond did he become of his teacher that, in later life, he was wont to say: "I know of only two good things in Guayaquil, my mother and

—bananas." Under her care, his piety and his studies advanced at equal pace. Strange to say, he, who was yet to astound the world by his courage, was as a boy unusually timid. To cure him, his father used heroic treatment. Fearful of lightning, the boy was shut out all alone on a balcony during a furious thunder storm. Dreading death in all its forms, he was sent to light the tapers around a corpse. This severe medicine proved eminently successful. He himself appreciated the allopathic method so much that whenever he felt any fear, he trained himself to embrace, as it were, the object of his dread. One day while swimming, he noticed that like everybody else he had unconsciously avoided the neighborhood of a frightful rock that hung over the water, threatening to fall at any instant. At once, he resolved to overcome himself, and swimming to the place of danger, he there to the horror of his companions disported himself to his heart's content. Not only that—to uproot all fear completely, he came day after day to study, sitting in the very paws, as it seemed, of the monster near which no one dared to pass.

At the age of fifteen, he entered the University of Quito, which at that time was unsound in its philosophy, St. Thomas having been discarded for Descartes. But Moreno's mind was too broad and too acute to be misled by falsehood,



and in spite of unhealthy surroundings, his piety waxed strong, and he approached the Sacraments every week. His success in philosophy was so great, that out of a class of several hundred, he was always chosen for the public disputations. His memory was extraordinary. Twice a day he called out the roll of his class in order, without looking at his list, and without making a mistake. His success in all branches of learning exceeded even his ardor, and how great this was may be judged from the fact that, not to waste his time in social amusements during vacations, he shaved his hair like a monk. At this period, his only defect was a rather hot temper, which however he brought under control by diligent examinations of conscience.

When he was 23 years old, he was called to the bar, where his career was soon marked by exceptional energy and fidelity to duty. Once a Judge asked him to defend a murderer. "I would rather shoot him" was the characteristic reply. About this time, Ecuador was in a critical state, being overrun with banditti, while the Government was weak, and unable to cope with the revolutionary Liberals. Under the titles of *The Whip*, or *The Devil*, the ardent Moreno published journals which so irritated the Liberals that he thought it best to quit the country and go to Europe. On his return a few years later, when the revolution had subsided, he met at Panama a band of Jesuits, exiled from New Granada. Moreno induced them to accompany him to Quito, where through

his diplomacy the laws against them were revoked.

However, the Liberals, though baffled for the moment, became only more rabid than ever. A high official of Granada wrote against the Jesuits, attacking their doctrines, morals, and even the personal conduct of some of their members. Their bright prospects were clouded, and exile seemed again awaiting them, when Moreno came forward as their champion in a remarkably powerful *Defensa de los Jesuitas*, in which he refuted all the calumnies against them. "I shall be called for this," he wrote, "a fanatic and a Jesuit, but I care little. I am a Catholic, and proud of it, though not so fervent as I ought to be. I love my country with a passionate love, and as a Christian and a patriot, I cannot keep silence on a question involving her welfare. I must take up the cause of the weak. Tyranny disgusts me, and I abhor the cold barbarity which will not interfere between the murderer and his victim. You say you banish the Jesuits through love of the Church. It is a lie. All the enemies of the Church abhor the Society of Jesus. You say with Calvin: We must either kill our worst foes the Jesuits, or banish them, or ruin them by calumny. . . . War is declared, but we shall march to battle under the guidance of God, and if we pass through the Red Sea, God will open the way for us."

This saved the Jesuits until the year 1853, when they were again expelled. Moreno scored the President in his caustic paper, *La Nacion*. For this he

was arrested and sent to prison, as he had foreseen. One dark night however, he managed to escape. The alarm was raised, and three of the guards started in pursuit. Moreno saw that they were overtaking him, and he made his plans to overcome them as Horatius did the Curiatii of old. Making a sudden turn he disunited his pursuers. Then turning on the foremost, he attacked him fiercely, at the same time shouting "Strike him." The guard, taken unawares, turned round to see the pretended second assailant, when he received Moreno's dagger in his heart. The second he slew by his superior dexterity, and the third fled. After many privations, our hero managed to cross the border, and soon after set sail for Paris. During those days of trial, an incident occurred which may serve as a rebuke to some of us whose bodily health is more vigorous than our faith. One evening, he arrived very hungry and tired at a small cottage. A cold chicken was placed before him, but as it was Friday, he made his meal off the sole remaining choice, some weak porridge.

In Paris, where he awaited a favorable moment to return, he studied everything, politics especially. Amid all the pleasures and attractions of the gayest of cities, he set to work to develop his mental powers to their utmost. He took room in an out-of-the-way street far from the din and hurry of the gay boulevards, and gave himself to his work with an intensity which only a constitution of iron could have borne. "I study sixteen

hours a day," he said, "and if there were forty eight hours in the day, I could spend forty at my desk." Not an instant was lost; he had no time even to smoke, and though very fond of this luxury, he pressed all his choice American cigars upon a friend on the plea that he had "no time to light those miserable cigars." He studied in company with a young man from the United States, but the Professor suggested to the latter that he might find it difficult to keep pace with his class-mate. "We shall see" he replied, and for some weeks he did manage to keep up. But Moreno finding he was going too slowly, roused himself to greater effort. The unfortunate Yankee swore he would follow him or die in the attempt. In less than a year the Yankee was dead.

Besides politics, Moreno studied law, history, science, mathematics, and by way of relaxation, literature, in all of which his progress was almost miraculous. He became conversant with all the literary, political, industrial, and military questions which then agitated France. He visited all the lyceums and colleges in Paris and was versed in their methods of education. Paris was in fact, to him a great school of universal learning, and by the grace of God, it proved for him also a school of christian piety. For some years, his studies and political struggles had somewhat cooled his devotion, but a singular incident recalled him to himself. He was commenting one day with some friends on a man who had died refusing the Sacraments. Some of the party applauded

the act. Moreno argued that it was monstrous to die in that impious manner. His adversaries began attacking the doctrines of the Church; Moreno crushed them with his merciless logic, until forced to fly under cover of a personal argument, one of them said: "You talk very well, but if your religion be so true, why are you so lax in its practice? When were you to Confession?"

For a moment, Moreno bowed his head in confusion. Then looking up, "Your remark may be just today," he replied, "but I promise you that tomorrow it will be worth nothing." So say-

ing, he abruptly left them, and stung with remorse, sought the solitude of his room. Long and fervently he prayed, and then that very night, made in the confessional his peace with God. Thenceforth during his stay in Paris, he received Communion weekly, and every morning the parishioners of St. Sulpice might admire a stranger of distinguished military bearing, kneeling at the altars saying his heads. And he needed strength from above, for dark days were at hand.

SOPHOMORE.

*(Concluded next month)*

## JIM'S "FAT SNAP"

*"Begor," says Jim, "I used to break  
Me back a-cookin' meat  
To satisfy two hundred boys  
Whose appeloite was great.*

*But now I've sthruck a better thing—  
I gives 'em fruit, d'ye moind?  
God bless the good ould Father Hugh,  
The man that made the foind."*

*First Academic.*



## " WHY ? "

O

*WHY in the hush of that shimmering light,  
That gleams through the veil of the slumbering night,  
In trouble so soothing to me,  
Doth each bright-eyed star  
From his beacon afar,  
Seem to stoop and to whisper of thee?*

*Why, Mother, of thee sings the silvery moon,  
When like gondola wave-rocked on breezy lagoon,  
Deceived of her lingering stay,  
She lifts and dips  
Through the feathery tips  
That fleck the wind driven way?*

*And when like sweet Charity, snowflakes enfold  
So stealthily round naked forest and wold,  
What charm of the beautiful scene,  
Of the drift and whirl  
And the eddying swirl  
An image reveals of our heavenly Queen?*

*Why that voice from the lily's pure delicate cup,  
When bright from its moss bed, it lifts itself up,  
To grace the arrival of day;  
So unconsciously fair,  
Unpretendingly rare,  
The favorite bloom of the May?*

*Why turn I to thee in the forest and glade,  
Where the song birds and brook and the quivering shade  
Unite in a sweet harmony?  
Nought on earth so bright,  
No earthly delight,  
But a memory awakens of thee!*

Senior.



## VICI

Beverly squinted through the smoke of his cigar at the card he had just turned up. For some moments he sat there silently, while the others glanced first at their cards and then at one another expectantly. Finally he tossed the card carelessly on the center of the table so that all could see it was the ace of diamonds.

"The luck's my way, boys!" he remarked coolly, "and—and I'm deucedly glad of it. By Jove! yes I am." The dealer, a redfaced, portly old gentleman reached over, with a laugh for the discarded pasteboard and handed Beverly in exchange a copper slug, about the size of a chocolate bar, such as is used in the penny-in-the-slot machine. This Beverly took and placed in a little contrivance at the fourth end of the magnificently furnished club room, while the crowd of blasé New York clubmen, wandered over to witness the result. It came in a little missive that fell to the floor when Beverly pressed a button on the side of the machine.

The hum of conversation subsided a little as Beverly read the paper note, in a low steady tone.

"Enter the besieged town of Port Arthur, openly and in full view of its occupants. Your mission must be accomplished in one month from to-day. If successful your reward is \$50,000. Start to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock and our agents in San Francisco will

furnish you with full information and the necessary funds."

That was all. Beverly laughed gaily, shook hands all around, then pulled himself together and went out into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten days later a fast steam yacht, ostensibly chartered by a party of New York tourists and bound for San Diego left San Francisco harbor; she was not seen again either at San Diego or at any other place along the coast. The Russian warship *Ivancovich* sighted a yacht answering to that description off the Liao Tang Peninsula and travelling in a north easterly direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Port Arthur had been relieved by General Kuropatkin and all Russia was now hopeful. Nicholas, however, had set his heart on carrying out the ancestral tradition of going to the front. But to do this was to leave St. Petersburg open to the influence of the Nihilists. Count Cassini was equal to the emergency. The Tsar would travel incognito through Siberia to the Russian Railroad thence on by the Liao Tang Peninsula to Port Arthur. The Tsar's brother would meanwhile impersonate His Majesty on the Royal throne and only the inner circle at Port Arthur would be aware of the new-comer's identity. It was announced that Nicholas was not

well and that complete rest and privacy for a whole month was absolutely necessary. All royal audiences were denied.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty-five days from the time that Beverly left New York, all was in readiness at Port Arthur for the arrival of a special train. Russians in the guise of coolies were stationed all along the track at short intervals, with instructions to be on the watch for a new supply train that should have on each car a broad red cross. This train would carry the royal person, and each of the train crew would be a trusted member of the Russian police force. Ah! but then money, bright yellow money may cause even the most trusty to—

\* \* \* \*

The special train crossed the frontier and sped onwards across the great Plain of China. At the town of Daiken, one hundred miles from Port Arthur, something went wrong with the front engine, so the engineer said at any rate, and the entire party were forced to dismount. Then a peculiar thing happened. The station house, old and wooden, started to blaze as if a match had been touched to a haystack. While the attention of the royal party was then called to the spot, the engineer suddenly opened wide the throttle, a gang of coolies swung on board the now fast moving train and to the consternation of the small party of officials left standing near the station, the train swept out of sight in a whirl of dust.

\* \* \* \*

Beverly changed his clothes leisurely

on the fast moving train and when Port Arthur was reached, it was a polished New Yorker that stepped coolly from the train. Kuropatkin and a small cluster of officers were gathered anxiously at the station. Beverly stepped up and proffered a card to the Russian Commander.

"A matter of grave importance, General," he said in excellent Russian. "May I speak with you in private?"

The interview was brief. Beverly was always good at cards and this time he had an excellent hand. "Did his Excellency desire a mob of coolies to kill the Tsar? Did he wish these same coolies to telegraph to the journals the true state of affairs? No? well then, will his Excellency be so condescending as to put his autograph on the back of this card and allow me to return at once with the train to Daiken? Because if he did not come back at once and safely, the coolies had orders to dispatch the Royal Head and surely that would be a pity." Yes, it would and the American with his coolies was allowed to return taking with them one engineer. Twenty miles from Daiken the engineer slowed up and Beverly with his Americans jumped off. The train pulled on and three hours later the disguised Russians, including the Tsar, started on a return trip to St. Petersburg, this first adventure having frightened them.

\* \* \* \*

The steam yacht bobbed up and down at her anchor, off the deserted coast of the Liao Tang Peninsula. Beverly and his witnesses, bearing the autograph of

Kuropatkin, started on their return trip to San Francisco. How they were chased and almost caught by the Cruiser Petronoplatz is another story, as is also the many wonderful adventures that befell the members of this strange American club, when they too, led by the ace

of diamonds, were sent on wild and helpless quests.

Beverly, however, came back safely and, I believe, gave the \$50,000 to a lunatic asylum. Foresight—wasn't it?

GERALD P. BEAUMONT, '05 Spc'l.

## LIFE'S WORK

*NOT till the ardent heat of life,  
The race  
For place,  
And passions gathered in the strife  
Are past,  
Does each his life's true work begin  
At last.*

*In manhood then we clad our soul  
To fight  
For right,  
And backward turn us toward the goal  
Forgot  
To know what is our life's true work;  
What not.*

*J. Earl Seaton, '08.*

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT



*HEN amid the dim shadows of evening*

*As the night breeze so softly glides by,*

*I hear in its sorrowful murmurings,*

*Glad voices that never will die;*

*Glad voices that whisper of beauty,*

*Of joy that will ne'er cease to be,*

*And again in the hush of its murmur*

*Sweet music is wafted to me.*

*Once there came o'er my spirit a sadness,*

*A sadness I longed to dispel,*

*And I questioned, "O tell me kind spirit,*

*O tell me if all is now well."*

*Then I listened again to the night wind*

*As it kept on its way through the dell,*

*And the voice of a whispering spirit*

*Spoke the answer, "With thee all is well."*

*James Lester Pierce, '08.*



## AN ARIZONA EPISODE

One evening late in May two dust-covered cowboys rode into the little town of Arwaca in southern Arizona. They rode up to the only store in the town, an old adobe building containing the post office, the dry-goods department, the grocery department, and the house of the clerk all in one. In front of the door were tied several horses belonging to other cowboys who had stopped over to see what was going on. The two men dismounted, tied their horses with the rest, and went into the store.

"Hello! Charley!" said one of the men who was lounging in the store, "just come in? How are the cattle down below on the flat?"

"O pretty fair!—not much water though," was the answer of one of the late arrivals, a tall, well built young fellow of about twenty-five. He was dark and to all appearances very strong. His attire consisted of a pair of chaps, a blue shirt, a red bandana handkerchief around his neck, and round his waist a leather belt well stocked with cartridges and from which hung a six shooter, seeming altogether in keeping with the wearer. The other was a short man of about thirty years of age dressed much like his companion, but unlike him, rather clumsily built.

"Those two men are the best friends on the range or in Arizona, for that matter," remarked one of the loungers to another.

"Yes," was the rejoinder, "they seem to be together a powerful lot."

"Yes siree! where you find one you'll find the other every time."

By this time the two men having quit the store with a few articles they had bought, were riding on their way. They camped that night about two miles above the town. The two men were silent and went about their separate tasks without a word. After supper when the dishes were put away and they sat down for their customary smoke, the older man broke the silence.

"Charley, what's the matter with you lately, today especially. You seem so quiet and seem to have forgotten how to talk; what's the matter, man?"

"Well, Joe, I might as well let you know what I am thinking about. There's no use beatin' around the bush and it might as well be settled now as later."

His words were few and to the point.

"Joe," he continued, "you have to quit Salver or quit me. That fellow's a bad egg, and I won't have anything to do with him or any one who does. Now you've got to swear to me right here and right now, that you'll have nothing more to do with him or else you and I split trail and separate to-night."

"Say, Kid," exclaimed the other, jumping up from the ground, "do you know that you're talking to me now? Don't you think I'm old enough to choose my own company? If you don't,

you've got another think a comin' an' if you don't like the way I am adoin and the boys I run with, you can saddle up your nag and hit the trail."

Without a word he arose, went to where his horse was tethered, brought him over, saddled him and after gathering up his belongings, mounted. He cast a parting glance at his former comrade, who was looking another way and was playing with a stick; then he turned his horse and rode away.

\* \* \* \*

Two years had passed since the two had parted. No one knew where either had gone. Once in a while Charley came to the store but no one asked questions and as he was not of a very talkative disposition no one learned any particulars. One day he dropped into the store and found there more men than usual. Everyone was glad to see him as they generally were.

One of the men spoke up.

"Well, Charley, did you come to join the search? We're most all here and if you haven't got nothing very important to do maybe you'll come along. We want you and that there gun of your'n. It's worth all the rest of our'n put together, 'cause we'll likely have some trouble."

Charley looked interested.

"I haven't heard of any search but I suppose its my duty to go if some feller is gettin kind a familiar with somebody else's cattle."

"Yes," enjoined one of the fellows, "and your boss is one of the losers."

About an hour after this conversation, the party set out on the man hunt. For three days they rode on towards the south. They thought that the thieves would be hiding in the Arwaca mountains, and accordingly they went in that direction.

On the fourth day they came upon a camp where the thieves had stayed the night before.

"The fun will begin soon," said one of the men to Charley, after the camp had been made and the horses unsaddled.

"Yes," was the brief answer. After a pause Charley took his companion's arm and led him to a sandy place near the camp.

"Look!" he said; there on the sand in large letters was written the name, Joe Chatman.

"Sink me, and may a mule die of heart disease, if it ain't your old pard," said the other, "If that don't beat the jumpin' horse of Red Harry. That puts you in more'n a mess, don't it, and what you're going to do?"

A moment's silence ensued in which the two men looked at each other, and then Charley spoke.

"My duty, though God knows it's hard enough to go in this case."

"Shake on it, Kid; you're a man."

Charley shook his hand and at the same time said, appealingly, "Jim, you won't say anything about this to the boys, they mightn't take it right and think I've got cold feet."

Jim smiled.

"Mum's the word, trust me, and so help me Heaven if a word escapes me. Any feller kin keep a brave man's secret."

The next day the thieves were spied, and then began the merry chase, men after men, striving to take each other's life placing naught on its value.

Charley's horse was the fastest and he was soon in the lead. They were gaining on the thieves and all would soon be over. There were three pursued and five pursuers. They closed now and the shooting began. One of the posse fell and his horse rushed madly off across the hills. Charley was riding swiftly on to close quarters; he slowed his horse up now and placed his hand on his shoulder. He heard some one galloping toward him and turning, saw—Joe, his old chum,—the latter had his

revolver drawn. Their eyes met for an instant and each read a deadly intent in the eyes of the other. Quickly the thief leveled and fired, the bullet grazed Charley's arm. Quick as a flash Charley's pistol was out and before the thief could fire again—bang! and he reeled in his saddle then fell to the ground. Charley looked to see if any one needed his help, but one of the other two had been killed and the third severely wounded and a prisoner. He dismounted, went over to his old friend, knelt down beside him.—He was dead!—"I'm sorry," he said, "that I had to kill, and my friend too; but, I did my duty and God will forgive. Good bye, Joe—Good bye."

He went to his horse, mounted, and rode slowly away.

IYO C. BOGAN '08.

## IN SANCTUM ALOISIUM

LILIA MANU GERENTEM

*Hæc quæ virginis nituntur lilia culmis,  
Unde verecundas explicuere cornas?  
Non generant similes Pæstana rosaria flores,  
Nec simili Phariis messe superbi ager,  
Non hæc purpureis mater Corcyra rosetis,  
Nec parit æquoreis pulsa Carystos aquis.  
Cum nullas habeant natales lilia terras,  
Quis neget a casta lilia nata manu?*

*Special Latin*



A DEAD LOVE

---

"Farewell," I said to my dearest friend,  
    "Farewell, for we must part,"  
And I took his hand from out of mine,  
    And love from out my heart;  
And I turned and walked no more with him,  
    And I tried to heal the smart.

Then I found me other friends to love,  
    And I sought their love in turn,  
Yet my heart was still an empty void,  
    Nor ceased for love to yearn;  
For a wound within its inner core,  
    Forever there did burn.

Then I cried, "Old friend come back to me,  
    Come back for there still is room,"  
And I cast all other love away,  
    But I could not cast the gloom;  
For a dead love whispered to my heart,  
    "My love is in the tomb."

SENIOR.

## "THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH"

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The subject of this little sketch, Father Abram J. Ryan, is but a minor light in the firmament of American Poetry. It is good, however, to stoop at times to the study of composers of an inferior degree, for as Father Ryan himself has said:

"Betimes

The grandest songs depart  
While the gentle, humble and low-toned  
rhymes  
Will echo from heart to heart."

They have many things worthy of our admiration; nay, in some particular points they may surpass those whose general qualities win them immortality. Moreover, by their palpable defects they teach us negative lessons, which the masters, because of their perfection, are incapable of imparting.

Before considering Father Ryan's poems, let us first briefly sketch his life. The exact date and place of his birth are as yet unknown. According to some he was born at Norfolk, Va., in 1834; according to others at Hagerstown, Md., in 1836; while it may yet be proved that he was a native of Limerick, Ireland. His deep sympathy for the persecuted sons of Erin, which in many of his poems he manifests as strongly as the Irish Bards themselves, is a strong point in favor of the last opinion.

The first reliable information we have of him is that he entered the schools of

the Christian Brothers at St. Louis, Mo., at the age of seven. By the hands of these celebrated teachers and guardians of youth were sown the seeds of Christian piety which bore so lasting a fruit. For many years he served as acolyte on the College altar. He loved the lights, and flowers and incense, the music and prayers, but above all the still solemn presence of God. His vocation soon manifested itself and waxed strong; and at seventeen years of age he parted from his mother and brother to enter upon his priestly studies in the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Niagara, N. Y. After six years of study, marked by distinguished success, he was ordained and sent back as a Missionary to the Southern States.

Records of him during this period, owing no doubt to the scattered and poor condition of the country parishes at that time, are very scarce. He springs into full view only at the outbreak of the Civil War, when he was appointed army chaplain in the ranks of Robert Lee. The events of the five terrible years that followed, drew from Father Ryan some of his best poems. After the war he was stationed at Nashville, then at Clarksville, Tenn; afterwards at Augusta Ga. In 1870 he was made pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., the last scene of his fervent ministrations. Of this beloved retreat he sang:

"God comes closer to me here  
 Back of every rose-leaf there  
 He is hiding—and the air  
 Thrills with calls to holy prayer;  
 Earth grows far, and heaven near."

During this pastorate, he made an extended lecture tour in behalf of charity, and it was while engaged in this work, that he contracted the disease of which he afterwards died. He had long cherished the idea of writing a "Life of Christ," and now though in an extremely feeble condition, he outlined the work and wrote the introduction; then deeming himself unfit for the handling of so divine a theme, unless inflamed by a glimpse of Sinai, or touched with the coals of the Seraphim, he retired before beginning his work into a Franciscan Monastery at Louisville to make a retreat; he went "up into the mountain," as he would say, "to hold sweet converse with God." But it was not to be. His Master whom he so loved, thought himself sufficiently honored in his sweet songs and he heard the final summons home. Bowing submissively to the Divine Will, the poet Priest hurried back to St. Mary's, the home of his predilection.

"Back to where the roses rest  
 Round a shrine of holy name,—  
 More of peace and less of fame  
 Suit my restless heart the best."

No wonder that he should prefer to close his eyes upon the world, in that peaceful abode. Here on the 23rd of April, 1886, he rendered up his pure gentle spirit to his Maker, leaving be-

hind an example of lofty genius made subservient to the lowly duties of a country priest.

But though of his character we are so proud, we do not claim his poetry was faultless. We could not do this for Homer. And here we may stop for a moment to consider why his poems have been neglected by some learned men of his own and our time.

First then, Father Ryan was a Catholic Priest. We can hardly expect that among a non-Catholic people, poems which treat of the Sacraments, of the Presence of God on the altar, poems in which a predominant strain is love for the Mother of God, would be generally acceptable. How could such poems be valued by those who cannot enter into the feelings by which they are inspired? Another obstacle to the universal acceptance of Father Ryan in this country is his strong Southern tone. We shall not here discuss whether he was right or wrong, suffice it to say that he wrote neither "for hate-sake nor harm-sake" as is amply shown in his "Prayer of the South," as well as in "Reunited,"—a burst of gratitude for the generous help which in 1878 the Northern states offered to the plague-stricken sufferers of Tennessee. In this latter he says:

"The Northland, strong in love and great

Forgot the stormy days of strife;  
 Forgot that souls with dreams of hate,  
 Of unforgiveness e'er were rife.  
 Forgotten was each thought and hushed,



Save she was generous, and her foe  
was crushed."

Notwithstanding these draw-backs, Father Ryan's popularity is very great, and is growing still greater, as the numerous editors of his book testify.

His poetry in general is full of sadness and longing, an atmosphere of world-weariness and suffering veils its meaning from the matter-of-fact American mind. A solemn religious feeling prevails the whole. He brings his readers through the "dim religious light" of ancient cathedrals, by faintly-lighted altars, along mouldering cloister arches, and into the gentle pathos of "God's Acre" where his soul longs to rest. But there is poetry and perhaps the deepest poetry in sadness and tears, in the wails of desolation, in the appeal of suffering, in the lament of the heart's bereavement. It was natural that Father Ryan should look on the world through a mist of tears. His private life was one of continual reverses and trials. He lost his mother in his youth, and no portion of his verse thrills with more tenderness and beauty than when he recalls her kind, motherly ways:

"Oft within our little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall  
While the sunlight touches softly  
One sweet face upon the wall,  
Do we gather close together,  
And in hushed and tender tone,  
Ask each other's full forgiveness,  
For the wrong that each has done.  
Should you wonder why this custom  
At the closing of each day,

Eye and voice would quickly answer  
"It was once our mother's way."

But the keenest pang which his loving heart had ever to endure was the death of his only brother, whom he passionately loved, at the early age of 16.

"Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping

In thy lonely battle grave  
Shadows o'er the past are creeping,  
Death, the reaper, still is reaping,  
Years have swept and still are sweeping  
Many a memory from my keeping  
But I'm waiting still and weeping  
For my beautiful and brave."

To his private sorrows were added the woes of his country,—his own sunny Southland. He beheld it

"With all bright charms, and beautiful and fair,  
But foemen came and with a ruthless hand  
Spread ruin, wreck, and desolation there."

But aside from the melancholy engendered by these temporal misfortunes, Father Ryan had an inborn and deep-felt sense of the fickleness and unsound character of all worldly joys. Life to him was an exile in which he saw mostly sin and misery, and he sighed for his heavenly home. This is the true keynote to all his sadness—

"The surest way to God  
Is up the lonely stream of tears  
That flow when bleeding 'neath his rod  
And fill the tide of earthly years."  
Yes, his longing for the peace and rest of the hereafter is the keynote of his

sadness, and it is the keynote of that gentle, serene, even joyous resignation which invariably sheds a light upon the gloom. He never leaves his readers unhappy. In this how unlike he is to Tennyson! He is no "infant crying in the night, whose only language is a cry." How unlike to Matthew Arnold, or Edgar Allen Poe, who speak of death, dark night, of oblivion, and then without a word of hope or heaven or God, leave the soul to shudder and despair. Not so with the humble strains of the Poet Priest. He has faith and a reason for the faith that is in him; his joy rests upon adamant foundations, and this joy casts a cheerful ray upon the close of almost every poem. To illustrate by an example—after recounting the trials of a struggling soul, he adds:—

"Life is a burden; bear it!

Life is a duty; dare it!

Life is a thorn-crown; wear it!

Though it break your house in twain

Though the burden crush you down

Close your lips and hide your pain

First the cross, and then the crown."

He looks at the world through a mist indeed, but it is a mist glorified by the sun of hope.

However, we must confess that the spirit of melancholy amounted to a fault in Father Ryan, not so much because of its intensity, as because of its predominance throughout his work. If half his poems were joyful and the other half as they are, we should praise him more for both. But it must not be understood that he was never joyful. Joy-

ful he was whenever he spoke of the Infant Saviour, or of children, as witness:

"The brook that down the valley

So musically drips,

Flowed never half so brightly

As the light laugh from her lips."

But the major key is the exception in the music of the poet of the south.

Of Father Ryan's poems, the most ambitious as well as the best is "The Story Runneth Thus." It is the story of the author's own life, as friends have revealed to us after his death. It tells how, in his childhood he and a little girl playmate were betrothed by their parents, how by mutual consent they separated for the service of God, and how eighteen years later on, he, then a priest, accidentally discovered the convent where his young companion had hidden herself from the world, and heard from the Superior's lips the story of her holy life and her holy death. Next in merit we would place the "Song of the Mystic," "In Memory of my Brother," "De Profundis," "Erin's Flag," and "The Rosary of My Tears," though these are closely rivalled by many others.

Father Ryan was a true poet. Had he made poetry his profession, had souls not been worth more to him than songs, he would have shared the laurels of Poe. Poetic feeling, a poetic mind, and the power of vivid expression were his. He always touches the heart, and always makes us feel his kinship with us. His songs are almost always simplicity itself



but at times he soars aloft on eagle wings.

"I saw Night

Digging the grave of Day

And Day took off her golden crown

And flung it sorrowfully down."

His work has not the master's finish, how could it? As he himself says in his modest preface to his book. "these verses were written at random—off and on, here and there, anywhere—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry. Hence they are incomplete in

finish, as the author is; tho' he thinks they are true in tone."

But his work shows what he was capable of, and in the most polished part of it, at least, we find graceful and vivid expression, lofty and sometimes sublime imagery, rich melody, true poetic feeling, and a high degree of condensed utterance. But above all, he touches the heart of the people, and holding their hearts, he will always be read, he will always be loved.

JUNIOR.



*"O BUSY bee,  
You are for me  
A lesson full of meaning,  
As you fly away  
From spray to spray,  
The golden honey gleaming."*

*But his face turned white  
As with affright,  
And again his face turned black,  
And he yelled and swore  
As his coat he tore,  
For that bee  
Was down  
His  
Back.*

*J. Earl Seaton, '08*

# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

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*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIALS

THE REV. ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.

The changes that we were bound to find on our return to college were many and in some instances, of course, unex-

pected.—That they were for the best, we know, for wiser heads than ours arranged them, but there was one change that brought a pang to every fellow's heart as he entered the inner garden

where our beloved friend of years gone by had been wont to stand and welcome us, shaking each of us by the hand and assuring us of the joy he felt at our return. Father Kenna was not in his accustomed place this last opening. His health had been failing during the past year and the strenuous duties of the President of the College were a bit too taxing for him. His superiors accordingly decided to grant him the rest that long and faithful service has merited. We shall miss him, every one of us,—that is, we his former subjects who know him and who love him,—and we can only regret that the new students this year and those who will come after us, will not share in the golden opportunity of knowing him. It was he who agitated the great new Santa Clara College, work on which he will have the satisfaction of seeing begun in a short time; under his administration the Passion Play came into being, his careful executive ability it was that enlarged the College to the overwhelming attendance it now holds, and it was owing to his help and encouragement that this paper, *THE REDWOOD* was made possible. Our one consolation is that Father Kenna has not gone so very far from us. His new station is at St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, and our loss is its gain.

Father Kenna, will always find here in Santa Clara College a welcome that will, in its humble way, attempt to depict the love, honor and admiration we bear him.

#### THE REV. RICHARD A. GLEESON, S. J.

Of course when we learned that Father Kenna had been changed, we were naturally on the *qui vive* to know who was to be his successor. Who is he? What is he like? These were two all-important questions that framed themselves on several hundred tongues. Imagine then our delight when we were informed of the appointment of the Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, late Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, San Jose. Why, he didn't have to be introduced to us at all. We knew him and had already learned to love him before he came to fill the President's chair. Who of the old fellows could forget the splendid retreat he gave us last year, and who doesn't know of the great friendship that exists between him and Rev. Father Kenna? His interest in the College and our doings has been manifest for many years since, and now that he has come to pilot our ship we extend him a sincere and hearty welcome and assure him of our undivided endeavors to do all in our power to prove our devotion to him and to our Alma Mater.

#### THE STAFF

Never have there been so many changes on the staff of *THE REDWOOD* as we find this year. With four exceptions, the old staff has gone—even Mr. D. J. Kavanagh, S. J., our past esteemed Director. By the time this issue comes from the press, he will be located in the Gregorian University at Rome, where he is to complete his studies in Theology.



His service on *THE REDWOOD* and his interest in its course deserve our deepest gratitude, and our aim will be to uphold the high standard he set for it. The members of the staff are scattered about pretty well. Robert Hayne has gone to Georgetown College, Michael O'Toole has entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Los Gatos, Floyd Jones occupies a fine position in Montana, Ralph Harrison leaves shortly to enter West Point, Angelo Quevedo is in the planting business in Mexico, and Joe Curley is taking a course in the Hasting's Law School at San Francisco. We wish them well, every one of them, and hope to find, despite their absence, many inspirations of theirs adorning *THE REDWOOD* pages in the future.

We have been fortunate in securing Mr. Roderick Chisholm, S. J., as our Director for the coming year, his previous unfeigned interest in *THE REDWOOD* speaking for itself. The new members of the staff are all hustlers—but then we leave that to our readers to judge. And bye-the-bye, our Business Manager hopes to find all the names of the "old boys" on his subscription list this year.

#### THE CAMPUS

Over two hundred boarders registered and more to hear from! Not a bad record for the first month. The campus is unusually active though many old faces are missing under the elms and around the Social Hall. On account of College opening one month later than usual this term, football is a bit late in getting started, so it is the duty of every fellow

who plays the game to don the padded jersey and the shin-guards and follow the pig skin over the College gridiron. You can't all make the first team, fellows, but you can all try. Put forth your best efforts and help the squad and the coach along. Don't hang back when you are big and strong enough to tackle the game. Infuse all the College spirit you can into this term and make it like the last one, a record breaker.

#### THE REDWOOD

At a recent meeting of the Executive Board of *THE REDWOOD*, a motion which had been pending for some time past, was carried unanimously and the red and white dress now donned by our paper is the result. We have aimed to better the general appearance of *THE REDWOOD* and trust that we have accomplished our end in the changes of size, cover, designs and general make-up of the body of the magazine and its departments. The matter contained in these pages we shall endeavor to keep up to the high standard set by the founders of *THE REDWOOD* and we ask the co-operation of the student body and Alumni of Santa Clara College to make this aim possible by their contributions and support. The object of *THE REDWOOD* is to record College doings, to give proof of College industry, and to knit closer together the hearts of the boys of the present and of the past,—a most worthy and sincere object, we feel sure. Floreat! floreat!

MARTIN V. MERLE,  
Senior Special.



Back again!

Our three months of vacation are over only too soon, but consoling ourselves with the reflection that all things here below must end, we buckle on our armor with right good will and once more attempt to have it out with Aristotle and with Plato, with Demosthenes and with Cicero, with Euclid and with Father Ford.

To the old boy returning what a change the three short months have wrought within our walls. We feel almost as though we were strangers ourselves, beginning anew our College life, so many new faces do we see. But we miss the old familiar faces and the old familiar voices in the yard and in the corridors and class rooms, and we feel a little pensive at times at their absence.

But it is not among the boys alone that we miss the old acquaintances. In the Faculty we miss Rev. Father Kenna, who for so many years was the President of the College, loved and revered by all who knew him. The loss of

Father Lydon is also mourned, especially by the Senate and the class of 1906. Mr. Kavanagh, who for the last few years has so successfully directed the Redwood; Mr. Stack, the kind and efficient Assistant Prefect of Discipline, and Chairman of the House; Mr. Walsh of the Junior Dramatics are also with us only in spirit. But their places are well filled and we feel sure that with the present faculty and an opening attendance of over two hundred and twenty boys, the scholastic year 1905-6 bids fair to be a record session for Santa Clara College.

## LITERARY CONGRESS

### The Senate

Only six of the old Senators were in their places when our new and highly esteemed speaker, Mr. Joseph Morton, S. J., called the meeting to order on Wednesday evening, Sept. 6th. Rev.



Fr. Joseph Lydon, the speaker of last year's Senate, is now at St. Andrew's On-The-Hudson, New York, where he is making his Tertianship; Harrison goes to West Point, Curley and McElroy are at Hastings's Law School in San Francisco, Ivancovich is getting ready for a business career in the metropolis, Ryan is displaying his knowledge of mathematics in the Government Survey, Budde is travelling for his health, and last but not least, Peter Kell is in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Of the old boys were found M. R. O'Reilly, M. V. Merle, J. Leonard, M. Carter, F. Belz and J. Byrnes, Professor Riordan not being present on account of his duties in the study hall. After a talk by our new speaker, some preliminary business was transacted, and then came the election of officers. To Senator O'Reilly fell the duties of Corresponding Secretary, followed by Senator Merle's election to the office of Recording Secretary. The position of Treasurer fell to the lot of Senator Belz, while Senator Carter will take care of the library for the present semester. Who could be more fitted to fill the shoes of the Sergeant-at-Arms than Senator Leonard? Needless to say, that is his office. The committee on invitations is headed by Senator Byrnes as chairman, and the committee on Ways and Means has Senator O'Reilly for chairman, assisted by Senators Leonard and Belz. After the election followed the nomination of new members with the result that five Philhistorians were admitted to the Senatorial toga.

They are Messrs. Floyd E. Allen, Robert E. Fitzgerald, Leo. J. Atteridge, Francis A. Lejeal and August M. Aguirre. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Atteridge and Allen are the young orators who so nobly fought us in the battle for honors at the Annual Ryland Medal debate last April, and the two former are now members of the Senior Class, as is also Senator Lejeal. Aguirre comes to us from the Junior Class. They are all able speakers, enthusiastic fellows, and really splendid acquisitions to the Senate. On the same evening we visited the House of Philhistorians, when we were greatly entertained by their very interesting debate on the football question. Already we can see that in them we have foemen worthy of our steel for the public debate at the end of the year.

## The House

The historic walls of the House of Philhistorians once more echoed the enthusiasm of the members at their initial meeting held on Wednesday evening September 6th, 1905.

After a few words of introduction and welcome by our new speaker, Mr. George G. Fox, S. J., we proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing term. The ballot resulted as follows: Clerk, F. E. Allen; corresponding secretary, C. W. Byrnes; treasurer, A. M. Aguirre; librarian, L. Feeney; sergeant-

at-arms, J. R. Brown; assistant treasurer, J. E. Collins; assistant librarian, W. J. Schmitz; assistant sergeant-at-arms, R. H. Shepherd; committee on ways and means, C. P. Kilburn, G. H. Casey; committee on entertainments, F. R. Allen, T. W. Donlon.

A pleasing incident of the first meeting was the reappearance of Mr. J. B. Shea after a long absence. In the House or in the yard no one is more popular than "Jack."

With deep feelings of regret, we noticed the removal of Mr. Joseph Stack, S. J., who held the speaker's chair last semester, and was ever popular with the House of Philhistorians, but we feel certain that his place will be ably filled by his successor.

Two fine debates are scheduled to take place within the month. On the evening of the 20th the following question will be discussed: Resolved, "That parents should grant permission to their boys to play foot ball." Messrs. Aguirre, Donlon and Allen will sustain the affirmative, and Messrs. Atteridge, Feeney and Lejeal, the negative.

On the evening of the 27th the following debate will take place: Resolved; "That more advantages are to be derived from boarding than from day colleges." Messrs. Brown, Jacobs and Kilburn will defend the affirmative, and Messrs. Collins, Patrick and Shea will speak for the negative, and judging from the *personnel* we may expect a rather warm evening.

## Junior Dramatic Society

The Junior Dramatic Society held the first meeting of the new session on the evening of September 6. Although the membership was not quite as extensive as last year, owing to the passing of many of our shining lights into the First Division, yet the meeting was a pronounced success.

Added to the loss of our members, we have also to bear that of our former President, Mr. H. Walsh, S. J., whom we had learned to love and esteem. Our good wishes are with him in his new sphere of work.

Greatly, however, as we miss him, we have high hopes in our new President, Mr. Brainard, S. J. We feel sure that under his able direction, Junior Dramatics will thrive during the coming year.

After a few opening remarks from the President, the election of officers took place with the following result: Mr. Peter Dunne, Vice President; Mr. Edwin McFadden, Sec'y; Mr. Ernest Watson, Censor; Mr. Eugene Ivancovich, Treasurer; Mr. Harry Shields, Searg't at Arms; Mr. Edwin McFadden, Reporter. Though this was our first meeting and though our members were not only select but few, yet the genuine interest and spirit exhibited assures us that this year is already a success. Before next time of writing, we shall have introduced some new members into our midst, and to those we intend to give a warm reception—that is, of course, in the peaceful sense of that expression.



## Sodality of the Immaculate Conception

On Sunday, Sept. 3rd, we welcomed back our beloved director, Rev. Father Culligan, S. J., and under his guidance we reorganized for the present scholastic year. The election of officers resulted as follows: Prefect, Thos. Leonard; First Ass't. Prefect, Martin V. Merle; Second Ass't. Prefect, Joseph Brown; Secretary, John Byrnes; Ass't. Sect'y, Arthur Shafer; Treasurer, August Aguirre; Vestry Prefects, Michael R. O'Reilly, Walter Schmitz.

The following Sunday saw the installation of officers by Rev. Father Recor, on which occasion he spoke to us of the great benefits derived from the sodality. A pleasing feature of last Sunday was the large number of new candidates present and the earnest enthusiasm displayed by the entire sodality.

## The Holy Angels' Sodality

An election of officers of the Sodality of the Holy Angels took place on Sunday, Sept. 10th, with this result: Prefect, Peter J. Dunne; First Assistant, Reg. L. Archbold; Second Assistant, Ed. A. McFadden; Secretary, Eug. A. Ivancovich; Censor, Ernest Watson; vestry prefects, Jas. R. Daly, Chas. L. Brazell; Consultors, Geo. J. Hall, J. Foster McGrath, Leon R. Harris, Henry H. Shields, Louis P. Putman.

These officers were solemnly installed on Sunday, Sept. 17th, after which the office was recited and a short but earn-

est address was made by the new Director, Mr. Fox, S. J.

The good will which the leading boys of the Second Division have shown on these occasions, gives promise of a successful Sodality which will foster in the junior students a sincere love of Mary Immaculate as well as a tender devotion to the Guardian Angels.

## Sanctuary Society

The Sanctuary Society held the first regular meeting of the present semester, on Tuesday evening, September 5th.

Mr. Henry Brainard, S. J., was welcomed once again as director of the society and was called upon for a few introductory remarks. After he had finished we proceeded to the reading of the officers' duties and the election of officers for the present term. It resulted as follows: President, Mr. John Shea; Sec'y, Mr. Robert Fitzgerald; First Div. Censor, Mr. Robert Shepherd; Second Div. Censor, Mr. Peter Dunne; Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Brown; Sacristans, Mr. Thomas Leonard, Mr. Robert O'Connor, Mr. Reginald Archbold.

All the newly elected officers responded to the cries of the members for a speech and in a few words thanked the members for their kindness and promised to exert their best efforts in their various offices, some of which are by no means sinecures.

The director closed the meeting with a few words as to the necessary standard to be attained by the boys in their monthly report of conduct and application.

## Chapel Improvements

We are indebted to some of the many friends of the College for decided improvements which took place in the College chapel during vacation. Four new stained glass windows complete the number of those required within the chapel proper. For two of them, one of St. Francis Xavier and the other of St. Aloysius, we offer our thanks to Mrs. Bertha A. Welch of San Francisco. Another, that of the Holy Infant, was donated by Mrs. Frank Sullivan, and the fourth, representing St. John Berchmans, was given by another friend of the College. The unsightly brick pillars and walls were entirely covered by marble, as was intended in the original plans.

The chapel is a place very dear to the heart of every one of the boys and any gift which serves to make it more beautiful and attractive earns their lasting gratitude.

## First Division Handball Court

Among the many improvements which took place in vacation in our campus, the handball enthusiasts were most pleased with the new cement floor in the first division handball court. The experts at the game are loud in their praises of Fr. Chiappa and judging by the attendance on the courts, their speech does not belie their thoughts. The game bids fair this year to make a

prominent place for itself in College Athletics—but here we are encroaching upon the domain of our fellow editor and so we must call a halt.

## The Senior Dramatic Club

Just as we are going to press, we learn of the splendid success achieved by five members of the Senior Dramatic Club on Monday evening, Sept. 11, at the Alhambra Theater in San Francisco. In a vaudeville show given on this occasion by the Rev. Joseph McQuaide, '88, for the benefit of Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco, the Senior Dramatic Club presented that human little one-act play, "The Prairie Judgment," written for them two years ago by Martin V. Merle, '06, Special, differing in every respect from Mr. Merle's more recent "The Light Eternal." The little play is full of the natural western atmosphere and depicts dramatically a touch of nature that finds faultless interpretation in the hands of such splendid actors as Jas. A. Bacigalupi '03, John J. Ivancovich '05, August M. Aguirre '07, and Ivo G. Bogan '08, all of whom scored individual hits on the night of the 11th. In a letter from our late beloved President, the Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., he states that he was present at the performance, and that it excelled in many instances a more pretentious professional production. Author and actors are to be congratulated.

ROBT. E. FITZGERALD '06.





If appearances were sufficient for the formation of an opinion, one might judge from the appearance of the ex-man's desk, crowded as it is with exchanges which have accumulated during vacation, that he outrivalled the business manager in the amount of his labor.

The labor, if such it can be called, has been very pleasant, and not a little profitable. Most of the magazines are commencement numbers, and teem with essays and poems relative to that occasion, which to an undergraduate always appeals as the most important event of his college career.

#### BLUE AND WHITE

The commencement number of the *Blue and White* is especially creditable to that paper and the college it represents. We have noticed the steady improvement of this journal and congratulate the retiring editorial staff on its efficient work. The article "The Christian Brothers on the Pacific Coast" is a well-merited historical appreciation of the educational work of that Congrega-

tion in California. A number of stories and descriptive articles of considerable merit complete the magazine.

#### THE XAVIER

In the midsummer number of the *Xavier* appears a series of essays entitled "The Literature of Fact," "The Literature of Fancy," and "The Literature of Force," deploring the abuse of literature which marks the age, and pointing out the logical remedy. They are well-written, exhaustive, and the subject is carefully handled in all its phases. In fact all the essays appearing in this number are deserving of praise.

#### GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL

The *Journal* without its usual clever short story is an event which rarely occurs. Next to this unusual occurrence in the July number, our attention and approval were centered on the editorial regarding college athletics. With the plea for the purity of athletics and the encouragement of bona fide students to compete in athletic games, we are in heartiest accord. A college should be

represented on the athletic field by men who are college students in the real sense of the term. We hope that the *Journal's* editorial will be appreciated in the manner it deserves.

#### THE CLONGOWNIAN

The June *Clongownian* is before us. This is the first number of this estimable magazine we have received. The cover design of green and blue with Clongowe's College in the background, and the general make-up of the magazine are exceptionally artistic. A beautiful and pathetic sentiment is well expressed in the poem "An Irish Lad in Chicago."

#### SPRING HILL REVIEW

Shakespearian characters as themes for essays are nothing new in college literature, but it was with interest that we perused the essay "Lady Macbeth" in the June *Spring Hill Review*. The character is carefully analyzed and the writer's comments are excellent. "Night," "A Memory," and a "Thought," are short poems of merit. "The Hidden Stiletto" deals with the fortunes of a Sicilian emigrant family and the workings of that haunting terror, the Mafia. The author, we think, sacrifices much of the worth of his story by his over-attention to detail.

#### THE STYLUS

In "A College Bred Author and the Mission Bred Indian" we find much to commend. It is a just protest against the tendency of certain authors to

malign by the creation of false impressions, not only the noble work of the missionary Fathers among the Indians of California, but the heroic workers themselves. We would wish that the article were widely read, because it is a refutation of those who would basely attempt to blacken the memory of men whom we Californians are wont to honor among the noblest names on the pages of our history,—those learned, saintly and heroic pioneers of Christian Truth in the wilds of the West, the Franciscan Padres.

#### SUNSET

It is always a pleasure to read the *Sunset*. Reflecting as it does the beauty of the Golden State the *Sunset* occupies a unique position among magazines. I know of no other magazine of the same price which presents an equal amount of interesting fiction, excellent verse and such a wealth of artistic illustrations. "When the Prince Came," an automobile romance set in the Santa Clara foothills, is a clever little novelette which has been running serially in the *Sunset* during the summer issues, and reaches a happy conclusion in the September number. Other bits of fiction, with which a leisure half hour can be happily whiled away are "The Transformation of Wong-Toy" and "The Cup of the Golden Sunset." Descriptive articles and poems almost too numerous to mention make the September *Sunset* a well-balanced magazine.

LEO J. ATTERIDGE, '06.

# ALUMNI



John O. McElroy '05, has taken up law at Hastings. Francis Moraghan '04, and Joseph Curley '05, also intend to take the same course.

Ralph C. Harrison '05, has decided to enter West Point in the near future.

John J. Ivancovich '05, dropped in during the month to pay a visit to his Alma Mater. At this time last year Jack was captaining our football team to a phenomenal series of successes.

John H. Riordan '05, is among the list of Professors at the College.

Angelo M. Quevedo, '05, is in Mexico interested in a plantation.

Gerald P. Beaumont '05, Spec'l is temporary editor of the San Jose Herald. Ability, like murder, will out.

During the summer a Retreat for the old boys was made at the College under the direction of Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J. Among those who attended were John J. Barrett '91, John O. Gara '92, Carl A. Fitzgerald '01, James A. Baciagalupi '03, and many others of the Alumni.

The students and faculty of the College will be grieved to hear of the sudden and accidental death of Walter Sanger Pullman of San Mateo. Mr. Pullman, though not an alumnus, was a friend of Santa Clara, and the prize-cups he gave the track team for the last

few years were the admiration of the boys. It was his intention to donate a gymnasium to the "New Santa Clara College."

The REDWOOD extends its congratulations to William A. Sexton '91, who was married during the past month to Miss Alice May of San Francisco.

News from Holland tells us that Mr. James Morrissey, S. J. '91 is already quite proficient in German and French. Won't we be glad though to hear of his ordination!

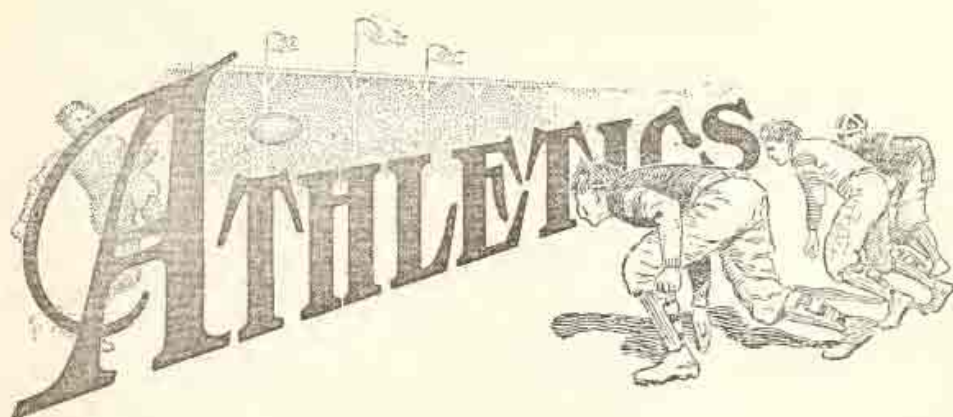
Thomas F. Feeney '04, a member of last year's faculty, is associated in business with his father in Gilroy.

Word comes that Robert F. Keefe '02 will be on the pitching staff for the New York Americans for the next season. It will be remembered by the old boys that "Bobby" was the hero of the "first nine" during his years at College. It is unnecessary to relate the phenomenal work he has done as twirler for the Tacoma "Tigers" during the past two seasons.

There appeared among the graduates of Georgetown for '05 two old Santa Clara boys, John Parrott and Leo Hicks. Parrott remains in Georgetown for a post graduate course, while Hicks is at present traveling in Europe.

ROBT. H. SHEPHERD '07.





## Football

With seven veterans from the team of '04 as a nucleus and an abundance of new material, the prospects of Santa Clara's football team are very encouraging.

The loss of Louis Magee will be keenly felt, as also that of Thos. Blow. The former who is perhaps the best little quarter-back that ever donned a moleskin, is now attending the Nevada State University. The faculty and student body wish you all kinds of luck, "Pongo."

Tom Blow, the giant guard who played such a smashing game last season has registered at Stanford. The cardinal dopesters expect great work from Tom on both the varsity and freshman eleven.

John J. Ivancovich, last year's trusty captain has deserted the gridiron, we are told, for a strenuous business career and if he succeeds as well as he did in

in his uniform big things can be looked for in him.

Feeney, Hubbard, McElroy and Woodford were a quartet, possessed of sterling abilities and will be greatly missed from this year's line-up.

Although the loss of these stars and especially of our heady, hustling Capt. Ivancovich, will be seriously felt, we have every reason to believe, that with old reliable Gene Sheehy as Coach, and August Aguirre as Captain, the College will have an aggregation of the whirlwind order.

Of the veterans, Aguirre at tackle, Donlon at full, Schmitz at half, Murphy at guard, Jacobs at center and Doherty at end, have all made brilliant records during the past season and will do even better this fall.

The first practice was held Saturday, Sept. 2, on the new field, Capt. Aguirre taking the twenty candidates through a very strenuous course of preliminary



training which consisted of falling on the ball, tackling, running in punts and a one mile jaunt on the cinder path.

Capt. Aguirre would like to see more huskies out for the team than there have been in the last few weeks. A squad of twenty "pigskin artists" is hardly large enough for an institution of this size, so wake up some of you deadheads and get a little patriotism or college spirit into your bones. Even though you do not make the team you will derive some very beneficial results, both mentally and physically.

The exact schedule has not as yet been definitely arranged.

With the support of the faculty and student body and every man on the squad doing his best, the college should have a team that will ably uphold and defend her colors.

## Baseball

Manager Floyd Allen's baseball prospects are far above anything we have ever had at this time of the year, and the fly chasers and willow wielders of S. C. C. 1906, will be a hard nine to down. Beware all ye amateurs of California—Santa Clara is after your scalp. While football is flourishing and forging fast to the front, things are not at a standstill on the diamond, by any means. Manager Allen, with an eye to the best interests of the College spirit is showing his energy and headwork in organizing a temporary nine to play a series

of baseball games during the football season, to interest those fellows who do not play the more strenuous game. The team is known as "The Redwoods," in honor of that magazine, and captained by the clear head of Harry Wolters, it is going right in to win, to say nothing of enlarging the opportunity of try-outs for next year's first team.

The first game of this fall series was played against the Vosemites of San Jose, on the College diamond on Sunday, September 17th, game being called at 2:30 o'clock. It was a very one-sided affair from the start, in favor of the College, the score resulting in 11-2 for The Redwoods. For full particulars, we subjoin the score:

| REDWOODS            | A  | B  | R  | EH | SB | PO | A | E |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|---|
| Shafer, A., ss..... | 5  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 1 | 1 |
| Shafer, M., c.....  | 5  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 11 | 2  | 0 | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....      | 3  | 1  | 0  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 0 | 0 |
| Collins, 1b.....    | 4  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 5  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Byrnes, 3b.....     | 4  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 4  | 2  | 1 | 1 |
| Wolters, rf.....    | 3  | 3  | 3  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Kilburn, lf.....    | 4  | 1  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Broderick, cf.....  | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Brown, p.....       | 4  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Total.....          | 35 | 11 | 10 | 4  | 27 | 9  | 4 | 4 |

| VOSEMITES         | A  | B | R | EH | SB | PO | A | E |
|-------------------|----|---|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Colburn, ss.....  | 4  | 0 | 1 | 1  | 1  | 3  | 1 | 1 |
| Breeman, lf.....  | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Olmstead, 3b..... | 4  | 1 | 1 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Husky, 1b.....    | 4  | 0 | 1 | 0  | 5  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, 2b.....    | 4  | 0 | 1 | 0  | 3  | 2  | 0 | 0 |
| Zeimer, c.....    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 1  | 11 | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Rudolph, rf.....  | 3  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Bishop, p.....    | 2  | 0 | 1 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Calavara, cf..... | 1  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Broder, cf.....   | 2  | 1 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Total.....        | 32 | 2 | 5 | 2  | 23 | 7  | 4 | 4 |

\*Broderick out hit by batted ball

## HITS AND RUNS BY INNINGS

|             | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Yosemite... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0-2 |
| Base hits   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0-5 |
| Redwood...  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 0 | -11 |
| Base hits   | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 0 | -10 |

## SUMMARY

Three base hits—Husky; Two base hits—Byrnes, Wolter; Struck out—By Brown 11, by Bishop 11; Base on ball—Off Bishop 2; Wild pitch—Brown; Passed ball—Zeimer; Double plays—Bishop to Smith to Husky; Left on bases—Redwoods 3, Yosemite 4; Time of game 1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire—Aguirre. Scorer—Shepherd.

Some fine games are on tap for the near future, one of the most important of which will be played on October 6th in San Francisco between The Redwoods and St. Mary's College. The proceeds from this game are to go to the fund which Rev. Father Crowley of San Francisco is raising for the Youths' Directory.

Following is the authentic line-up of

The Redwoods: Wolters, P; Collins, C.; Shafer, M. 1 B.; Twohey, 2 B.; Byrnes, 3 B.; Shafer, A., S. S.; Friene, L. F.; Kilburn, C. F.; Sigwart, R. F.

## Track

Things are rather quiet now in field and track athletics but Capt. Tom Doulon predicts big doings in this line of sports next spring as there is some very likely material among the new arrivals.

Tom advises all students who are interested in this sport to start in and do a little training this fall.

## Basket-ball

The basket-ball team will be reorganized this month, and all those interested in the game should give their names to Joe Collins.

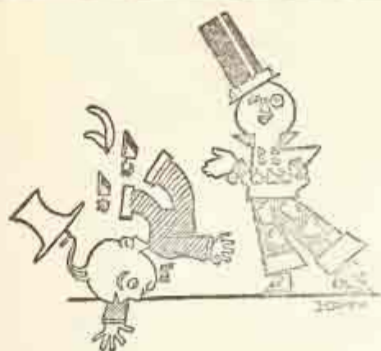
HARRY A. MCKENZIE, '08, Spec.

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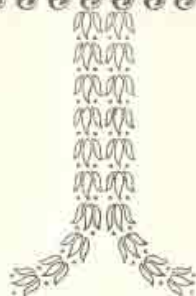
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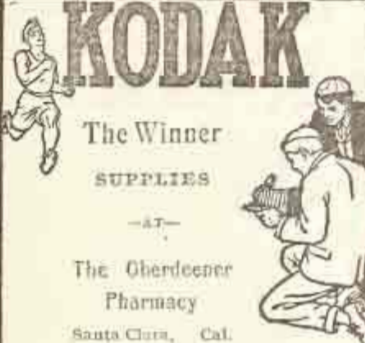
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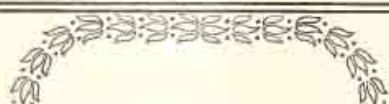
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# THE REDWOOD



NOVEMBER, 1905



# The Redwood


*Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

VOL. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 2

## "THE MOON"

he moon arose above the mountains lasily,  
After the close of day,  
And looked upon the earth and heaven lasily  
Through veils of doleful gray.

It stood aloof as if in silence listening  
The sweet melodious strain  
That sang the streamlets as they went on glistening  
Along the moonlit plain.

It felt the essence of the wild flowers fluttering  
Upon each wind-tossed stem,  
And kissed them with its faint light, softly uttering  
Sweet tales of love to them.

But as the bright sun was approaching cheerfully  
Its former reign to find,  
Beyond the sea the moon sank eyeing tearfully  
The world it left behind.

Richard A. de la Guardia, '08



## GARCIA MORENO

---

*(Concluded)*

During Moreno's stay in France, Ecuador had sunk to a most pitiful condition. The Masonic Liberals had done everything to destroy the Church, they had ruined the University and closed up the Catholic colleges and schools. Justice had become not only blind but deaf, and the people were the prey of robbers and banditti. In this state of affairs, Moreno reappeared in Ecuador in 1856 to the great joy of his countrymen. He was at once appointed to the Rectorship of the University of Quito, which he soon raised to its old time prestige. He gave it his own valuable chemical laboratory, and himself acted as professor of Chemistry with a reach of knowledge that amazed his pupils. His next move was to secure the Senatorship of Quito, which he did in spite of the opposition of President Urbina—one of the cruelest of tyrants—and he was about to turn the scale of power when the President dissolved the Congress.

Recourse was had to arms and the people, under the leadership of the valiant Moreno, conquered. By common consent, he took the reins of government, and Urbina and his crew fled the country. A little opposition still lingered against Moreno, but was soon quelled and in 1861 he was formally elected President.

An appalling task lay before him. The army was untrustworthy, the treas-

ury was empty, agriculture abandoned, commerce destroyed. Worse than all, the once Catholic people had almost lost their faith; and still worse, the clergy, owing to unfit persons having been placed in authority by the Liberals, were in great part unworthy of their calling and on the verge of schism. The President's first care was to place the army on a good footing. He met with great resistance from the soldiery, whom he overcame, however, by his personal address and invincible force of will;—the story of his encounter with their rebel chiefs, his escape from the prison where they had confined him by persuading the jailer into obedience to him, his capturing a large troop of rebels with only fourteen men, and summoning their leaders from their drunken sleep to execution, all this reads more like romance than modern history.

After getting the soldiers into subjection, he appealed to the country for a sufficient sum for their maintenance. An apparently unsurmountable difficulty was the want of arms, for they had neither rifles, cannon, nor ammunition, nor the means to buy them. But Moreno was never at the end of his resources. Transforming a cotton factory into an arsenal, he managed with the assistance of one simple mechanician to turn out rifles of rare perfection, and even cannon that for size and aim

rivalled those from European foundries. What immense labor this must have entailed! what wearisome mathematical calculations! what patience in training his workmen! But the President's iron will defied fatigue. Once, however, after a long and perilous journey of forty-eight hours across the mountains, he arrived at his factory so exhausted that as he got off his horse he dropped asleep and did not wake for a long time. "I can conquer hunger and thirst," he afterwards said in apology, "but not sleep."

He next turned his attention to the church, which had become almost a lifeless state institution. He obtained leave from Congress to conclude a Concordat with the Pope. His message to the latter was as humble as it was distinct,—he desired the complete freedom of the church, the reform of the clergy, and a Nuncio with full power to carry out this double project. The Concordat was signed at the Vatican, and a Nuncio sent to Quito, but Moreno was dissatisfied with the measures for the reform of the clergy which were to his mind not rigorous enough. Accordingly he would not sign the document, and his legate set out again for Rome. "Surely," said Pius IX, "You have come to report 'veni, vidi, vici,'" "By no means," came the reply, "but veni, vidi, victus sum." After fuller consideration, the Pope agreed entirely with Moreno, and as a result the Concordat was, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, promulgated a month later throughout Ecuador. As the population was Cath-

olic almost to a man, the Catholic religion was to be the religion of the State, and public instruction was to be based on its principles. All secret societies—that pest of South America—were forbidden. The sale of anti-Catholic or immoral literature was to be severely punished. Bishops were to be free in publishing circulars, etc., and in convoking synods, and the state renounced all right to Church property. Episcopal decisions were not to be overruled by Civil Judges. This great adjustment between Church and State is Moreno's crowning glory. He had done in those days of irreligion what Constantine, Charlemagne and Louis IX had done under more favorable auspices.

The Concordat proved more beneficial than even its author had expected. But the enemy was active, and one General Maldonado made an attempt at the presidency. He was captured and sentenced to be shot. Moreno visited him in private, and though repulsed at first, persuaded him to prepare for death. "Be ready to appear before God," were his parting words, "for to-morrow you die." As the condemned man had many friends, and an insurrection was feared, a commutation was hoped for. "Tell the Colonel in command," was Moreno's verdict, "that if at 5 o'clock I do not hear the shots of the executioner, the colonel himself will be shot." And the crowd, though on the verge of revolt, were awed into submission when, at the fatal moment, they saw the President leave his palace, and calmly walk



the streets to inspect some public works which were in progress.

In 1865 Moreno's term as President was over, and his impaired health induced him to retire into the country. At this time his wife died, and a few weeks later, his only child. He suffered terrible anguish at this double loss, which was soon added to by his mother's death. "The most impressive lesson I learnt at her knees," he wrote of her, "is that sin is the only real evil in the world." A terrible earthquake visited Ibarra, where the ex-President resided, and Congress appointed him Governor, with full powers to provide for the distress. He at once ordered all the provisions on his estate to be given the sufferers; then placing himself at the head of an armed force, he drove out the robbers who had flocked to the scene. Soon the land was again flourishing, and Moreno became the recipient of a gold medal set with diamonds, inscribed "To the Savior of Ibarra."

But his country needed him, and he was called from the plough, like Cincinnatus of old, to provide over the again tottering State. He set to work to remodel the constitution, arranging it according to the republican form of government. The army next claimed his attention. The best officers were sent to the military schools of France and Germany, discipline was raised to a high degree of perfection, and the spiritual needs of the soldiers carefully attended to. The kindness and fairness of the President won him the hearts of all. One day a sick soldier complained

that the treasurer had kept back his salary. The defaulter denied the charge. Moreno inspected the accounts, and finding the soldier was right, ordered the treasurer to write, "Received from the treasurer fifty piastres, a fine in punishment of a vile lie."

The following anecdote gives an idea of the sternness with which Moreno purified the courts of Justice. On one occasion a venal jury sentenced an infamous murderer to only a few months of exile. The President sent for them, and informed them that as the soldiers were engaged, and as they had manifested such an affection for the notorious criminal, he had chosen them to be his escort to the frontier. The wretched jurymen knew remonstrance was vain. They were retiring to get their horses for the unpleasant journey, when Moreno called them back. "As you are going on State service," he said, "it is for the state to provide you with the means of transport." So saying he pointed to a number of lame and ill-favored mules that stood ready-saddled at the door. "Do not complain," he added, "those beasts are not as lame as your sentence."

In the matter of education Moreno left nothing unprovided for. The primary schools were given to the Christian Brothers, and the advanced to the Jesuits and the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. "Since the restoration of the Church party to power," admits a non-Catholic writer in Chamber's encyclopaedia, "public instruction has made creditable headway, hundreds of pri-

mary schools, in particular, having been established throughout the country. Technical schools and literary societies have likewise been founded."

In addition to these reforms, the "strenuous President" opened up the whole country to commerce. Up to this time the roads between the towns were mere mule-tracks. Merchandise had to be carried on the backs of mules or Indians, often over dangerous precipices or rushing torrents. Moreno built a fine carriage road from Quito to Guayaquil, 200 miles away. Four other roads were built in various parts of the Republic and a railway projected from the port of Guayaquil to Sibombe. He built light-houses along the coast. The capital, Quito, received especial attention from him; its lanes were converted into well paved streets, its public buildings renovated, and the whole city beautified.

Non-Catholics who point at the slow progress of South America and blame the Church for it, forget two things. They forget that more than two-thirds of its people are Indians or half-breeds, and that it would be unreasonable to expect of them the progress exhibited by the Caucasian races. They forget also, if they ever knew it, that in South America—and in Mexico as well—the Church has not the freedom it enjoys in the United States or Canada. South America would have progressed much more had the church been more free. Ecuador is a proof of this. In no country under the sun had the church her own way as she had in Ecuador

from 1869 to 1875, and there never ruled a more staunch Catholic than Garcia Moreno. Yet it is beyond question that all things considered, in no country under the sun have greater strides been made onward and upward than in Ecuador during this very period.

Moreno's private life was ordered as follows: He rose at five and finished his devotions by half-past six. Then he visited the hospitals, a duty he never omitted. At ten, after a slight breakfast, he went to the government offices until lunch at four o'clock, after which he usually took a walk to inspect the public improvements in the city. The early part of the evenings he spent with his friends, but at the stroke of nine he withdrew to his study until eleven. One night he had prolonged his recreation with his friends until midnight. On their leaving, he cautioned them not to be late at the Government offices the following morning. When the event proved that some did arrive rather late, he had them fined, an incident which shows his invincible sense of duty.

It is wonderful that immersed as Garcia Moreno was in worldly business, he could remain entirely unworldly and spiritual in his thoughts and affections. He loved the Blessed Virgin with the confiding simplicity of a child; he loved our Lord with such intensity that he obtained the consecration of Ecuador to His Sacred Heart, and for His sake he longed for martyrdom. His desire was to be granted.

Moreno's success was, of course, gall



and wormwood to the Masonic lodges and Ultra-Liberals. Their organs throughout the world held him up to execration as a ferocious tyrant.

One of their pamphlets called forth an indignant reply from the United States Minister, in which, after dismissing with scorn the charges against Moreno, he pronounced him "the most illustrious man in South America." At last it was decreed that by an assassin's dagger Moreno must die.

From all sides he was warned of his danger. He knew he was a doomed man, but he preferred to put his trust in God alone. On the fourth of August 1875, he bade adieu to a dear friend in these words: "Adieu! we shall meet next in heaven. I am going to be assassinated, but I am happy to die for my faith." And then he turned aside to hide the tears that suffused his eyes.

On August 6th, which was the first Friday of the month, a day especially consecrated to the Sacred Heart, he heard mass as usual and received Holy Communion. His enemies had followed him, but their intended victim remained so long to pray that their plans were disarranged. That afternoon the President went to the Government offices as usual, and on his way entered the Cathedral, as was his wont, to visit his Sacramental God. As he had been perspiring he buttoned up his coat—a trifling act, but one fatal in its consequences. He prayed long and fervently. But his murderers had tracked him and were impatient for his blood. Rayo, their leader, sent a message to

him that he was wanted for some urgent business. Moreno arose at once and left the church. He had not gone many steps when Rayo drew a cutlass from under his coat and slashed him on the shoulder. "Vile assassin," cried the President, making a vain attempt at his revolver in his buttoned-up-coat. Rayo inflicted another wound on the head, and other assassins shot at him with their revolvers. A young man tried to disarm Rayo, but was severely wounded himself and had to make his escape. Poor Moreno, pierced with balls, his head bleeding, endeavored with one mangled arm to ward off his assailants, while with the other he sought to disengage his revolver. But Rayo with a quick stroke of his cutlass, cut off his left arm and his right hand, while another volley of bullets brought the heroic martyr to the ground where he lay motionless. The fiendish Rayo set upon him again, crying: "Die, thou destroyer of liberty." "God does not die," murmured Garcia Moreno, and with these words one of the grandest souls that ever animated mortal clay took its flight.

The tragic news spread like wildfire, and a wail of grief resounded through the land. Amongst many splendid tributes, Congress decreed a monument to his memory with the inscription: "To Garcia Moreno, the most noble of the sons of Ecuador, dying for his religion and his country, a grateful Republic."

The event caused almost as much a stir in Europe as in South America itself. The press was full of the glorious career so gloriously crowned. In his

great *Univiers*, Louis Veuillot wrote a magnificent leader on the only ruler of the age who was "a man after his own heart." Pius IX styled him "a victim to his faith and patriotism, and the grandest man to whom South America has given birth."

SOPHOMORE.

### "DE PROFUNDIS"

---

Ave Maria send us aid,  
Aimless and lost we roam,  
Our erring feet in sin have strayed;  
So, Mother lead us home.  
While up the flinty, lonely way  
We wander in the night,  
Oh, Mother, send one kindly ray  
To be our guiding light.  
If while we toil and labor on,  
Begirt by griefs and pains,  
When every other star is gone,  
Thy beacon bright remains;  
Glad shall we bear dull sorrow's load,  
To the far-off pearly gates,  
For then we know, far up the road  
A watching Mother waits.

JAMES FRANCIS TWOHY, '07

## THE FRIENDS I LOVE

THEY come at noon to see me  
 With smiles and clasping of hand,  
 And speak glad words of meeting,  
 And tell of the fetes they've planned.  
 They are decked in dress of fashion,  
 And jaunty the mien they bear,  
 These friends that love to see me,  
 Free as the winds of care.  
 They talk of the latest revel,  
 And laugh in merriest glee  
 At the common butt of the season,  
 And tell it again to me.  
 Their joy is the joy of sunshine,  
 Their life is bright with its gleam,  
 And light are their hearts with pleasure,  
 Their pain is but a dream.  
 But when they sport I wonder,  
 Though I smile at their jibe and jest.  
 Friends of my mirth and play-time  
 Not you do I love the best.  
 For the hearts that are dearest are lovely,  
 Mayhap they are hearts that bleed,  
 Their joy is not with the many,  
 Nor the thoughts of the world their creed.  
 Their mind is a deeper channel,  
 Their shrine is a secret shrine,  
 Though they smile as I with the many,  
 Their smile is but lent as mine.  
 Friends of the morn and sunshine,  
 Of the ball dress and the glove,  
 You are the friends I smile with,  
 The others the friends I love.

Senior



## THE GRIT OF GRISLEY

---

No one knew just how it had happened, more particularly Grisley himself as he lay there unconscious on the long narrow bed in 'Shorty' Conway's room. It was one of those exasperatingly inopportune accidents wherewith unkind fate mars an occasion such as the big Thanksgiving game between Winona and Ardsland. It occurred toward the end of a practice game with the Freshies, the day before the big event. Grisley had the ball well down on the line that marks the last five yards before the goal post. The big Full had tore down the field like a mighty wind leaving scattered and wondering Freshies in his wake and cheering onlookers on the side-lines. He crossed the chalk, his head and shoulders bowed to the force of his body, and—well, he must have miscalculated the goal post, for without even attempting to dodge it, he dashed full into it and dropped into a helpless mass, with blood streaming from an ugly gash in the top of his head. The pigskin rolled leisurely to one side and a sickly feeling settled under every padded jersey as its wearer dashed down to the prostrate figure.

They lifted him,—several of the big fellows, and carried him over to Dawson's auto, and he lay as still as death as the big machine chugged up the road to Lincoln Hall, quarters in the general dormitory not being open at that hour. 'Swatsy,' the man with the black bag and the band-

ages was sent for and arrived on the scene in short order. Grisley was undressed and laid gently in 'Shorty's' bed, then all the fellows left the room except 'Swatsy,' big Bob Ainsly, the captain of Winona's giant 'Varsity, and Farnum, the sub-Fullback.

'Swatsy' examined the cut on the scalp, and shook his own head positively as he began to prepare some hot water on the gas stove.

"He won't play against Ardsland tomorrow," was his unlooked-for information.

Ainsly started back from the bedside.

"You mean!—" he shouted.

"Exactly what I say, sir. 'Pug' Grisley is out for sure this time."

Ainsly's eyes shot glances of defiance.

"You don't—you can't mean that, man!" he cried. "Why, you don't know what you are saying! 'Pug's' the whole team rolled into one! We can't win without him, we can't, do you hear?"

"Then I'm sorry for you, son, because he isn't going to cure over night."

Ainsly gritted his teeth, shoved his two hands into his coat pockets, and went over to join Farnum at the window. But on a sudden impulse he turned aside and nervously paced the room for several minutes, and took no notice of 'Swatsy' or the injured Fullback until the Infirmarian approached the wounded man. He walked over to the bed and watched 'Swatsy' as he carefully bathed the injured scalp—and

he noted, further, that 'Swatsy' had for all a certain skill that would do justice to any first aid to the injured.'

As he stood there gazing into Grisley's unconscious face his whole hope for the morrow seemed to be swept from within him, and great big manly tears of bitter disappointment glistened visibly in his eyes.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "this turn of luck isn't fair."

"It can't be helped," suggested 'Swatsy' as he reached over for the cotton.

"It can't—of course it can't—I know that. But it's cursed hard luck just the same, to be done at the last minute;—you know it is, 'Swatsy'."

"Well, then, what are you going to do?"

"That's just it, what can we do?"

'Swatsy' glanced over at Farnum near the window.

"Play Farnum at Full, he's the best sub-Full on the team."

Ainsly nodded his head.

"That's all we can do, of course."

Farnum moved toward the bed. "But I'm not 'Pug' Grisley," he said, simply.

Grisley moved uneasily on the bed as though he might have caught the sound of his own name.

"I've got—the grit—fellows—" he murmured, "you know I've got it, and I won't go down—I won't,—sure!"

He tossed his right arm over his head, and Ainsly went down on his knees beside him.

"'Pug!' 'Pug!'" he whispered, "it's me—Ainsly—don't you know me?"

"I've got—the grit—I tell you—I won't go down!"

Ainsly bent over him.

"'Pug! Pug!'" he whispered, "speak to me! Here's Farnum, your pal, Farnum, and he wants you to play the game!"

Farnum and Grisley had been chums for years, both coming from the same town to Winona. It was 'Pug's' only regret that he had beat Farnum out for Fullback. However, Farnum was one of those big, good-natured fellows who took such things as matters of course, and at this moment cared very little to play Full under such painful circumstances.

Farnum leaned over Grisley and took his other hand.

"Don't worry, old boy," he said soothingly, "it's all right. I can't play your game, but I'll do my best, I will."

A smile flitted across Grisley's face and his lips parted again, feebly.

"I've got the grit—the grit!" he murmured.

'Swatsy' looked over his shoulder at him.

"He's got them now," he said, "better leave him alone and quiet for awhile."

Ainsly and Farnum both rose to their feet and Ainsly caught Grisley's hand in his.

"You have the grit, 'Pug!' You bet you have; but, it's all off this time, kid, we've got to play without you!"

He pressed the hand in his, and the two men slipped quietly out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

The whole college was in dismay.



'Pug' Grisley, the star Fullback,—the one man on whom the morrow's victory depended, was down and out. The team had plenty of good material of course, in fact, the giants were more than good, every one of them; but who could punt to any account except Grisley? Who could take the ball down the field as he could? Who played as cool and steady a game as Grisley? That was the rub. Winona's idol had crumbled at the vital point.

Groups of fellows discussed the situation under the elms; others again argued it out up in their rooms, and the team lingered at the training table, a sorry bunch, looking as one of them remarked, 'like an uncorked soda-water bottle whose snap had all fizzed away.'

Dobbin, the coach, was sitting next to Farnum, the sub-Fullback, giving him all the pointers he could for play in Grisley's position. Others chimed in with suggestions of value, and even Charlie, the Jap waiter who had an antipathy for football, paused in his last round with the dishes, to lend an attentive ear to what in no sense concerned him.

It was settled then, that Farnum should play Full, and Ainsly announced this fact officially to his men, in a short speech before they parted for the night.

"It's the best we can do, fellows," he said. "Poor old 'Pug's' all in, so we must do without him. It's hard luck, of course, but it's up to every one of us to help Farnum out that he may do his best in 'Pug's' position. Get to bed early, boys, and remember, no smoking—not

even a puff. Let every man be in his suit tomorrow at one o'clock, ready to answer the whistle at two and to go in to the game, win or lose!"

The speech was greeted with cheers and the table was deserted.

Ainsly and Farnum walked across the campus with the coach and talked with him, for a long time in front of his quarters.

Then they bade him good-night, and strolled up to Lincoln Hall to inquire for Grisley before turning in.

'Swatsy' met them at the door, and led them over to the bed where Grisley lay very white and still. The bandage on his head added a ghastly look to the pale face and the low light from the lamp cast wierd shadows on the walls. The big Full-back was sleeping and seemed to be resting easily. 'Swatsy' informed Ainsly that his patient had fallen asleep about 8 o'clock and that when he awoke, it would very probably be to consciousness.

"The cut is not going to prove at all so bad as it first looked," said 'Swatsy.'

"How long before he will be around again?" Ainsly asked.

"It wouldn't be wise for him to move for a week at the most," was the answer.

"No, I suppose not—I suppose not."

Just then Grisley moved in his sleep and muttered again. "I've got the grit—I tell you, fellows—I've got the grit."

"Most likely he is dreaming of the game," ventured 'Swatsy'.

"Yes," and Ainsly clenched his teeth, "the game he should have played."

He bent over Grisley's big frame and



smoothed back a lock of the thick curly hair that had slipped down under the bandage.

"The game you should have played, old kid," he repeated, "the game you should have played."

'Swatsy' yawned audibly and Ainsly turned and bade him good-night. Farnum decided to sleep on a couch in 'Shorty's' room in case Grisley should wake and want him. Ainsly left the room and went up-stairs to his own quarters. It was nearly dawn when he fell asleep, murmuring a prayer for a victory on the morrow.

\* \* \* \*

The day of the big game approaches all colleges alike. The very first rays of light brings a certain something, a vivid realization of the coming event that penetrates the awakening atmosphere. The very birds chirp knowingly of the day, and seem to have an added cheery note of welcome.

Somehow or other these things were not evident at Winona as Thanksgiving day was ushered in, this particular year. It was a cold, raw, gray morning, with not even a hint that the sun might evidence itself, and the gloom was felt by every fellow as he threw up his blind to let in the morning light.

Breakfast was not particularly encouraging and almost everything went back untouched. The training table was as solemn as a Peace Conference, and even later when the band struck up a lively air at the promenade concert, the spirits of the fellows were at a very low ebb.

Up in Grisley's room, things had

changed a little for the better. He had, as 'Swatsy' prophesied, awakened to consciousness, but with a terrific pain in his head, and a blinding dullness in his eyes.

Farnum had slept but little, the injury to Grisley and his own fear for the outcome of the game straining his nerves desperately. He was sitting, silent, along side of the bed when Ainsly and 'Shorty' entered the room a little after 8 o'clock.

Grisley recognized Ainsly as the latter approached the bed.

"What's up?" he asked feebly.

Ainsly took his hand.

"Nothing, old man, nothing. You got a bad knock, that's all."

Grisley raised his other hand to his head.

"Yes," he said, "here—here is where the pain is most."

"Don't talk too much," suggested Farnum, "it isn't good for you."

Grisley stared at him sort of vacantly.

Then presently he attempted to sit up. He nodded his head weakly at 'Shorty'. "Will one of you fellows help me to dress?" he asked as he sank back on his pillow.

Ainsly winced.

"No—not today, 'Pug'," he said, "you can't get up today."

Grisley's eyes dilated with wonderment.

"I can't—get up? I can't—why Bob you don't mean—you—you—do you know what you are saying?"

Ainsly bent over the bed.

"Yes, I know, old chap, and it's hard

—it's very hard—but 'Swatsy' knows best."

The big Fullback made a second attempt to sit up, and this time he succeeded.

"'Swatsy!'" he cried, "'Swatsy' why what in thunder—has 'Swatsy' got to do with it?"

"Everything," answered Ainsly bitterly, "everything."

'Swatsy' approached the bed with an air of wounded self-respect.

"Mr. Grisley," he said in his stiffest tones, "Winona University pays me just exactly sixty dollars a month to take care of such as you in your condition, and my duty is my duty, sir. So there."

"Hang your duty!" roared Grisley in a new found voice. "What's your duty got to do with the big game? Bob, for God's sake don't tell me I can't play."

Ainsly shook his head and 'Shorty' walked over to the window and lowered the blind.

Presently Ainsly spoke.

"No 'Pug,'" he said, "you—you can't play."

Whether or not it was a superhuman effort or just the strength his natural excitement had given him, is a matter of conjecture, but the way in which Grisley leaped out of bed and stood in the middle of the room almost foaming with rage, was nothing short of miraculous.

"I will! I will play!" he yelled, "and you—none of you are going to stop me!"

He brushed Ainsly aside, and Farnum and 'Shorty' too, as they approached him. 'Swatsy' wisely kept on the other side of the room.

"I will play, do you hear? I've got the grit, and I tell you I will!" cried Grisley.

Ainsly advanced to him a trifle.

"See here, 'Pug,'" he said quietly, "don't make an ass of yourself. We all know the value of your services, but, now you are not in condition; the scalp wound has weakened you, and this excitement doesn't help any. So get back to bed old man, and at least rest for this morning, and I'll come back at noon and have a look at you, and see if you are fit then."

Grisley eyed the Captain a full minute before he spoke. Then apparently making up his mind he answered him.

"I'll do it," he said, "if you'll keep your promise."

"I'll come sure, 'Pug,' sure."

Without another word, Grisley went over to the bed and got under the covers. 'Swatsy' now approached him with all the importance of a man outside of the lion's cage, and began rearranging the bandages. Grisley lay there, still, taking no further notice of the others. After a few moments Ainsly nodded to 'Shorty' and motioned Farnum to leave the room. They both moved noiselessly to the door and as Ainsly joined them, 'Swatsy' tip-toed over to him.

"Don't come back," he whispered confidentially, "it won't do any good."

Ainsly nodded his head and drew the door behind him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first half was over,—the big game had been on for twenty-five minutes. Winona played well, very well consid-



ering the loss of Grisley, yet that great element so necessary to a big battle,—confidence, was not all there. There were too many nervous shiftings of the eyes before a play, too apparent fear as the signals rang out. Farnum of course, was not up to Grisley's form but he played a very fair game. He went into the game without head-gear or nose-guard, an indication at least of his courage.

The whistle at the end of the first half was welcome to Winona. The score stood 5-0 in Ardsland's favor.

A mighty cheer broke from the bleachers where the Winona rooters sat.

The grand stand echoed yells of approval for Ardsland and Winona, too, and the bands of each college good-humoredly tried to drown one another in terrific outbursts of brass.

People jostled one another good-naturedly in their efforts to discuss the game. The gay streamers of Winona's Red swung flauntingly in the face of Ardsland's Blue; small boys with peanuts and popcorn called their wares in shrill, irritating notes;—College yells mingled loudly with the general buzz of conversation and but for the gloomy sky overhead the scene was ideal for football.

Up in 'Shorty's' room Grisley lay on the bed waiting. He had slept until after one and was awakened by the voices of the throngs as they passed Lincoln Hall on their way to the field. Later he heard the whistle blow and he knew that the big game was on. Something within him, something vibrating

and strong surged through his body, an impatience, a sense of helplessness, and a wild mad longing to be up and in the thick of the fray. A big gulp that he could not swallow, stuck tantalizingly in his throat. 'Swatsy' sat along side the bed like a sentinel on duty.

It was about the middle of the first half when Grisley spoke.

"I guess Ainsly isn't coming up," he said quietly.

'Swatsy' remained as dumb as the Sphinx and Grisley closed his eyes.

After a pause 'Swatsy' looked over at him and asked solemnly, "Are you asleep?"

There was no answer. Grisley's eyes were still closed but he was not asleep.

'Swatsy's' desire to see the game may have been stronger than he himself anticipated, or perhaps he thought it best to lend a helping hand to Doane, the medicine man from Ardsland;—at any rate, when Grisley didn't answer, he rose quietly, and taking his black bag and hat, he slipped softly out of the room.

A few minutes later the whistle blew loud and shrill, and Grisley lying up there in 'Shorty's' bed, knew that the first half was over.

\* \* \* \*

There was a fifteen minutes intermission between the two halves, and Ardsland's eleven was gathered in groups discussing the game. Winona closed in around their coach and Ainsly, and listened attentively, if still a bit nervously, to directions and general points.

'Shorty,' who had played a good



Quarter the first half, was standing next to Ainsly, when suddenly, as if by intuition, he turned and looked down the walk that led from Lincoln Hall to the dressing-shed where they were standing. He clutched Ainsly by the arm and wheeled him sharply around.

"Look! Look!" he cried, "Grisley—over there!"

Ainsly followed 'Shorty's' finger, and he saw, too. There was Grisley approaching them, slowly, but surely, and even at that distance they could see a wonderful light in his eyes. He was dressed in the Winona uniform, padded red jersey with the white W, shin-guards and all. Around his head the white bandage gleamed like a halo in the light.

The yells from the crowd, and the noise from the band spurred Grisley on, and he approached the speechless players with a set determination on his face. His mouth closed firmly and his two fists were clenched. Over his right wrist hung a head-gear and a nose-guard.

When Grisley was a few yards from Winona's men, Ainsly advanced to meet him.

"'Pug!'" he cried, "what in the deuce are you doing here?"

The light gleamed brighter in Grisley's eyes, and just then, for the first time that day, the sun came out above.

Grisley ignored Ainsly's question and walked over to where Farnum stood.

Farnum reached out his hand to him, but Grisley didn't see it.

"I want to speak to you," he said in

a low, weak tone, "when the whistle calls the others."

"But—," began Farnum.

"I only want a second, no more," said Grisley, determinedly, "and, Farnum, wear a head-gear and a nose-guard in this half."

Farnum wondered at this remark, but said nothing. Then, Grisley seemed to suddenly realize that Ainsly had addressed him as he passed. He turned to the captain and looked into his eyes.

"You didn't come," he said slowly, "so I had to come to you."

"But you shouldn't—you have no right here. Get back to bed where you belong. Your head—the cut—"

Grisley interrupted him.

"I want to play this half," he said simply.

The whistle blew, and Ainsly rested his hand on Grisley's shoulder.

"You can't," he said firmly, "do you hear? I am captain of this team and Farnum plays at Full."

He signalled his men, and the team ran uneasily out onto the field. Farnum hung behind.

No one saw Grisley and Farnum slip aside under the dressing shed, but when the men were lining up, there was no Fullback in position. He appeared, however, shortly and ran a little slowly to his place. He had on the head-gear that Farnum usually wore, a new Spaulding with perforated top which came down to the eye brows and set far down on the neck. His nose-guard was in place and the whistle blew as he took his stand.

Grisley was no where to be seen.

The whistle for game sounded, and the second half was on.

Winona's Fullback led the Left Half around for an end run. Then he bucked off tackle for ten yards bringing a round of cheers from the bleachers. The Left Tackle carried the ball around Right End for two yards and the Referee's voice rang out, "Third down and three to gain!" 'Shorty,' Winona's Quarter signalled to Left Half for straight through, but the Half stumbled as he reached for the ball, and instead of receiving it, the ball struck his head and bounded over to the other side. Like a flash Ardsland was on the ball, and blue banners waved gaily in the grandstand while the bleachers vibrated with groans.

Ardslan knew they were only twenty yards from the goal they were defending so they made a gain on a fifteen yard end run. Then they attempted an end run around Right, but Winona's Fullback, all on the alert, broke through the line and ripped up the play, throwing the players back for the loss of three more yards. "Second down,—eight to gain!" sang the Umpire. Winona's Fullback was lying on the ground, but as Ainsly approached him he rose to his feet, spurred on probably, by the wild yells of delight from the bleachers. Ardsland attempted a cross brick but again Winona's Fullback is under the play and once again he spills it. "Third down,—and eight to gain!"

Dobbin, Winona's coach stepped quickly up and down the side-lines. He wondered at Farnum's brilliant play-

ing at Full. So did the other men on the side-lines, and the big crowd in the bleachers. Winona's luck was changing, sure,—and Farnum was playing even a better game than Grisley.

Ardslan lined for a punt and Winona's Quarter took his place. The husky Fullback with the perforated headgear and the big W shining white on his jersey dropped out to the back field. As he stood there, he seemed to grow in the eyes of the spectators. He looked bigger and stronger than when he had played sub. Perhaps it was the excitement of the game, the importance of the outcome that swelled his muscles and broadened his shoulders. Perhaps he felt the overwhelming presence of ten thousand chaotic worshippers clamoring at the shrine of Football; perhaps even, he was thinking of Grisley!—As the ball rose in the air on the punt he swayed a little and appeared to topple over, but the ball was coming faster and faster with a spiral motion, and almost before he seemed to know what had happened, it had wiggled itself into his arm and he was tearing down the field ahead. 'Shorty' was there with interference for a few yards, when he was suddenly bowled over. Winona went on—on—alone with the cheers of thousands ringing in his ears, the blare of brass crashing in his brain.—Ardslan reaches at him for a tackle but his arm goes out straight and the man meets it full in the face and drops in his own tracks. Streamers of Red blinds the Fullback as he tears on.—As he nears the twenty-five yard line, the bleachers rise to their



feet and in one great mighty voice they screech his name out wildly. "On! On! Farnum! On! It's yours! Go it! On! On!"—No one noticed the pale-faced man who stood near the dressing shed trembling in every fibre. No one saw the two teams tearing down the field. Every eye was on the Fullback, every voice rang out for him. Fifteen yards ten, five!—The goal posts yawn before him, the great field lies behind. Something rises in his path. The little Quarter of Ardsland grows into a mighty giant before him. He is crouching there ready to spring. Twelve feet between Winona and victory—ten feet, eight!—Will the Quarter get him? Will he, or not? The little Hercules knows his game! There is a clash down low! Something fastens itself around Winona's legs and down, down he goes—but there—there—the force of the drive has done its work and the big Fullback rolls over the goal-line a limp and bleeding mass! The head-gear is torn from his head, and some one wrenches the nose-guard from his face. A dirty white bandage covered with blood falls to one side and the mighty men of Winona look down into the drawn white face of Grisley!

\* \* \* \*

No need is there to tell what followed. Nor is there need to repeat how Winona kicked the goal, or how Ardsland failed to score again. But the victory was

there, perched on Winona's banner—6-5 all took.

It was a great wild risk on either part but Farnum knew Grisley and trusted to him and to God.

The night of the day that will live forever in the memory of Winona, the whole team was gathered in 'Shorty's' room. Grisley lay on the bed very weak, but very happy. A short fit of unconsciousness had followed his play, but good fortune had swept it away.

'Swatsy' was in one corner assuring 'Shorty' that Grisley was a fool. Farnum sat on the left side of the bed and Ainsly was at the right. The others were saying good night and Grisley smiled faintly at each one.

Then, Ainsly and Farnum rose to go. Grisley must have quiet and rest.

The big Fullback looked long and fixedly up into Ainsly eyes.

"I had the grit, Cap, I knew I had the grit, but—" and his voice trembled, "Farnum had more grit than I—I conquered Ardsland but I—I couldn't conquer myself—and Farnum—well he conquered himself and Ardsland, too."

Ainsly's grasp tightened on the big fellow's hand, and the team as they stood there in the doorway, gave three lusty cheers that echoed long and sweet in the heart of Grisley of Winona.

MARTIN V. MERLE,  
'06 Special.



SANCTI STANISLAI KOSTKAE INGRESSUS IN  
SOCIETATEM JESU

GLYCONII

QUA campos aqua Vistulae  
Alluit, prope Prasnisan,  
Lilium explicui comam;  
Pulchrumque et mage candidum  
Ipsa vel nive candida.  
Ne manus mala carperet,  
Coelestis propere me Herus  
Avectum hinc alio tulit  
In septum viridarium,  
Plantisque et generis novi  
Flosculis bene consitum;  
Quo me sentibus horridis  
Clusit, et procul arcuit  
Virumque et pecoris vagi  
Fraudes, quae positae ad viam  
Stant tutis male floribus.  
O factum mihi perbene !  
Qui possum meritas Hero  
Grates reddere? Suavius  
Fragrabo hic, super aethera,  
Donec transferar inclytum  
Coelestis decus hortuli.

SPECIAL LATIN

## 'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD

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It was a late afternoon in December. A bitter north wind swept down the long streets and avenues of one of our large towns. Great clouds of dust filled the air; and leaves and papers of every description rolled along the pavement or rose in a whirl to fall and roll again. The streets were almost deserted. Occasionally a buggy sped by, its occupant closely muffled and evidently desirous of reaching home. Sometimes, too, a few belated pedestrians passed along wrapped in their own selfishness and taking heed of naught by the way. True, there was little to attract their attention,—only a lone dog that stood shivering and whining on the sidewalk.

Presently George Davies turned the corner, buttoned his ragged coat about him, pressed his hat down on his head, thrust his hands in his pockets and faced the wind.

"What nasty weather to be out in, without a penny in your pocket and no chance to get one soon, either!" he muttered, "George, old boy, you're up against it. Unless something turns up soon, no supper tonight for you and you're beastly hungry too."

Just then he reached the spot where the famishing dog lay crouching and wailing dismally.

"You poor beast," he said, "you are in about the same fix as I am. Nobody to care a rap what becomes of you, and no prospect of a supper, hey! But you'll not want for a friend, old fellow

so come along. Let's try our luck together!"

The dog, unused to such kindness from a stranger, hesitated a moment, looked about suspiciously and then trotted along by the side of his newly found friend. Davies walked rapidly up the street, still murmuring to himself, "If something doesn't turn up, if something doesn't—" And something did turn up. It was a piece of newspaper that was blown right against him. He picked it up and glanced over it idly. It was the advertisement page. Suddenly he halted.

"Hello," he said, "what's this?"

He was looking intently at an advertisement which read: "Lost—A black shaggy-haired dog. Answers to the name of Dick. Reward by returning to 109 Fifth Avenue."

George turned about. "Why, Fido, old boy, you're black and shaggy too; by all that's inexplicable, I wonder if you can be the dog. Let's see—Here Dick! here Dick!"

The dog picked up his ears and wagged his tail. "Hurrah! hurrah! you're the one. Come on, old fellow, we'll have some supper on the strength of our acquaintance." And he hurried up the street, turned several corners and emerged into Fourth Avenue. The dog that had up to this time quietly trotted behind, now began to show signs of impatience and when Fifth Avenue was reached even made an

effort to get ahead. But George, fearful of losing his prize, clung to him and said coaxingly, "Dick, what's the matter? Be quiet, old fellow, we'll soon have something to eat."

Dick rubbed his head against George's knee, shook his tail in token of recognition and tried to keep quiet. This, however, was more than the poor animal could do; for as soon as he recognized the old surroundings, he began a joyful bark, jerked himself loose and made for a residence on the opposite side of the street. On reaching the spot what was Davies' delight to find *rog* emblazoned on the door. "Well, here goes for luck!" and hurrying up to the door where the dog stood barking impatiently, he rang the bell and awaited developments. The door was opened almost immediately by a pleasant faced elderly gentleman whose presence made Dick particularly demonstrative. In fact it was hard to say which one was the happier, the dog at seeing the old gen-

tleman or the old gentleman at seeing the dog.

"Well, young man, where did you pick him up?"

"On the sidewalk, sir, whining most pitifully," was the answer.

"Thank you, thank you," replied the old gentleman.

And Davies, disappointed, began to descend the stairs.

"See here, young man, there's a reward for returning this dog—we would not lose him for anything," said the old gentleman, and he pulled out a roll of bills, and peeling one off, handed it to George and bade him good-night.

That our kind hearted hero walked down the street with an eye on either side for a restaurant needs no explanation. Suffice it to say that he was shortly afterwards seated at a well spread board and soliloquizing thus: "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

C. P. R., '09.

Muy bien puede ser,  
 Tan bien puedo ver,  
 Que faltas a mi me las doy.  
 Pues bien con el canto  
 Confesando en tanto  
 Yo digo: un santo no soy.

F. J. P., '07.



## SHOREWARD

HAST thou ever marked a sea-bird  
Struggling shoreward to its nest,  
When the wind with breath relentless,  
Beat her back o'er ocean's breast?

Hast thou noted mid the blowing,  
How she rose and how she fell,  
And untainted skimmed the waters,  
Sinking, soaring, with the swell?

When the waves were madly dashing,  
And the sea was white with foam,  
Didst thou hear her cry of yearning  
For the little ones at home?

Then thou sawest limned in nature,  
What in grace thy soul should be,  
Wavering never, never tainted,  
Onward striving o'er the sea.

Falling, rising, still unyielding,  
Sending orisons before,  
Longing for the blissful meeting  
With thy loved ones on the shore.

MERVYN SHAFER, '09

## THOMAS MOORE

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"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents,—poetry, music, voice—all his own, which never was nor ever will be possessed or surpassed by another." Such were the unstinted words of praise that Lord Byron gave utterance to when speaking of "Ireland's sweetest son of song;" praise which to us seems justly merited if understood as referring to his melodies. For these are the sure foundation upon which his reputation as a poet, and one of the sweetest of poets rests.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia  
Musae

Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus  
us amore

Accipiant.

The encouraging words his first efforts elicited from his well-pleased professors at college and from his amiable parents at home added fuel to the sacred flame that burned so warmly in his inspired breast. Sad however is it to think that this sacred flame at times but fitfully glared through the blackening smoke of immoral themes. It was too bad indeed that "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling" did not simply glance from heaven to earth; but sought out on earth that which was tainted, base and loathsome. It is not our intention to examine in this essay all Moore's poetry; for that would require too much time, and besides it would not be a means to the end we proposed to ourselves in writing the essay.

Moore's translations of Anacreon's poems may show us among other things the great extent of his reading, his proficiency in the Greek language, his appreciation of that author's excellence in song-writing; his "Lalla Rookh" may sparkle with a thousand gems, and there may be passages in it, neither few nor brief, over which the very Genius of Poetry seemed to have breathed his richest enchantment—where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and of feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away through long reaches of delight;" but the "Irish Melodies" (which, as Thomas Humphry Ward says, form part and parcel of our literature, the extinction of which would leave a sad blank behind it) these, as we said in the beginning, entitled Moore to the praise Byron has bestowed upon him.

Ireland has ever been a land of song. Its scenery, the deep and tender affection of the people, the grand, noble and sublime thoughts that the pure principles of faith gave rise to in the minds of its children: all these naturally found expression in the impassioned language of poetry. But the "sweet voice of the songs of other days" was cruelly hushed in the once happy home of Innisfail and the honored bards gradually vanished

from view as the Penal laws exerted their baneful power throughout the Emerald Isle. It was at this crisis that Mr. Bunting brought out a book containing the beauties of Irish music. This was the book that set on fire the already warm breast of Moore and animated his fingers as they swept over the harp, evoking thence such thrilling numbers. It was this book, too, that determined him to prolong these sweet Irish tunes. We know how well he succeeded in doing so and how truthfully he could say:

"Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence, had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

Let us now look into these Irish melodies and see if the sensuous element, as Arnold styles it, is to be found there. We may, for our present purpose, divide these melodies into three classes. The first class embraces the war poems of Moore; the second his addresses to Ireland as a nation; the last treats of its people and charming scenery. In all three of these classes Moore plainly shows that he was granted that "world of sensations" Keats yearns for. See for instance the manner in which he expresses his joy at the recollection of Brian Boru, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements:

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave  
Though the days of the hero are o'er,  
Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kinkora no more!"

Notice or rather feel the sorrow that pervades the poem he wrote on Robert Emmet:

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade  
Where cold and dishonored his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,  
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head."

If we wish to listen to the beautiful expressions of feelings of gratitude for kindness done, we have but to turn to the following lines:

"Forget not the field where they perished,  
The truest, the last of the brave,  
All gone—and the bright hope we cherished  
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave!"

These are a few examples of the war poems of Moore. They picture him to us as standing on the edge of the battle field, and voicing his sentiments of joy, sorrow and gratitude as he gazes out upon it.

Should we wish to see how he expresses the strong feelings of love that at times fill the heart and demand verbal utterance we need only recall one of the poems in which he addresses Ireland.



"Believe me if all those endearing  
 young charms  
 Which I gaze on so fondly today,  
 Were to change by tomorrow and  
 fleet in our arms,  
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
 Thou would'st still be adored, as  
 this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear ruin, each  
 wish of my heart,  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still."

To find examples of that calm, peaceful state that one at times finds himself in, we have but to refer to a description of one of the charming scenes of Ireland:

"There is not in the wide world a  
 valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the  
 bright waters meet;  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life  
 must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall  
 fade from my heart."

I think that anyone that has read the above mentioned selections will agree with me that Moore's Irish melodies certainly possess the first requisite of poetry,—feeling. But is the second element likewise to be found in them? Without the slightest hesitation we say that it is. Everyone, I think, will admit that the

subject matter of these melodies is beautiful. What is grander in human affairs than love for and attachment to one's country, than a due appreciation of the virtue and valor of its people, than a love-inspired joy on account of its charming scenes? But some one will say, was that beauty brought out by Moore? It was. Read again those few excerpts we have quoted and see how the "brilliance of the truth" contained in them, breaks upon you; take notice of all the ornaments of speech he makes use of. Mark how he suits their use to the occasion, and you will confess that this element—beauty—is to be found in the Irish melodies.

Byron then was right in saying that Moore had the talent of poetry. Was he likewise right in saying he had that other talent—music? Ward acknowledges that he was; for he says, "In the Irish melodies music and sweet poetry agree in perfect harmony." Holmes too acknowledges the same. Consider for yourself the varied measures he makes use of, the sweet-sounding words: "Mononia, Kinkora, Avoca, Innisfail," etc. Note the perfection of his rhyme and rhythm, and I doubt not that you will pronounce him a consummate master in wedding music to poetry.

J. R., '08.

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*With crimson glow has autumn dyed  
 The leaves that hasten to their fall;  
 So may my deeds, when death shall call,  
 With sorrow's hue be glorified.*

*Dewitt Cyril Rucker, 3rd Acad.*

WINTER

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*THE summer months are over,  
The winter months have come,  
We miss the linnet's music  
And the busy bees' soft hum.*

*No more do blushing roses  
Adorn the thorny tree,  
No more the poppies golden  
Bedeck the barren lea;*

*For now the face of heaven,  
That erst had been so bright,  
With mourning veil is shrouded  
And the sun has lost his might.*

*But as the God of heaven  
Has bid this season come,  
So will He bring the flowers,  
The music and the hum.*

*E. Ivancovich, '08.*

## A FIRST DAY'S EXPERIENCE

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"*Mister de Roie*, will you please step here a moment?"

It was the President of Claranta College who spoke. He was standing at the foot of the stairs leading to his office. The door of the Junior Reading Room was open and within there were assembled about a dozen boys all excitedly discussing the topic of the hour, the election of the Second Division members of the Student Body.

Half a dozen were talking at the same time, and each strove to support his way of thinking if not with the most telling arguments, at least with the most telling voice. Only one seemed quite cool and indifferent, he was listening and smiling in a condescending and almost cynical way. Perhaps it was his lofty manner that induced the President to address him as "*Mister*."

Lucien de Roie turned round at the call and walked over to where the President was standing with two boys who wore the peculiar non-committal expression of new students. Lucien was about 16 years of age, slight and remarkably graceful, though at the same time firmly built, and with a face that a painter would have looked at more than once. But it was not so much the almost perfect chiseling of the delicate features that struck one, as their expression. An expression it was that meant that the very strongest feeling was native to the face, had there been—which there was not and never could

be—anything in the world worth feeling strongly about. He was a boy therefore in whose hands one would think new students would be perfectly safe, for if he were not inclined to over-exert himself in their behalf, still anything like abusing the trust of his superiors or playing any pranks upon his wards seemed altogether foreign to his reserved, haughty disposition. However, as some old philosopher has said, "we never know anyone so well that he may not surprise us," and Lucien was destined to surprise his friends that day.

"*Mr. de Roie*," said the President, "I want to add to your list of friends. This is Joseph Sutherland, and this is Peter Merton. You will all take it as a compliment, I am sure, if I say that I feel you are three of a kind, and accordingly I expect you to become great friends."

There was a twinkle in the President's eye—I wonder was it a gleam of mischief or merely the prophetic fire—as he said these words.

"I hope that you"—the President was addressing Lucien—"will take good care of these two young men, show them around the yard, have the prefects assign them their desks and beds, and for the rest of the day give them as good a time as you know how. And now, good afternoon."

As the President turned to go up stairs, Lucien proceeded to size up his new school-fellows in a hasty survey. "Great Scott," he ejaculated, inwardly,



"three of a kind. And we are going to be great friends, are we? I'll show the President what kind of a boy I am. I foresee a mighty thick friendship, I do."

Certainly Lucien had no great reason to feel flattered. Joe was a squint-eyed, lanky-jawed, long-nosed individual with a shock of bristling, sandy hair that seemed to be engaged in continual evil strife. Each "particular hair" was pulling away from its neighbor in defiance of all the laws of gravity as well as of Christian charity. The characteristic expression of his countenance was a devil-may-careness combined with the most intense curiosity. The question, "Well, what's the matter now?" was printed in heavy type the whole length of his inquisitive nose. Joe was about fifteen years old. Peter Merton was somewhat the reverse of his friend. He was short and stout and hence, of course, good natured. His very large eyes wore the utterly astonished look of a child who has suddenly awakened after a long sleep and has not realized where he is. He turned those orbs in a bewildered way around the yard with its restless, hopping, yelling, swarm of youngsters and said "sotto voce" to his companion,

"Gracious, is this the way they educate boys here?"

Yes, my dear Pete, it is one of the ways, and your education is to begin right now.

"Well, now," said Lucien, after his brief survey was over, "let us take a walk around and I will put you on to the ropes."

"Oh!" chimed in Joe in a high, rasping voice, that argued there was as much brass in his larynx as in his cheek, "Oh, that is soon done. Pete and I are regular old tars at getting on to the ropes. Isn't that so, Pete?"

Pete nodded his head but it could easily be seen that he had his doubts about the matter. He was green, poor fellow, and he knew it; Joe was green, too, and he did not know it.

The trio proceeded through the yard of the college. As my readers know all about Claranta it were superfluous to give any elaborate description of this ancient seat of learning.

The reading room and Billiard Hall, the "gym," and the Social Hall were all visited in turn. On their tour of inspection Lucien managed to give his companions the idea that he was the Professor of Modern Languages of the College, a pretence to which the President's "Mr." and his own condescending manner easily gave color, and which he strengthened by an apt quotation now and again from his French grammar. He got the boys into his game and whenever he introduced any of them to his proteges the amount of deference shown Mr. de Roie, the French Professor, might well have turned an older head. In his introductions he invariably gave the wrong name, and in his account of the different rooms and halls, he ascribed them uses that only the wildest imagination could have invented. He pointed out the very best boys in the yard to his friends, and warned them to have nothing to do with

them, as they were rather shady characters and disreputable. It was hard for him to restrain a smile when Pete told him quite confidentially that he fully agreed with him and that he had spotted out those boys himself as fellows whom one should keep his weather eye upon, and whom he would teach to keep at a safe distance. Lucien assigned wrong names and wrong duties to the different black-robed prefects in the yard so that his unhappy wards were soon as full of first-hand mis-information as any three pages of Froude's English History.

"By the way, what class do you belong to?" asked Lucien.

"We belong to the same class," said Peter, "the Third Epidemic. That's what one of the fathers told us. Here is the receipt he gave us."

So saying, he pulled out a yellow check which read: Joseph Sutherland, Peter Merton, 3d Academic, J. J. F. S. J.

"Oh, I see," remarked Lucien, "that paper is meant for me. That means that you are to be examined in the 3d Academic class-room. Let's face the music at once."

And with this he led his followers to the aforesaid room, wherein there was assembled a solemn conclave of examiners awaiting them. Willie DuKagney, one of the wags of the yard, presided with all the dignified pomposity of a smoking cap, spectacles half way down his nose, and immaculate white vest with pearl buttons, the lowest of which gleamed and sparkled far beyond the rotund owner's range of vision. Flanking him to right and left, were Joe

Brownie, an abbreviated, hammered-down little fellow, very fussy and important; Michael Awry Lee, a round, chubby, *pursy* little person, who was more of a burden to himself than to anyone else; George Doughy, whose long-drawn, vinegary, and dispeptic countenance was a fitting index of the severe nature of his studies; and lastly, Horton Haze, with a physiognomy as learned and as yellow as a weather-beaten manuscript of the Middle Ages. This awesome array it was that our pair had to face; even the dauntless Joe paled at the sight.

"Well, my dear children," said DuKagney, in his most stagey tones, "I am glad to see you. And in behalf of my learned colleagues, I may say we are all glad to see you. But we must not let pleasure interfere with duty. Young men, you are now beginning life. You are now at the parting of the ways. Everything depends upon the choice you make. If you choose the upward path you will eventually emerge through the sage-brush of trial upon the top of Olympus; there to sip the nectar of the Gods, there to have your auburn locks twined with the everlasting bay, there—to mingle intimately with the ethereal essences and merge into the universal whole. But beware, beware, I say, lest you take the other path, and following your wicked inclinations, and inebriated with the cup of insanity, you be flung upon the torrent of recklessness, dashed down the cataract of nonsense, and finally whirled amid the



fluctuations of the cesspool of confusion."

The speaker paused to take breath, and seeing that his words had produced the desired effect and that Joe's hairs were now all pulling in the same direction, that is, directly upwards, he ordered the examination to proceed.

The questions were of course of the most ridiculous and puzzling nature. The Professor of History inquired what brand of tobacco it was that Raleigh presented to good Queen Bess, Pedro or Bull Durham. The Professor of Botany wanted to find out why the pyramids of Egypt never cast a shadow even on the darkest night. The lecturer on Physiology desired to know the exact date when America should have been discovered had Columbus died young of whooping cough; and the Professor of Belle-Lettres, Joseph Brownie, asked what were the literery and fiscal effects of Hamlet's madness upon Denmark and Lapland. The poor victims were hopelessly muddled; they stammered, and gasped and blurted out some incoherent words until they were relieved by the presiding examiner, who, being informed that a prefect was approaching, told them that they had done very well, would have done better if it had not been for their nervousness, and handing each a check for Freshman class, bade Lucien lead his friends outside without delay. This he did just in time to escape the prefect who entered and proceeded to examine the examiners with less ceremony than they had used towards their victims. The result was that he sentenced

each of them to memorize fifty lines of history, a mild but effectual punishment, much in vogue at Claranta, and one that has produced many good historians.

It was now time for supper. Just before entering the refectory Lucien volunteered the information that it was quite the thing for newcomers to offer their dessert to their table-mates, who, of course, would never think of accepting it. They acted on the advice and as a result went dessertless that evening.

After supper Albert proposed that they spend a few minutes at the Durham Discussing Club, a sort of free-and-easy association of Philosophers, who met every evening after supper for the purpose of mental social improvement. As luck would have it, Professor G, the moderator, was away that evening,—a thing that never happened before or after,—and the trio had no difficulty in securing admission. The place of assembly was a little room, scooped out, as it were, in the side of an antique adobe building, that had an immense amount of history attached to it. A door with a high transom above it furnished communication with the exterior. At the moment our friends entered, a hot argument sprung up concerning the transcendent and the non-transcendent term; the dispute grew hotter and hotter; all at once the light was turned out and "pandemonium reigned supreme." To the babel of voices was added the babel of blows and buffets. Every man struck out blindly at his neighbor, and such scuffling and shoving and shouting never was known. To



add to the terror of the moment a pistol shot, followed by a fearful cry, rang out with fearful report throughout the Stygian darkness. Another shot, and still another, and more blood-curdling cries of mortal anguish. Joe and Peter thought that their last hour had come; the former was going to die, game, so he began to strike out left and right with the courage of despair, while Peter knelt down in a corner to make an Act of Contrition, and was just resolving "to amend his life," when the awful cry smote his ears, "Where are the new fellows, the new fellows? Let us get at them!" Looking about him for a means of escape he espied the transom, and with super-human effort, he amended his life so far as to clamber through it, and fall as softly as physical laws would permit upon the brick pavement beneath.

Joe soon followed and alighted on his companion who taking him for a foe pummelled him soundly before discovering his identity.

Lucien hurried out after his wards, and his expressions of sympathy and indignation were sincere, for he felt that matters had gone too far. Joe replied with pardonable emphasis that it would be a very hot day—I forget if 'very' was the word he used—before he would get into that Black Hole of Calcutta again, and he thanked his stars that he must have knocked at least one philosopher silly. Yet when a prefect appeared on the scene a moment later to ascertain the cause of the uproar, he found the lights on, the conversation

serious, while no trace remained of the late affray save the odor of two or three firecrackers.

It must not be imagined that hazing was in vogue at Claranta—on the contrary such low barbarity was simply not tolerated. Still boys will be boys, and if their fun on this occasion was too rough, the roughness was as much the exception as it was for the dignified and elegant Lucien to descend to a practical joke, a thing his best friends would hardly have expected of him. And besides, one swallow does not make a summer.

From the tone of his reply, it was plain that Joe's spirit was by no means broken; and Lucien yielded to the temptation to have one more bit of fun before retiring from the business. He had remarked, of course, the absence of Prof. G., he had inquired the cause and found to his great delight that the Professor was at a political caucus and would not return until late. "Why, everything's coming my way," thought he, with a chuckle that showed that mischief was brewing.

The party were excused from night study, and as Albert was given the *pas* of the college for the time being, they spent the evening gazing at the stars through the telescope in the observatory, or wandering through the winding walks of the garden. The striking beauty of the scene, the soothing hush of the stillness, the vistas of flowers and trees ever opening before them in the magic light of the moon that rolled above "through the dark-blue depths"

all served to embalm the wounded feelings of our new friends. "Well, I guess life is worth living here in spite of everything," remarked the forgiving Peter. And even Joe acknowledged though with some frigidity, that "all's well that ends well." At length it was time to retire and Albert led the way into the Teachers' Building, to Prof. G's room.

"I am very sorry," Lucien said, "that owing to the crowded state of the college, you will have to put up with one bed between you tonight. To-morrow, however, this will be remedied. After you retire, and please do so at once, lock the door and turn out the gas. Now, if anyone should try to bother you during the night, don't mind him. Possibly, one of those Philosophers whom you punished would like to be fresh with you."

"I hope to heaven he will," said Joe, heroically. "I'll fix him."

Then in a voice, husky from the strength of his emotions, Lucien bade them good night, and went on his way to the dormitory, and the full moon looked down in surprise at him as now he would burst into a low laugh, now knit his brows as if in remorse.

"Well, all's well that ends well," said Pete, with a sigh of relief, as soon as they were alone. "This room suits me all right."

"Yes," replied his companion, "but it would not do to say so, they might think we were green. Now if I don't sleep for ten hours straight, I will hand you my pocket book."

"Ditto," said Pete, "I never was so tired in my life." And soon they were sleeping the sleep of the just.

An hour elapsed and Prof. G. returned. Thump, thump, thump, his heavy footsteps sounded along the corridor. He kept thus the even tenor of his way until when just at his door, he stopped in a strangely staccato fashion.

"In the name of goodness, what voice was that? What! was there some one in his room?" Sure enough, a nasal melody floated through the open transom. "Ah!" thought the Professor, "some of the boys imagined I would not return and are going to squat in my room. But I'll make them pull their stakes."

And with this threat firing his eyes and hardening his features, he was about to enter the room when he found the door locked against him. "The impudent rascals," he muttered, "to think they could fool me like that! They don't know Professor G. yet. See here, young fellows," he added aloud in a most commanding voice, reinforced by a thunderous rapping on the door, "just get up and get out of my room immediately."

In the meantime Peter had shaken all the sleep out of Joe and had tried to impress upon him the fact that there was a murderer at the door thirsting for their blood.

"Nonsense," said Joe, "it's that Philosopher. Say, you night-owl," he shouted, "go and hoot somewhere else or we'll wring your neck off."

"Young men, whoever you are, I give



you just one minute to vacate my room," said the Professor in a French calm.

"Your room, he, he, he!" laughed Joe, derisively. "What, ridiculous impudence! Now, my dear birdie, take my advice and go and roost in some stump just for to-night. Do now. So long!"

"Aren't you getting out of my room?"—the professor was keeping wonderful self-control. "Are you going to force me to resort to extreme measures?"

"We'll force you to resort to Jerusalem, if you don't make yourself scarce," retorted the quenchless Joe. "Say, Pete, where's my pistol?"

"This is an outrage," the Professor was shouting now, while his very mustache curled with indignation, "this is simply intolerable. See here, I'm going to force this door open, and remember, you ruffians, I am a Professor."

At this, Peter made great ado about getting his pistol ready, while Joe warned the burglar that he'd break every bone in his body the moment he put his beak inside the door. Fortunately at this juncture, a prefect came along in search of two boys who were missing from the dormitory. Prof. G. laid his deplorable plight before him, and the latter tried to open negotiations for a truce.

For a time he only made matters worse, the confusion became more confounded, and the besieged refused to parley, but at length the truth began to dawn on them.

They now saw for the first time through the disguise of the French Pro-

fessor, and the blessings they invoked on his head were not loud but deep and heartfelt. Slowly and sullenly they got inside their clothes, and slowly and sullenly they got outside Professor G's room, and proceeded with the prefect to the dormitory, carrying some of their wardrobe in their arms.

So dispirited were the poor fellows, that even the prefect's cheery voice failed to console them, and they, in fact, kept at a distance behind him.

Now this would have been all right I suppose, were it not that, as everybody knows, the yard of Claranta College is patrolled at night by several large hounds, which are let loose on their hunting grounds about eleven o'clock. The prefect had warned the boys that the hour was at hand and that they had better hurry up, unless they wanted to "go to the dogs" altogether. But they did not seem to hear him for when the prefect had entered the dormitory, they were yet many yards behind. All at once a furious yelping and baying broke the stillness, and looking round, Peter and Joe saw in the bright moonlight a yelping legion of keen-scented blood hounds rushing towards them from a distant corner of the yard. The boys dropped the clothes they carried, and ran for their lives. The dogs ran for the same object and a great deal faster. Nearer and nearer the panting boys approached the dormitory, and nearer and nearer came the murderous dogs. At last the door was about to receive the fugitives into security, when Joe, seeing Peter entering right ahead, caught hold



of him and pulled him back. Peter caught Joe in turn and thus in their terror they were tussling for right of way, for danger, like conscience, makes cowards of us all—when the prefect drew them in by main force, just as the dogs were going to sample their nether garments.

"Joe," said Peter, when a little later they lay at adjacent moorings in Blanket Harbor, after their first and un-

usually stormy experience on the sea of college life—"Joe, that is the most awful day I ever spent."

"And I too," replied Joe. "If this is the way they educate people here, you may bet your bottom dollar I'll graduate from here in mighty short order."

However, Joe has not "graduated" yet, and shan't for some time to come.

A. M. '07.

## DEATH OF A CHILD

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*The twilight fades and evening shades,  
Across the valley press;  
The end of day which dawned so gay,  
Brings sorrow and distress.  
For in a cot with forehead hot,  
A child in fever lies;  
A mother 's there bowed down in prayer,  
And tears are in her eyes.  
But ere the morn that child is borne  
Into a fairer land;  
For she is dead, her spirit 's fled  
To join the white-robed band.*

*N. C. Whealan, '07*

# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Our congratulations to St. Ignatius College! As we go to press, it is celebrating its Golden Jubilee in a magnificent style. Dignitaries of Church and

State, University and College Presidents from all over the country are taking part in the ceremonies. Mr. Bourke Cockran, the distinguished orator, who

has just arrived from Manila, will be the guest of honor at the Alumni banquet. But more of all this in our next.

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Thanksgiving will soon be upon us. It will be observed this year as devoutly as usual, we have no doubt. That is, the College man will root with more vehemence than usual at the football game; the business man will doze in bed in the morning about two hours longer than on ordinary days; and the small boy—perhaps the big boy too—will signalize the occasion by a surfeit of roast turkey and cranberry sauce.

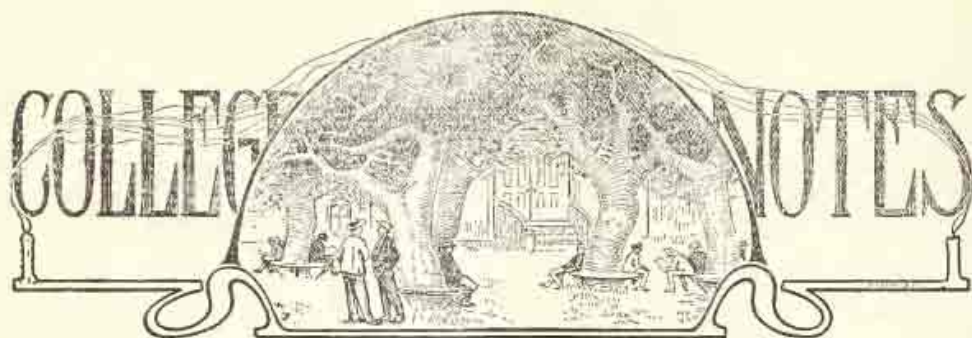
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We often wonder how many of our eighty million free and enlightened citizens ever bother their heads about the real object of this national holiday. How many reflect that God is the real ruler of the nation, and that Thanksgiving is meant to acknowledge our gratitude for His most wise and beneficent rule? In decreeing the holiday, the Nation has done well, but, after all, it is the heart that God seeks, and this is not to be found in the Nation as such, but in the individuals that compose it. If eighty million people fell on their knees together to offer thanks to the Common Father of all, what a sight it would be for the Angels! What blessings it would draw down upon our land!

Truly Pius X is all things to all men. The latest evidence of his many sidedness is the interest he takes in athletics. In fact, if the newspaper reports are true, he has become a sort of patron of athletic sports in Rome and Italy. As everyone knows, out-door games are not much in favor with Italian parents who are afraid of the chills and fever that are supposed to be their invariable sequel. With these the Pope shows little sympathy. He is reported to have said: "Physical exercise is good for the body, but it is even better for the soul." Be that as it may, it is certain the Holy Father has shown the greatest interest in the athletic games of the young Romans; he has had exhibitions of them at the Vatican, and has personally invited some of the Cardinals to share in his enjoyment. Furthermore he has recommended that a meeting of all the Italian athletic clubs be held in the Vatican grounds and has consented to act as its patron. There will be high and long jumping, walking, running, and bicycle races, etc. The gathering will be a memorable one for there are three hundred athletic clubs in Italy; the prizes are numerous and valuable, two hundred gold and silver medals being donated by the Pope himself; and the competition will, of course, be very keen. By the way, we are not told by the papers if Pius X favors Rugby football.

MARTIN V. MERLE,  
Senior Special.





## LITERARY CONGRESS

### The Senate

X The upper branch of the Literary Congress has, during the past month, been devoting its time chiefly to the consideration of the Chinese question. The resolution which at first sight seemed to be so limited has, under the skillful manipulation of Senator Atteridge of Watsonville for the affirmative, and Senator Carter of Irvington for the negative side of the question, so expanded that instead of speaking for five or ten minutes merely the Senators have hotly debated the subject in speeches varying in length from twenty-five minutes to over half an hour. Especially did Senator Leonard of Leonard dwell upon the necessity of excluding the Asiatics from our country, insisting that their presence in unlimited numbers would be accompanied with financial ruin to our working classes. Owing to the fact that our last meeting night was taken up by a lecture in the hall the de-

bate was not finished. Senator Lejeal of San Francisco is next in order on the negative side, and it is rumored that his supply of matter is inexhaustible. Senator Belz of Visalia who follows him on the affirmative side is burning the midnight oil in his efforts to secure facts to refute the former's array of arguments.

Representatives Schmitz, '07, and C. Byrnes, '07, were received into the Senate from the House last month, and were immediately given a place on the debate for their maiden speeches. Senator Plank of Mexico has also returned after a long absence, and is warmly welcomed back to his old place in the Senate.

### The House

During the month of September the members of this well organized body enjoyed many excellent debates, debates that were prepared and delivered with such ability as to reflect great credit both upon the speaker, who infuses such energy into the work, and upon the individual members. The Senate

has seen fit to take many of our most efficient debaters,—although we regret to see them depart we cannot but congratulate them upon their advancement, and wish them every possible success. Any society should indeed be proud to possess such men as Leo J. Atteridge, '06, Robert E. Fitzgerald, '06 and Floyd E. Allen, '07, men who have proven their worth in many a contest, the others deserve almost equal praise.

Many new members, desirous of sharing the fruits to be derived from debate, have been received into the society. James Iappin, '08, Milton Moraghan, '07, Mervyn Shafer, '08, Raymond Caverly, '08, Louis Farragher, '08, Daniel McKay, '07, George Fisher, '07, John Griffin, and Earl Seaton, '09.

The offices of Treasurer, Reporter, Clerk and Corresponding Secretary being made vacant by the officers going into the Senate, Robert H. Shepherd, '07 and Joseph R. Brown, '07, Thomas A. Donlon, '07, and Emmet I. Doherty, '08, respectively, were elected to fill them.

The first debate was one of the most successful ever held in the House. It was on the popular question—Resolved, That Parents Should Allow Their Sons to Play Football. The debaters were as follows: Affirmative, August Aguirre, '07, Thomas Donlon, '06 and Floyd Allen, '07; Negative, Leo J. Atteridge, '06, Luke Feeney, '08 and Francis Lejeal, '06. We give in part the speeches of the first affirmative and first negative.

The first speaker, Captain Aguirre, of the football squad, spoke long and well

in favor of his chosen sport, mincing no words in showing his approbation of the game. He said that from personal observation he had noticed that among the men who ranked first in their classes it was not uncommon to find football players. Continuing he said, "To play the game as a man is expected to play it, one must be possessed of steady nerves, a cool head and plenty of brawn. If he has not those at the outset he can acquire them by playing football, more quickly than by any other exercises." He admitted that some abuses had crept in, but that this was because of some schools "roping in" professional players. In real college teams those abuses were hardly found. Nothing, he said, developed in a man that universally admired quality known as grit, as much as football did, and he contended that a man after a course in football would more easily cope with the knocks of the world than one who had not the advantage of this training. He closed his remarks by bringing forward statistics to show that fewer were killed or hurt in football than any other sport.

Mr. Atteridge, the first speaker on the negative, plunged into the question with eagerness born of love for debate, comparing a football game to a prize or bull fight. "In football," he said, "a man who is made of the right kind of stuff goes in to win and to do this there must be a cracking of bones and a tearing of flesh." He showed how easy it was for a mean fellow to foul and escape undetected on account of the scarcity of officials; told of cases he had seen



after a big game, of men so excited and muddled as to appear to be dope fiends. He granted that a man might play the game for four or five years without any sign of injury, but as a rule the effects in after life were most distressing, consumption and rheumatism setting in; before a game a man sits at his desk dreaming the time away, by rehearsing plays that will bring the grand stand down, and that will perhaps bring him down. He closed with citing many cases of men formerly strong but now weakened by the game.

Mr. Donlon, '07, of Ventura, deserves special mention for the eloquence and argumentative power he used in upholding the stand taken by his colleagues of the affirmative. A vote being cast the affirmative side was found to be the victor.

The debate, Resolved, That Boarding Schools are better than Day Schools, was debated with as much zest as the former, the affirmative side winning. Affirmative, Mr. Brown, '07, Mr. Kilburn, '08, Mr. Jacobs, '08; negative, Mr. Collins, '08, Mr. Patrick, '08, and Mr. Shea, '09. Note must be taken of Representative Shea from Zany, who delivered a masterly speech.

### Trip to Mount Hamilton

At the first peep of dawn Saturday morning, September 16th, seven dignified Seniors and three hardly less dignified Juniors left the peaceful seclusion of their trundle beds and climbed into their corduroys and blue shirts, that being

the prescribed uniform for the day. Having appointed a custodian to take care of "Mike" O'Reilly and "Frenchy" Lejeal, we set out for San Jose where a specially chartered conveyance was awaiting us.

After being delayed there for some time by a certain excited citizen of the Garden City (his name we dare not mention) who was not pleased with the quality of our music, we at last got started for the goal of our hopes. To the tune of "Mt. Hamilton or Bust" we swung out into the road and "the game was on." Music—vocal, instrumental and otherwise, was the feature of the morning's ride and so pleasantly and quickly did the time pass that we could hardly realize it was noon when we arrived at Smith's Creek, where we ate lunch.

To chronicle our doings at that place would be too much for our editorial capacity, especially the escapades of Mike, who—but "nuff ced."

About the middle of the afternoon we began the final climb. As each turn in the road was reached and a new view of the observatory burst upon us, the excitement of the pilgrims arose to greater heights, until finally three of the party could restrain themselves no longer, and rivalling the mountain goats in agility began to "spring from rock to rock" and clamber up the mountain side. When we reached the summit our expectations were surpassed. Through the kindness of one of the Professors the workings of the various telescopes, sidereal clocks,



seismographs, etc., were explained to us.

The evening was a fine one for "star gazing" and greatly did we enjoy the glimpses of the heavens. While looking through the large telescope an amusing incident occurred. A young member of the fair sex, not however of our party, when her turn came to look through the 'scope could see nothing, but was too embarrassed to admit it and pretended that she could see very well. When the professor began asking her if she could see this star and that star she answered, "Yes, sir."

"Do you see that beautiful star in the lower corner?" asked the Professor.

"Oh yes," she said, "how beautiful!"

Question followed question, to all of which she answered a timid "Yes, sir." Finally, however, her curiosity was aroused and when the Professor remarked upon the especial beauties of an excessively large star in the middle of the group, which it happened was the cluster of Hercules, she roused sufficient courage to say,

"Well, Professor, I saw all the others, distinctly, but I can't see this one very well."

At this the Professor came nearer to see what was the matter, and to his horror found that the young lady had been seeing stars through an adjusting screw near the eye piece. What follows we cannot further describe.

We left the observatory about 9 o'clock, and reached the College, a sleepy crowd but withal well satisfied, about 2 o'clock Sunday morning and

went to bed to dream of stars and sun spots, earthquakes, weather reports—and a certain song of fifty-nine verses all the same.

## New Senior Quarters

There has been a great deal of controversy in the yard in regard to whether the new Senior quarters owe their existence to the awakening recognition of the dignity and greatness of the Senior class, or merely to the increasing number of students, which necessitated new quarters for somebody and those somebodies happened to be the Senior class. We the class of 1906 loudly claim that it was the former, but some there are, but they are few, who hold the latter view. Perhaps a wiser way to look at the question would be to acknowledge both motives at once. At any rate the new Senior quarters are a reality and we are enjoying their possession and are thankful. The dining room which was formerly for the convenience of visitors has been set aside for our use, under the supervision of Bro. Walsh, a special caterer, who has come from Santa Cruz to assume that important position. Leo J. Atteridge holds the place of honor and makes use of his authority to settle all controversies which arise between Lejeal and O'Reilly. It is a cozy little room and adds much to the attractiveness of the meals. Father Chiappa, to whom in great part the change is due, calls occasionally to see that we are being properly cared for, but the slight-

est attempt to thank him for his generosity causes him to leave.

In our dormitory also things are ship-shape. It is hardly large enough to be called a dormitory however, consisting as it does of only three rooms, in each of which live two members of the of the class of '06. They are located in what used to be the Fathers' recreation room in the Fathers' building. Father Chiappa has secured new beds and desks and other necessary articles of furniture for their special use, all meeting with our approval.

We are especially grateful to Reverend Father Rector who has made all this possible, and to Father Chiappa who has been so generous to us in this matter.

### Lecture on Quebec

On Wednesday evening, October 11 we were treated to an interesting and instructive lecture on Quebec by Mr. Albert Le Breton, a member of the California Camera Club. The lecture was illustrated with a large number of views of Quebec and vicinity, taken by the lecturer himself. They were perhaps the best views we have ever seen. But interesting as they were, they were outdone in interest by the lecture which they served to illustrate. It was replete with anecdotes and a general spirit of bonhomie so that even the small boy—a tribe usually averse to anything like a lecture—was open ears and eyes from start to finish.

~ We hear with pleasure that Mr. Le

Breton is thinking of favoring us with another of his lectures some time in the next semester. He took a series of pictures of the College during a visit, which we hope to see upon the screen.

### Father Kenna's Visit

One of the most pleasing of October's happenings was the visit of our former esteemed President, Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J. He stopped over with us for a day or two on his way back to San Francisco from Watsonville, and was warmly welcomed by the boys. It was like old times to see him again in the yard and garden and when a committee was sent to him and was received by him in his old office, it was hard to realize that he was only a visitor so accustomed were we to seeing him there. He was present in the Hall on the evening of the lecture by Mr. Le Breton and responded to the enthusiastic cheers of the boys by a few words of encouragement, making us feel better able to fight our little battles;—of course he gave us a holiday.

We hope to see much more of Father Kenna and trust that his visits will be frequent; thankful that he is stationed so near Santa Clara that these visits are possible.

### Athletic Store

We forgot last month to mention under the head of improvements the new athletic store. In former days it was necessary for any aspiring athlete to send to San Francisco for his outfit, with



a consequent delay and dampening of ardor but now he may provide himself from the Student Body store and go in to the game while the spirit is in him. A complete line of athletic goods, football, baseball and track, has been laid in, in all the up to date styles. All thanks to the Advisory Board to whom the welcome change is due.

### Student Body Election

The office of the Vice-President of the Student Body is now filled by Mr. Leo J. Atteridge, '06, with the unanimous consent of the Student Body. We feel sure that the choice was a wise one, and we are confident that the interests of the Student Body will, with its present officers, receive good and careful attention.

### Football Rally

On the evening of October 9 we had a very pleasant diversion from our regular routine in the shape of a football rally to stimulate among the boys that something known as "college spirit." The band was in evidence, though much handicapped by the loss of some of its members. A huge bonfire in the centre of the campus added to the enthusiasm. The fellows serpentine about the yard, resting themselves occasionally with the less strenuous excitement of a dance on the handball court. Speeches from the various orators of the yard were in order, and finally when the celebration broke up with three rousing cheers for the members of the football team, who

on the morrow were to give battle to the husky Stanford Freshmen, we retired to our well earned rest to dream of victory.

### The Band and Orchestra

For a college of over two hundred and twenty-five students we think that there should be a larger band and orchestra than the present ones,—larger but perhaps not better; for the present musical organizations are, considering the fewness of their members, all that might be expected of them. We think, however, that the students are noticeably deficient in appreciation of the efforts of the musicians and in their support. Get in and work, fellows, take pride in music as you do in athletics. Its band and orchestra have always been and we hope shall always be among the chief glories of old Santa Clara.

### Reading Room and Billiard Hall

Thanks to the indomitable perseverance of Earl Seaton and H. George Casey the knights of the billiard cue are once more able to while away their recreation hours at their favorite sport, and those more intellectually inclined are at their favorite author or in the instructive magazine until they are aroused only by the tap of the bell. The billiard and pool tables which were in very poor condition have been repaired and a new stock of cues and chalk laid in for the rainy season when business will be brisk. We are sorry to hear that George intends to run his place on a strictly



cash basis, remembering as we do the good old times when we could run up a long string of accounts and then cheerfully declare the debt outlawed if the treasurer was not over frequent in his reminders to creditors. The officers for the year are: Rev. Father Foote, President; H. George Casey, Vice President; Robert Shepherd, George Fisher and Lester Wolter, Censors.

### Junior Dramatic Society

The Junior Dramatic Society has passed through a most eventful month. Many moons have waxed and waned since such interest has been shown in this little society. The members are working in unison with our President, and all are doing their share in upholding the honor of the Society.

The gap caused in our ranks by the passing of many of our members into the First Division has been partly closed by the admittance into the Society of Messrs. R. Harris, J. F. McGrath, C. Brazell, W. Gianera, and A. Bunsow. But what we lack in numbers we make up in quality.

It was with great pleasure that we conferred honorary degrees on Mervyn Shafer and Ivo Bogan. Both of these gentlemen held offices in the society last year and showed themselves in every way worthy of the trust placed in them by their fellow members. They both delivered speeches proper to the occasion.

Five debates have been held already this session and they have all been up

to the mark, if not beyond it. The question however that created the most interest was: Resolved, That Washington was a Greater General than Napoleon." Messrs. Hall and Dunne sustained the affirmative, and Messrs. Ivancovich and Shields the negative side. It was truly a battle royal. Messrs. Hall and Shields did themselves honor, nor were the other two members far behind them. The battle waxed so warm that it was thrown open to the house and whoever wished to express himself on the subject was free to do so. The debate was finally decided in favor of the affirmative side.

The members of the Junior Dramatic Society should keep up the good work that they have begun. If but the interest is kept up, it needs no power of second sight to feel sure that the present J. D. S. will next June bring to completion a banner year.

### The Junior Reading Room

The booklovers of the Junior Division have reorganized for the present semester under the direction of Mr. Biagini, S. J. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: Edwin McFadden, Librarian; Peter Dunne, Assistant Librarian; Reginald L. Archbold, Treasurer; James F. McGrath, Ernest Watson and Eugene Ivancovich, Censors. From this capable management much is to be expected and already many new books, magazines and games have been secured and the younger students hope to spend there many an enjoyable hour in the

rainy months when all else is dark and dreary.

### **The Junior Camera Club**

The youngsters have again revived interest in the photographic art and are carefully eyeing up everybody and

everything with the hopes of securing some good pictures of college life. With Mr. A. Biagini, S. J., Director, Alfonso Bustillio for President, Andrew Bunsow Vice-President, Ralph Cebrian to handle the cash, James Daly to keep accounts, and Tommy Baird for censor we feel assured that they will succeed.



### OUT OF BONDAGE

MARION HOLT—BENZIGER BROS—\$1.25.

The first book we espy through our critical spectacles comes to us from Benziger's. On the wrapper of it we read an appeal borrowed from the Pastoral letter of the Third Council of Baltimore for a greater watchfulness over the reading of children and more general patronage of good Catholic books. "Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and still more sound, interesting and profitable books. . . . No child should be subjected to temptation by its parents in its own home. . . . Parents should be sure to warn and withhold from their children that which would poison or sicken their bodies; let them be at least as watchful against intellectual and moral poison. But let the family bookshelves be well supplied with what is both pleasant and wholesome."

"Out of Bondage" is a book that tallies

with the above description. Its influence as far as it goes is altogether for the good. It conveys between the lines a lesson of obedience and submission to direction, a sort of lesson which will not be uncalled for in this country for some time to come. The heroine is Renie Desmond, a very fascinating character, who holds our attention throughout at the expense of all the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. She is the very ill-used ward and servant of a very malignant widow, who not content with the ordinary modes of cruelty, strives to debase Renie's very nature by depriving her of all knowledge, human and divine. But Renie, full of the brightest gifts, and endowed with an unconquerable will, manages so well to partake of the forbidden tree of knowledge, that at the death of her mistress, she goes into high society and shines there a bright, particular star. How she succeeds in this is very cleverly told; and the situations are at times so dramatic and the heroine plays her part so well that the reader



now and then feels like breaking into hearty applause.

The weak part of the story, in our humble opinion, is that while Renie had hardly received any Catholic training she should demean herself as a very well instructed Catholic. Of course the prayers of her dead parents must have been her shield, and Catholicism may be, as it were, in one's blood, yet for all that we have to thank an especial Providence that Renie turned out as well as she did. The character is strongly and brilliantly drawn and the intense interest of the story never flags. The style is very matter of fact. The author never seems to aim at working on his reader's feelings, and hence he perhaps impresses him all the more.

#### HEALTH AND HOLINESS

FRANCIS THOMPSON—B. HERDER, ST. LOUIS—\$ .65.

This is an age wherein men crave for new things, and there is an endeavor everywhere among writers on all topics to satisfy this craving. We see this exemplified in every branch of knowledge, in philosophy, physics, chemistry, in mathematics even, in physiology and in all the other "ologies." And not only in science do we perceive this toadying to novelty, but also in the fine arts, music, painting, and poetry. Shall we be surprised then to find writers showing this same spirit even in religious and ascetical matters? The surprise would be if we did not find it.

"Health and Holiness," or "The Relations between Brother Ass, the Body, and his Rider, the Soul," is a prose work of eighty pages from the pen of Francis Thompson, England's distinguished Catholic poet, and appeared some months ago in England and America. It would seem to find an immediate condemnation in this that its tone does not impress one as being thoroughly orthodox. One feels as he peruses it that there is something queer about it. There is an air of "newness" about it, and newness in religious and ascetic matters is to Catholics the reverse of a recommendation.

When one reads in this book such sentences as these: "It is dangerous treading here, yet with reverence I venture," and again, "The aim of all sanctity is the redemption of the body," and this other, "Our monastic rules were designed for another age. They have been mitigated in some of the severer Orders, to meet modern exigencies, but no mitigation can alter their unsuitableness to this modern Britain. They are not only obsolete: the whole scheme of them was devised for a sunny clime, a clime of olives, wine and macaroni. Fasts fall plump and frequent in the winter season, when in the North they mean unmeditated stress upon the young constitution: while the summer, when fast could be borne, goes almost free of fast. So you have orders where scarce the rosiest novice passes his profession without an impaired, if not a shattered constitution. Not so much the amount, but the incidence of auster-

ity, needs revision. Not solely in the kingdoms of this world, but in the kingdom also of God, the administration may become infected by the red-tape microbe."—When we read such things, I say, it is high time to suspect that all in such a work is not sound. Should we attribute such talk to ignorance or cynicism?

It is dangerous treading here, is it? That very confession kills the book, for it gives us a hint at an endeavor to introduce novelty into asceticism as practised by religious Orders. This asceticism is expressed in rules approved by the Church for all climes and for all people, due regard for national or climatic differences being ever had in their making.

To say that the whole incidence of these fasts was devised for a sunny clime, a clime of olives, wine, and macaroni, and to hint that they are infected by the red-tape microbe, is veritably an insult to the Church. That word 'red-tape' sounds vicious, and as far as can be judged from the reading of the book was dictated by a feeling of contempt.

"But this," the author tells us immediately after the passage above quoted, "is to invade the domain of monastic asceticism, which is beyond my province." Leave it alone then, dear Mr. Thompson, and do not wander into a province to which you have no passport.

The Church was not made yesterday nor the day before. Her laws and enactments are wise. She knows human nature better, ay! far better than any human institution can ever know it, and

when she gave her approbation to religious Orders and their rules, she was quite aware that human nature is the same in all ages, and that it ever needs curbing and restraining by bodily penance. Christian asceticism is not a human thing but a spiritual, founded on grace and forwarded by spiritual means. The Church had not to wait for the findings of modern physiology, in order to tell the weakest as well as the strongest that when it is necessary to curb the passions—and passions are in us all—we must wage war, though that war be at the expense of our bodily health, unless we should have the soul to dismount and equip himself with Brother Ass's saddle.

This is the teaching of the Church, of the Saints, and of Jesus Christ himself. One would think, to read the book we are here reviewing, that we must not do anything that could afflict in the least this precious body of ours.

If by fasting we even shorten a little this mortal life of ours, shall be condemned for it?

Not so! The Saints and orthodox spiritual writers are unanimous on this point.

In the preface,—in which a spiritual writer of wide reputation fathers the book—we are told, "what the author says will perhaps raise objections on this side or on that. Else it were not worth saying."

This may be all very well in speculative matters, but in ascetical questions nothing should be advanced which the simplest person cannot accept with the



entire faith and confidence which is accorded true, genuine, Catholic teaching.

The reverend prefacer says further on: "Let it first be clearly noted that he (the author) is not dealing with the austerities of sanctity so far as they are inspired by the purely religious and mystical motives of atonement and expiation. His theme is asceticism, which is to the "psychic" man, to the passions and desires, what athletics are to the "physical" man, to the limbs and muscles."

If such is the case, why are we entertained by the author with austerities as practiced in religious Orders, where chiefly and above all they are inspired by the motives of atonement and expiation! Were asceticism something in the line of Hygiene, we should not dissent. But asceticism is something always spiritual, and it has religion for its motive.

Later on in the preface, we are told that in the practice of austerities "we must never transgress the clear dictates of moral reason." Rightly so! for no one is allowed to transgress the moral law. But is one thing not to transgress the moral law, and another thing not to do any thing that can tend to shorten temporal life for the sake of the eternal. This latter course is allowable when nothing is done tending *directly* to shorten life, as we see it followed by devout

Christians in eating, drinking, sleeping, and the like.

To sum up!—the whole treatise on "Health and Holiness" has not a healthy, robust, Catholic tendency about it. Solicitude for the body is too much dwelt upon, on the plea that our modern constitutions are impaired by heritage and by our mode of living, and are therefore incapable of practices good for our robust forefathers, a plea which, though it be true in part, will never excuse even the weak-bodied from the practice of austerities—always in due moderation—when the restraint of passion is in question and the attainment of virtue the goal.

There have been from the dawn of Christianity men and women of delicate mould, who practised severe bodily penances. Let us not "lay the flattening unction to our soul" that physical weakness is a thing peculiar to our times and therefore excusing our backs from the rod of correction. That Englishmen are weak above the rest of men we can hardly believe, and even with the rigors of a northern climate thrown in, we do not think that Englishmen are altogether exempt from the austerities of past Christian ages, so airily disposed of in the 48th page of "Health and Holiness."

IVO G. BOGAN, '08.



# ALUMNI



Charles Graham, '98, the well known and popular captain of the Tacoma base ball team, has followed in the footsteps of his team-mate "Bobby" Keefe, by accepting an offer to play with the "Big League" for next season. Manager Taylor of the Boston Americans is to be congratulated on securing Graham, who is at present considered the best catcher in the Pacific Coast League. As captain and catcher he has been a tower of strength to his team for the last four years.

"Nixie" Galtz, '00, Commercial, spent three days at the College during the month. "Nixie" is the same popular little fellow as of yore, and is making more than good at his position in the Bank at Bakersfield.

Leo J. Marks, '99, "Jew" as he is better known, was a visitor at the College last month, and stayed several days. It reminded one of old times to see "Jew" and "Gene" Sheehy together again. "Gene" is accomplishing great work, coaching this year's football squad.

In the last number of the REDWOOD we commented with praise on the success of Gerald P. Beaumont, '06 Special. Since, however, news has reached us which was received with infinite delight here at the College, especially by the REDWOOD staff and the present Senior class. Gerald is now City Editor of the Mercury, a remarkable stride when one considers that he has been on the Mercury staff only seven months. However it again goes to show what talent in a man will do.

Thomas F. Casey, '00, dropped in one Sunday while on his way to Gilroy. Tom, accompanied by several friends, went over many of the familiar scenes around Alma Mater. He is just the same old boy and looks as hale and hearty as he did in the days when he graced "Letter A."

News comes to us of the contemplated business career of John J. Ivancovich, '05. He is going into the real estate business in San Francisco and has the brightest of prospects before him. "Jack"

is to give his unforgettable interpretation of Judas in the coming revival of the Passion Play here at the College next spring.

Charles Russell, '05, is again at Santa Clara. Not as a student is Charlie spending his days at College, but as a Professor, if you please.

Pierre V. Merle, '03, Com. has resigned his position with the Royal Insurance Company in San Francisco to enter business with his father. The REDWOOD wishes him well in his change.

Bryan J. Clinch, Ph. D. '05, favored us with a visit one day during the last month. Mr. Clinch was the architect for the boys' Memorial Chapel which was started just fifteen years ago.

Angelo M. Quevedo, '05, dropped in this month, all the way from Mexico. He brought with him a new student from the City of Mexico who intends to complete his philosophy here at Santa Clara.

We have just learned of the safe arrival in Rome of two of our former esteemed professors, namely, Mr. Dennis J. Kavanagh, S. J., late director of the REDWOOD and Mr. John Hayes, S. J., one of its warmest friends. Mr. Kavanagh has prepared a detailed account of his trip across the continent and through portions of Europe and this is to be forwarded to the REDWOOD for publication. Those who know his pen will await with keen interest the appearance of this interesting work.



After a period spent in close communion with what is best, and what is not, in college literature, the exchange editor emerges in a rather doubtful state of mind. My ideal exchange editor is blessed with an abundance of patience, but there exists a time when even the ideal's store of patience must be sorely taxed. At such a time it would be dangerous for him to review.

#### THE SEQUOIA

Probably the best college magazine on our table is the Stanford *Sequoia*. The feature of the September number is the article on "Heroes and Hero Worship." It is a well written study of the football man, his claims to fame and is also a study of the relative value of truth and fiction. It is most timely, and the author's position is strengthened by his knowledge of Stanford methods, conditions and statistics. "The Courage of Cowards," the best of a number of short stories has for the basis of its plot that old adage, "If we could see ourselves as others see us." The methods in vogue for obtaining football stars are exemplified in a clever little

story aptly named, "The Bounds of the Legitimate." "Lost Intuition" expresses in verse some of the thoughts which inspire us in the stillness of night and are lost in the reality of activity which follows. For the benefit and consolation of those whose experience coincides with the author, we append the concluding stanza.

"How often have the thoughts we cherished most  
For shortest time remained!  
How much of beauty in this world is lost  
Yet O! how much is gained."

#### THE DIAL

Among our first exchanges to arrive from the other side of the Rocky Mountains, is the *Dial*. Our friends in Kansas lost no time in issuing a magazine that is a credit to St. Marys. "Prayer During the Battle," a translation of one of the most beautiful of Theodore Koerner's poems, is one of the many good things in the *Dial*. The new exchange editor seems to have some clearly defined ideas on the worth of exchanges. Evidently he sees more of the exchanges



than the cover! We like your independence, colleague.

#### THE MANZANITA

This is the first appearance of the *Manzanita* in the REDWOOD forest. We are going to watch you grow, but of course we must observe that your growth as compared with a *Sequoia* must be necessarily limited. We think that an evening scene on Monterey Bay is fully as beautiful as your poet would describe it.

#### THE VILLA SHIELD

To mention this paper without some reference to its artistic arrangement and appearance, would show a lack of appreciation of one of its most conspicuous features. The young ladies of Villa de Chantal are to be congratulated on their taste. The generous exercise of this taste, combined with judgment and talent, is responsible for a very interesting Alumnae Number for October.

#### THE SOLANIAN

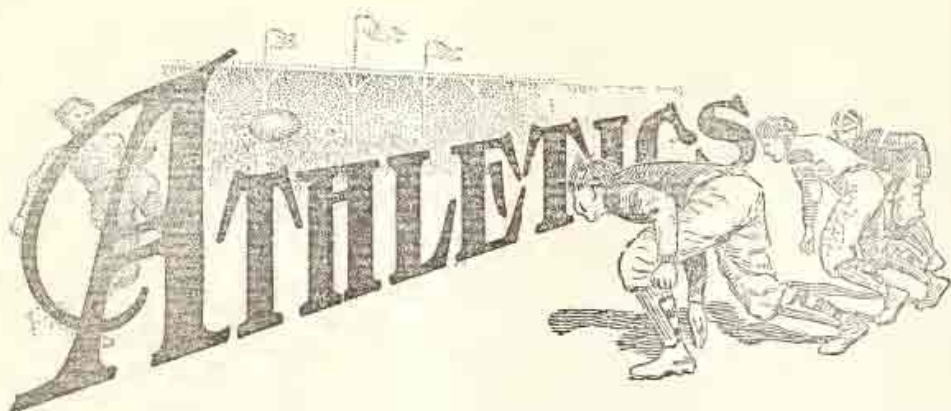
When we first glanced at the *Solanian* we were in doubt as to whether or not, that issue of the paper was being used as a catalogue for the institution it represents. Thirteen cuts of different

classes ranging from Pre-Academics to dignified Seniors may be very interesting to Solanians. But in our humble opinion they are too much of a good thing, and the voiced regret that more classes are not exhibited in the college paper, awakes no responsive chord in the REDWOOD sanctum.

#### THE SUNSET

To a Californian, *Sunset* never fails to prove of interest. Perhaps it is because it attempts to portray our great State, and in as far as such a gigantic undertaking is possible, it is wonderfully successful. *Sunset* accommodates itself to the season, and something of each season's characteristic beauty is infused into its pages. "When West Met East" is an appreciation of the clever work done by the California correspondents in the recent war in the Orient. It is from the pen of Edwin Emerson, an Eastern man on the staff of "Collier's Weekly" and consequently is unbiased. A new serial, "The Master Stroke," by that brilliant young Californian, Bailey Milliard, whose work is causing such favorable comment in the East, begins in the October number. We watch with pleasure and expectancy its progress.

LEO J. ATTERIDGE, '06



From the football material that has done drudgery every afternoon on the gridiron, Gene Sheehy has at last picked out a promising bunch of line-rammers whose duty it will be to flaunt the Red and White in the face of the foe. We have flaunted the colors only twice; once to a sailor foe and once to a student foe. We are as yet a little shaky, but by next game intend to be in good shape. Our backs are all fast, but rather light. The line is a bit light also, but this deficiency is neutralized by speed.

Among the games scheduled for the near future is one with University of Pacific, and the game with the Soldier lads at Monterey.

Both games will probably be played just after we go to press.

### **S. C. C. vs. U. S. Revenue Cutter "Rush." 28-0**

In a ragged game of football the college eleven defeated the sailor boys

from the Revenue Cutter "Rush" by a score of 28-0 on Tuesday, October 3.

Officials: Referee, C. Byrnes; Umpire, Campbell; Linesmen, Atteridge, '06 and Clancey; Timer, Allen. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

### **S. C. C. vs. Stanford Fresh- men 0-10**

We were chockful of confidence when we went up to Palo Alto on the tenth; even the sight of the well drilled Freshmen at practice did not dismay us. There were grandstands full of fellows with other fellows, fellows all alone, and even fellows with other fellows who weren't fellows after all but merely girls. Merely, did I say?

Imagine then my surprise when I got audible proof that each and every one of those fellows had a pair of lungs, a pair of hands, and a pair of feet. What a deal of rooting there was, and clapping of hands and stamping of feet! Every time a Stanford man made a gain



*Photo by H. G. S.*

#### FOOTBALL SQUAD

Reading from left to right — Reserve: Manger, Frank, Toulon, Grant, Schultz, McKenzie, Pattee, Murphy, Houghton, Acourt, Chapman, Bartol, Whalen, Fisher, Roberts, Jacob, Avery, Dalton, Hogan, Sheely, Coach and Tays.





or broke his suspenders there came a hurricane of applause from one quarter of the grounds; every time a Santa Clara player succeeded in getting beneath the other twenty-one buskies, then also was there great cheering. All very nice and comfortable, I said to myself.

The game of course, was interesting from two points of view. For Stanford it meant great things, since the game was to determine the Stanford line-up for the Stanford-Berkeley match. For this reason every Freshman played as for his life. To us it meant as much. This was practically our first game this season, and as such was to fix our standing and test our line.

We were, it is true, lighter than Stanford, but even then, according to a pretty general opinion, we might have shown a little more ginger. Certainly we lacked something, and that wasn't coaching. 'Gene' Sheehy has worked hard with us, but that our game was fully ten points inferior to Stanford's is evident from the following synopsis:

We kicked off and Stanford ran the ball in 10 yards, and, on being held, punted 30 yards to Schmitz, who ran the ball in ten yards. With Donlon we advanced the ball 5 yards on a buck and with Schmitz 3 yards. We were held and lost the ball by failing to make the yards. We were on Stanford's 40-yard line when the opponents punted 35 yards to Schmitz. Aguirre punted 25 yards. Stanford then bucked us down the field till she lost the ball on our 10-yard line. We punted again, this time for 30 yards. Stanford failed to run the

ball in, and on an attempted end run was pushed back 10 yards.

Stanford was forced to punt, but she punted over the line and we got a free kick from the 25-yard line. The Freshmen ran the ball in five yards. Again Stanford punted over the goal line and again we kicked from the 25-yard line. Hoffman ran the ball in 10 yards before he was downed by Doherty. Stanford then bucked us down the field steadily to our 7-yard line when she made an off-side play and was penalized. Again she went around our tackles on tandem plays and delayed passes till she lost the ball on our 2-yard line. Aguirre punted 30 yards out of danger; the ball this time being run in further by five yards than on any previous kick. Stanford here gained four points by a very neat drop kick over the bar. Donlon kicked off again, but we had played only one down when time was called. End of first half, S. C. C. 0; Stanford 4.

#### SECOND HALF

Stanford kicked to Schmitz who lost the ball on our 25-yard line by fumbling. The Freshmen played some hard-to-stop bucks till they made their touchdown.

We kicked forty yards to Stanford's right tackle who ran the ball in twenty yards. We forced Stanford to punt. Stanford then blocked our punt but Aguirre fell on the ball. Feeney bucked five yards. We punted on third down for thirty yards. Stanford kicked and downed our little quarter in his tracks. Aguirre ran the ball ten yards on a position play. Donlon butted in for eight

yards over Stanford's left tackle. Baird then was laid up with a shoulder and Donlon was put in his place. In a double pass, Whealan made a bad pass to Feeney who dropped the ball. Aguirre punted thirty yards, the Stanford runner being tackled by Fisher. Practically the rest of the half was punting. End of game, S. C. C., 0; Stanford, 10.

It will be seen that the ball advanced but slowly owing to the great amount of bucking done on both sides. What then with the bucking and sick men and Charlie Byrnes' shrill whistle and the rooting, and Martin Merle on the measuring committee, we had a pretty lively time.

Gene Sheehy intends to coach us up some on defensive, so in the future look for good reports. We submit the correct line-up:

| S. C. C.        |     | Stanford        |
|-----------------|-----|-----------------|
| Patrick         | C   | Doane-Barremore |
| Graff-Bogan     | R G | Hilm-Robinson   |
| Murphy-Jacobs   | L G | Menton          |
| Plank-Murphy    | R T | Johnson-Dalton  |
| Aguirre (capt.) | L T | Cuthbertson     |
|                 |     | Johnson         |
| Donlon-Fisher   | R H | Parma-Mayners   |
| Brazell-Feeney  | L H | Forney-Stolz    |
| Schmitz         | F   | Goodall-Ellis   |
| Baird-Donlon    | Q   | Wolman-Hurley   |
| Doherty         | R E | Toner-Jackson   |
| Whealan         | L E | Onen-Blood-Bell |

Referee, Byrnes; Umpire, Moriarity; Timekeepers, Allen, Hickey; Linemen, Merle, Laumeister; Time of halves, 15 minutes.

## Hoitt's vs. S. C. C. Jr.

The game of October 5th in which Santa Clara's young knights of the gridiron defeated Hoitt's first eleven by a score of 16 to 5, will be a game long remembered by the students of the Second Division.

It is customary for the Junior eleven, each football season, to play two games with Hoitt's. October 5th's game was the initial of the two games for this year being contested on Hoitt's gridiron. The game began at 3:15, John Ivanovich acting as referee.

Hoitt's won the toss and took the kick-off. Gene Ivanovich received the ball with a neat catch and dashed down the field like a deer for fifty yards, bringing the ball within 35 yards of Hoitt's goal. Then Happy Gallagher at quarter worked Gianera and Brazell through the guards and tackles, each making large gains. It was the second down, goal to gain, when Happy gave Gianera the signal for a buck through rightguard and tackle. Gianera was there like a duck and carried the ball behind the goal line.

Then Gianera's goal-kick made the score 6 to 0, in the Junior's favor, with sixteen minutes left to the first half.

Hoitt's being the team scored upon, chose the field. Gianera made the first kick-off for the College.

Hoitt's man was downed in his tracks. Hoitt's then tried their tandems and straight bucks to no avail, for Fitzgerald and Dolly Gray at tackles and Brick



Degnan and Red Bradbury at guards, formed an unbreakable wall.

The only thing left for Hoitt's to do was to kick, and this they did. Gianera received the ball this time and ran it for a few yards and was downed. Hap started the bucking again, Gene Ivancovich gaining more than his yards every time, but as there seemed to be no push behind him, he would be forced back a little. When Jimmy Boo came into play with his straight arms, he advanced the ball each time several yards and at last made a touchdown. Gianera failed to kick the goal which left the score 11 to 0 with four minutes left to play.

Hoitt's chose the goal again and this time Dutch Mayerle kicked off. He kicked well and Hoitt's fast little quarter caught it, but was downed after carrying it about two yards. Then it was the same old story—Hoitt's kicked, the College lads got the ball, and the bucking match started again.

Hoitt's line seemed to grow weaker all the time, for the Junior backs went through for long gains each try, until Gianera like a locomotive went through for the last time for the third touchdown. Time was called, but the Juniors were allowed a try at a goal which they failed to kick. Thus ended the first half with the score of 16 to 0 in favor of S. C. C., Jr.

After an intermission of ten minutes the second half was started with too much confidence, it being only a succession of bucks and kicks. Six minutes before time was up, Hoitt's tried their quarterback fake. It worked pretty well around little Brazell's end a few

times, but not well enough to suit the gritty little player so he tried it around right end where Pierce was. Pierce was easily drawn in, leaving him a clear field, and thus he carried the ball across the College line, but was tackled by Howard Lyng who relieved Gallagher at the position of quarter in the second half.

Gianera throughout the game played like a demon. None of his bucks were less than three yards. It is needless to say that Jim Brazell also paved a way for himself every time. Gene Ivancovich at left half played a star game as the above will show. Happy Gallagher showed his team that he knew the game from Alpha to Omega, and also that Hoitt's left line was very weak. Brick Degnan at rightguard and Bob Fitzgerald at right tackle were responsible for the big hole made in Hoitt's line for the College backs to pass through.

It will be remembered that Hoitt's team is no other than the one that the Stanford freshmen only managed to beat 10 to 0. The game was a good clean one, no disputes of consequence taking place.

The line-up was as follows:

| Hoitts          |     | S. C. C. Jrs.  |
|-----------------|-----|----------------|
| Ghist           | C   | Mayerle        |
| Barneson        | R G | Degnan         |
| Vego            | L G | Bradbury       |
| Harkelwood      | R T | Fitzgerald     |
| Lowe            | L T | Gray           |
| Rudolph         | R E | Pierce         |
| Bunker          | L E | Brazell C      |
| Palidine        | R H | Brazell J      |
| Barneson        | L H | Ivancovich E   |
| Meredith, capt. | F B | Gianera, capt. |
| Newsbaumer      | Q   | Gallagher-Lyng |

Davidson-Stein; Subs Raffetto-Leonardt  
 Alexander Linemen Shields  
 Rivero Timekeepers Shea

of eye. With the calming of football fever, things will move rapidly in the baseball line.

### Senior Football Team

A team composed of some of the wise and wily Seniors is slated for a game with the Watsonville High school, some time in the near future. Imagine a "grave and reverend Senior" gritting his teeth through the rubber of a nose-guard and muttering strange things to a man who had barked his shins! Fierce and noble Seniors, "prosit!"

### Baseball

The people of Santa Clara county are already beginning to ask about baseball. For their benefit then, we publish this bit of good news.

Of the old players there are still seven left with us, and with an abundance of good material on the campus a high line year is almost certain. Wolters, Kilburn, Russell, Shafer, Byrnes, Sigwart, Collins and Duggan are all in fine condition. All are heavy batters and keen

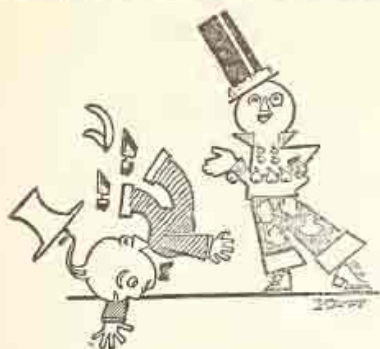
### First Division Tennis Club

The racket wielders of the Senior Division are once more rounding into form. At the regular meeting held on the fifth of October four of the old members responded to the roll call. The election of officers for the present semester was in order and the results were as follows: Benj. Baird, President; Thos. Leonard, Vice-President; Milton Moraghan, Secretary. Mr. Shepherd officiated as Moderator and under his careful eye the courts will be well directed.

Many new players applied for admittance to the club, among whom we find the names of Harold McLane, Harold Durney and Joseph Farragher, some of whom in different parts of the vicinity have captured cups and hold five records.

Many lively matches are anticipated when the tournament begins. We would advise the Junior teams to "get a move on" if they want to make good in the spring tournament.

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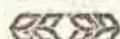
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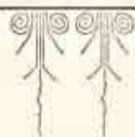
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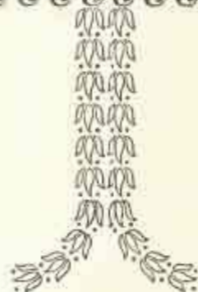
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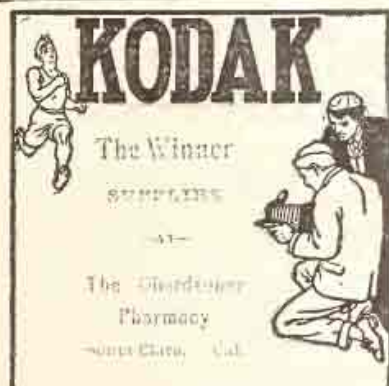
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ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

# The Redwood.


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VOL. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 3

## TO MARY IMMACULATE

s he, whose joy is in a lily fair,  
Bestows upon its sheen his nicest care;  
Pours round its feet the streamlet's fertile flow,  
Screens it from Boreas' breath and Phoebus' glow:  
So hath God ever cherished His delight,  
So hath He kept thee, fairest Lily, bright.  
O may we too who hymn thy praise today  
Flourish fair lilies in His sight foraye!

Senior



## THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS

"One well-authenticated miracle would do more for Christianity than all the controversies and all the apologetical writings and all the dogmatic promulgations recorded in history. We have an indestructible desire to come face to face with the Supernatural; we incline forcibly towards Christianity; we admire its worthy apologists; we like its morals, its elevating principles, its influences; we read its history, we wonder at its former growth. But higher criticism and scientific research have exploded the dogmas and the traditions of Christianity and have left us, as far as the Supernatural is concerned, in the darkness of absolute ignorance. We may pray and sigh like the Israelites in Babylon but it is stretching forth our arms through the gloom to an unknown and unknowable God. Strictly speaking, therefore, it is time to sweep away the ruins and to begin all over again. We have greater advantages than our forefathers, and the probability is, that we would do much better than they if we put our hands to the task. The only difficulty would be the natural reluctance, on the part of some, to leave the old system. And so, because of this very reluctance, I maintain that one *well authenticated* miracle would have unlimited power; it would give to Science and Higher Criticism what Higher Criticism and Science have

already given to Christianity,—the death-blow and the sepulchre!"

Such were the sentiments of a fairly well-informed gentleman who entered into a discussion with the present writer on the possibility of miracles, as we dashed along in a Pullman car through the cornfields of Kansas. The discussion was an informal and friendly one and passing over in silence what he was pleased to observe with regard to "Higher Criticism and Science, the death-blow and the sepulchre," I made answer in this style: "What you say would be partly true, I think, if men were really on the lookout for the Supernatural. The truth of the matter is, however, that they are more inclined to find excuses for rejecting Christianity, or for justifying themselves in their neglect thereof, than they are to seek after arguments for its acceptance. Error is more readily grasped than truth. All the well-authenticated miracles in the world would not avail half so much as a gospel of ease and enjoyment, as a gospel that would enable men to go to Heaven with all their imperfections on their heads. The miracles of Christianity are, as a rule, connected with obligations and so they are avoided rather than sought. Every miracle at Lourdes proclaims the Immaculateness of Mary and inculcates purity of life,

while the miracle of St. Janarius is an eloquent plea for a living, active, outward faith." I did not tell him, lest I should offend, that his plea for a miracle reminded me of a certain rich man who was buried in hell and who from the depths cried out to Father Abraham asking for a miracle to convert his erring brethren. Nor did I quote the answer of Abraham: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead."

There is something about miracles generally that fails to attract the curious; there is a certain amount of humility and obscurity that pleases not the Pharisaical sceptic who still cries out: "Show us a sign! Show us a sign!" The miracle of the Incarnation took place in obscurity, the miracle of the Nativity in a stable, the miracle of Redemption on a cross; and the miracle of miracles, the descent of Christ the Lord into the Sacrament of our altars is, alas, too common for the searchers after the Supernatural. And thus it is with the miracle of which I intend to speak; it is too common, it is too humble. No angelic choirs are visible, no light flashes from Heaven, no voices are heard from the great Beyond.

Then again, the very place or its occurrence is against it. "Can any thing good come out of Naples? The people are ignorant, they are superstitious, they are—unclean!" Thus the sceptic will reason, as he sighs for the day when he is to buy his ticket and hurry out

of the noisy, sordid city. He has visited the National Museum; he has taken a run out to Pompeii; he has spent a day at Puzzuoli, another at Capri, some few hours at Baiæ, more still at Sorrento and perhaps, in the quiet of the evening, he has stolen into the great Cathedral of St. Janarius to admire the monuments of sixteen centuries, the treasures of Christian art, the manifestations of the old Faith of Rome; but of the miracle he cares little and knows much less. In fact a stranger could have been in Naples on the great festival without acquiring any additional knowledge of the Supernatural. The scene is the same as on an ordinary Sunday; the mob moving rapidly and noisily through the streets, the ubiquitous carriage-driver shouting at every passerby and snapping his whip in boyish glee, if, haply someone has consented to play him *cinq* *lire* when *duc* would have been sufficient, the fruit-vender and the mendicants asking alms in honor of St. Janarius and the little children running about in their night-shirts. There is an abundance of enthusiasm on all sides. Talking and laughing and shouting one to the other, avoiding carriages in the narrow streets, and stopping for a drink at one of the many fountains, or looking daggers at a statue of Garibaldi, they seem like so many overgrown children, playing house!

Overgrown children they are most assuredly, and here again the skeptic and the man who reflects come to different conclusions. To the former this fact is



an argument against the miracle, to the latter it is a very reasonable explanation. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Saviour many years ago and though His words had reference to actual children, their spirit is applicable to childlike simplicity wheresoever found. It is applicable to entire communities and hence the very childlike character of the Neapolitans explains, as nothing else can explain, the special love which the Saviour seems to have for them. Not that they are all childlike;—"far from it!" will be the corroboration of my friend the Anglo-Saxon who allowed the youngster to carry his baggage up the wrong street,—but that the church-goers,—and they form the majority,—are innocent and free from guile, no one acquainted with the people can or will deny. True, there are some who sit by the road-side begging with their rosary in one hand and their alms-box in the other; the blind and the cripple walk the streets; but, scoff as the wealthy tourist may, it was with the cripple and the blind and the mendicant that Christ the Lord took His delight when on earth. The poor Publican, who was miserable and who knew it, was far more acceptable to God than the proud Pharisee who held his head on high and despised his humble neighbor. The allusion may seem a bit caustic, but no offense is intended. Whatever may be the interior condition of the enlightened stranger who criticises, this much is true of the Neapolitan: He is humble and prayerful and, judging from results, he is pleasing and acceptable to God. He

can work miracles and that is saying a great deal.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is not a new phenomenon; it has taken place for centuries, it takes place now as it did of old; and now as of old, the Neapolitans recognize the miracle as a sign that their martyred Bishop will protect them and their city from the wrath of Vesuvius. The holy Martyr's blood, preserved during a period of sixteen centuries, is, naturally enough, a solid mass and, while in that state, unrecognizable as blood by the naked eye. The head or skull of St. Januarius is also preserved and the famous miracle consists in this: Whenever the two relics are exposed, side by side, the blood becomes liquid, and *vice versa* when separated, it returns to the solid state. The relics are exposed twice every year on the two festivals of the Saint, in May and in September, which are prolonged through a period of nine days. The blood becomes liquid in the morning when placed near the head, and when at night the relics are separated it returns to the solid form. There is, therefore, a two-fold miracle for nine consecutive days, twice every year, and all who wish may see it.

On the first day of the festival, September 19, 1905, when the writer had the good fortune to be present, the Cathedral was crowded as early as six o'clock in the morning and the prayers of the people gave ample token of the spirit which urged them to rise early and seek



the Church. "Santa Maria, ora pro nobis!" came from one quarter, where several hundred were united before a shrine of the Blessed Virgin to recite the litanies. "Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae!" was heard in another corner, "Credo in unum Deum," in a third and so on throughout the entire house of God. To a foreigner, unacquainted with the customs of the country, it almost seemed as if there were several factions competing for the first honors in shouting; but in reality it was not so. The Cathedral is too large for one congregation and so the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered on each of the eight altars and for each Mass there are hundreds of devout worshipers. It is a great consolation for a Catholic to see the continuous flock of communicants wedging their way through the Italian soldiers, whose red plumes add a picturesqueness to the scene, and to gaze upon their faces, as unmindful of all else, they approach the Holy Table to receive their Sacramental Lord. It is a sight never to be forgotten, this manifestation of a living faith in Christ the Son of God, this proof that, beneath the rugged exterior of the poor Neapolitan, there beats a heart attuned to things Divine, content with a little of earthly goods, provided it rests, where rest alone is found, in the great Creator of Heaven and earth.

Thus the services continued from six until nine, when all eyes and hearts were turned to the chapel of St. Janarius. It was his Festival and, after God, he held the hearts of all. "Viva San Gen-

naro!" they murmured as the chapel was lighted up and they caught a glance of the rich interior. "Viva San Gennaro!" they again murmured, as the Duke and Duchess of Ostia walked through the double file of soldiers and into the sanctuary of the Chapel. And though they well might have exclaimed: "Viva Il Duca" and "Viva La Duchessa!"—for it is a consolation to see the nobility of Italy enter the churches,—still the Saint was king and hence, "Viva San Gennaro!" simply and solely. They did not shout their "Vivas" as they did shout their prayers, but they felt them none the less.

On this first day of the celebration I had not a very good place. I was with the hundreds in the chapel and therefore more fortunate than the thousands who had to remain in the Church proper, but I was not near enough to the altar to see the transformation with my own eyes. The retinue of the Duke was in the sanctuary and an ordinary American had to be content with a distant view of the ceremony. I saw the beautiful reliquary containing the head of the Martyr, I saw the vial with his blood, I heard the prayers and the appeals of the people, and when after twenty minutes the solid mass was converted into liquid blood, I felt as much enthusiasm as any Neapolitan in the sacred edifice and joined in the "Te Deum" with all the fervor at my disposal. There was no danger that my neighbors would catch a false note or two and smile me into silence, because everyone in the vast assembly had his

own part to perform and grandly did he perform it. At least three thousand joined in the hymn on that blessed morning, and over three hundred thousand, scattered through the city, responded to the boom of the cannon and the toll of the bells, with their "Ave Marias" and their heartfelt "Vivas." It was a beautiful day: clear, calm and bracing. The narrow streets had been graciously washed during the night by a shower of rain,—the first in months, the gift of San Gennaro, as the people believed, not without reason, for they had made their Novena for rain,—the decorations added a glow to the scene and if some of the young men and young ladies were decked out in all the grandeur of modern style, they were not half so attractive as the humble majority who clung to the old-time custom, and felt supremely content withal. The flowing white linen head-dresses of the women were far more beautiful than the red and blue and flower-laden aviaries that adorned the few who had heard of or perhaps visited more "up-to-date" countries.

And so, though I did not *see* the miracle on the first day of the feast, I saw that there was a miracle and retired to my hotel in perfect content, hoping for a more favorable place on the morrow, so that I could write home and tell my friends that I witnessed the liquefaction. I was fortunate enough to secure the place I sought for. I was admitted into the Sanctuary on the second day of the Festival, Sept. 20. The scene was the same as on the day preceding; commun-

ions, prayers, childlike enthusiasm. I was on the altar steps when the relics were placed in position, the head on the Gospel side, the vial containing the blood on the Epistle side. The vial, to use a homely comparison, is about the size of an ordinary incandescent bulb and somewhat of the same shape. It is contained, together with a smaller vial, in a large glass case about eight inches in diameter. This latter case is bordered with silver and supported by a silver handle, so that the entire combination resembles a monstrance, with this difference that the central glass case is larger, and the surrounding ornamentation less extensive. In the two interior vials there is a dark-looking substance hardly distinguishable as blood while in the solid state. To show that it is really solid, the Canon, who holds the relic, presents it to all in the sanctuary, inverts it, turns it one way and then another, holds a light behind it so that all may see and be convinced. To the curious he allows greater liberties. I examined the vial in an inverted position for several minutes, I examined the case of silver and the handle somewhat after the manner of a doubter in search of electric connections. I found none; all was simple and sincere.

When all in the Sanctuary had examined the reliquary, it was shown from the altar-step to those assembled in the chapel and without further ceremony the prayers began. The Apostles' Creed was repeated several times, some litanies were repeated and lo! after ten minutes the



vessel was half full of liquid blood! I saw it, I kissed it and I prayed to the great Saint who poured out that self-same blood in testimony of the faith which I had witnessed in the simple Neapolitans as I never did in any other people. Forthwith the *Te Deum* was intoned, the roar of the cannon was heard, the church bells flung forth the glad tidings and Naples felt at rest. All day long the Cathedral was crowded, all day long San Gennaro was besieged with countless petitions and thanksgivings and promises and when at night the relics were placed within their separate tabernacles Naples slept securely and soundly because their holy Bishop had given proof that he was with them still. Vesuvius looked menacing enough and the poor Calabrians were suffering, even then, untold misery, but in Naples every heart was quiet or, at least, every heart that had beat to the transports necessarily connected with the miracle of that day.

When from my window I looked out on Vesuvius that night with its three huge craters glowing ominously, my imagination played havoc with my thoughts and the seeds of many a disturbing dream were sown and images of childhood's fancies were recalled with vividness and alarming reality. I thought of Herculanium and of Pompeii. I had had a few glimpses of what this latter place was. I had seen what Naples is, at least in great part and though, perhaps, one cannot always attribute great calamities to the vengeance of God,—He may destroy in His mercy,—yet there

must be some explanation or some justification in the speculation, why Pompeii, the corrupt, the beast-like, the pagan city was overwhelmed, and Naples, the child-like, religious, sincere,—that is, of course, for the most part: it is not altogether devoid of black sheep—sleeps calmly on the very side of the great volcano.

So much by way of personal reflection. What I have narrated will, I am sure, strike some as ridiculous superstition: to others it will be purely and simply,—shall I use the word?—"rot!" That was the designation given to it by an American, whom I have chanced to meet in Naples. He judged of things by surface appearances only, he would not go to see the "thing," because *a priori* it was "rot." He would have gone if the Church authorities excused the riff-raff, if one condition for admission was to go in an automobile, if the sordid Neapolitan "squealers" were supplanted by a respectable orchestra; but go to the Cathedral under the existing circumstances, never! Besides he didn't believe in miracles and Naples was the poorest place on earth to be converted. It is a difficult thing to discuss a miracle for the benefit of such a man, but there are some who would really like to know if there can be anything in it. For the benefit of the latter I intend to conclude with a semi-scientific investigation into the reality of the miracle of St. Januarius. For the facts that follow I am indebted to a very able article which appeared some time ago in the *Civiltà Cattolica*.



"Is there real blood in the vial at Naples?" This seems to be the most natural question to begin with and it is as important as it is natural. Fortunately, however, the answer is at hand. "Blood," says the writer in the *Civiltà*, "is not such a rare substance that we need have any difficulty in recognizing it." We have eyes and we can use them and the verdict of our eyes is simply this: It is real blood." That is sufficient for ordinary purposes, but something else is necessary in the case before us because some wonderful intellects have reasoned out other possibilities. "It must be red resin, or sealing wax, or something similar." Why? "Because it *cannot* be blood." Some have even attempted to imitate the miracle by means of these substances and by the application of sufficient heat. But with an ordinary pair of eyes and with a small amount of common sense, anyone could see the difference. I have not seen the imitations, but I have seen the reality and independently of any miracle, my first idea would be that of blood.

However, there is a stronger argument still. I may be prejudiced, so may have been the others who saw it and pronounced it blood,—John Baptist Vico and Humphry Davy, and Lalande and Lavoisier and Watterton the naturalist, and Dumas, the chemist, and Secchi, the astronomer and scientist, and Hurter and hundreds of others who have not generally been considered prejudiced; but they *may* have been. Granting all this we still have a proof; the spectroscope is not prejudiced: like the old blind god-

dess, Justice, it decides on the merits of the case and its verdict is admitted universally. It has spoken in the case before us and it has corroborated the belief of sixteen centuries. It has said: "*There is real human blood in the vial at Naples.*" The test was made Sept. 26, 1902, by Professors Raffaele Januario and Sperindeo, both of the University of Naples,—not an altogether religious institution by the way. Several other professors were present and observing, and gave testimony to the existence of real blood. Having gone to scoff they remained to pray. Says one of them: "The liquid contained in the vial is undoubtedly blood and the phenomenon of liquefaction, together with the manner in which it takes place, is truly marvelous. And I do not hesitate to say that it is a fact altogether supernatural!"

It is therefore real blood: but is it the blood of St. Januarius? An unbroken line of testimony there is tracing the relics and the miracle back to the year when the holy Bishop was decapitated on the hill overlooking Puzzuoli. Year after year the miracle has occurred and the holy relics have been preserved and handed down from bishop to bishop with more care, by reason of the miracle, than is generally the case. Naples is not an Episcopal see of yesterday; from the days of Diocletian it has come down to our times, with its traditions and written documents. These latter are at the disposal of the historian and so anyone desirous for further particulars concerning the life of the great Bishop and the pres-

ervation of his relics, may consult either the original documents or the selected portions that go to make up the biography of the Saint.

Is fraud in anyway possible? This question might well be dispensed with, if the readers of this article were acquainted with the present bishop and his assistant priests. They are men of known virtue and integrity, men of learning and of experience, devoted to the service of God, and to the uplifting of their fellow countrymen. Hampered by the government from doing all they would like to do for their flocks, they resign themselves to works of charity such as are permissible, and to works of mercy that do not interfere with secular interests. Still for the sake of completeness we may examine the possibility of fraud in detail.

Suppose in the first place that the substance in the vial were not real blood, but one of the substitutes mentioned above; that would be fraud. But, as we have seen, it *is* real blood. Suppose again that there is some tampering with the relic over night, that the Bishop and his select priests enter the chapel and place a film over the liquid, of just such dimensions that it will support the weight of the blood for, say, five minutes but that the continued pressure and turning of the relic will cause the film to give and produce the desired impression. That is supposing a great deal but there is money in it, and men go great lengths for money. The fact of the matter is, however, that all the Bishops in Italy could

not open the reliquary. They might have been able to do something like that in the "Dark Ages" when the people were ignorant and the Bishops were bad,—behold how much I am granting to the skeptic for whose sake I have begun this discussion,—but now such tampering is impossible. Church and State must unite to get either relic. Church and State unite in guarding the sacred treasure; the keys are so distributed that the Bishop cannot open the safe wherein the relics are preserved without the presence of the municipal authorities. The supposition therefore is ridiculous.

In conclusion we ask: Is this change of solid into liquid blood of a *miraculous* nature? This is, of course, the main question and it is the point which adversaries of logical minds attack. That there is a change they must admit, that the substance thus changed is actual blood they must admit, that it is the blood of St. Jannarius, they waive; but that it is a miracle,—absurd! Natural causes explain the phenomenon. The priests are not frauds; they are deceived. The people are not superstitious; they are ignorant. The spectators who bear testimony mean well; but they are not scientific. *Natural causes!* We shall examine the only plausible one proposed by doubters, because we know of none ourselves.

"Why, without ever having seen the phenomenon," exclaims the intellectual all-in-all, "my explanation is this: Take any substance, sealing-wax, resin, clotted blood if you will: it has its fusing point. Phosphorus fuses at 42.°2 centigrade,



paraffine at  $46.03$ , ice at  $0^{\circ}$  and so on through the entire list. So constant is the fact that a substance which fuses at  $43^{\circ}$  or at  $42^{\circ}$  is not phosphorus and so on without end. Now, mark my explanation and drop once for all your belief in miracles. I do not know much about the matter contained in the vial at Naples, but this much I do know, that it is a substance and that it is therefore fusible. I know moreover that the temperature of the church is generally on the increase during the services, there is a mob praying aloud, I am told, and consequently breathing out hot air; the altar, I dare say, is full of lighted candles and ten chances to one some of them are in close proximity to the reliquary; then there are swinging censers and clouds of incense and Heaven knows how many oil-lamps are burning for the occasion. You see I know a thing or two about your European churches. Then, I am told, the deacon holds the relic in his hand and hence a certain amount of bodily heat it communicated to the vial. All these causes contribute to raise the temperature, the substance reaches its fusing point and then—a miracle and a *Te Deum*! Absurd! But why should I spoil the pleasant sensations of the poor Neapolitans? Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The foregoing explanation is simple enough and extremely satisfactory to one who *a priori* does not believe in miracles, but to the fair-minded, to those who are willing to ask one question further the entire scoff is ridiculous. Can this

change in temperature explain the phenomenon? Let the following data answer the question and refute the hasty conclusion of the scientist. For many years there was no doubt raised on this point, the people admitted without any difficulty that St. Januarius was working miracles; but there came an age of "reason" and so the miracle of Naples had to be examined by reason. As early as 1794 there was some question about the change of temperature producing the liquefaction and in 1795 the thermometer was used, with the following results. On the first day of Festival, May 2, the liquefaction took place at  $24.04$  centigrade, on the fourth day at  $26.04$ , on the fifth at  $23.08$ , on the seventh at  $25^{\circ}$  and on the ninth at  $19.04$ . The statistics are from Professor Fergola and are published by two Professors of the University of Naples. In 1879 Professors Gove and De Luca made similar experiments during the Festival in September. On the first day, at the moment of change and in close proximity to the vial, the thermometer registered  $30^{\circ}$ , on the third  $27^{\circ}$ , on the seventh  $25^{\circ}$ !

As with the temperature, so with the time required for the change, there is a great variety. *Twelve* minutes were required, according to Fergola, for the liquefaction at a temperature of  $24.04$ , and on the following day at the same temperature *two* minutes were sufficient. The difficulty which springs up naturally enough,—that the substance was rendered more fusible by the change of the first day and hence the celerity of the



liquefaction on the second,—has been forestalled and set aside. During the same Festival the liquefaction required forty-one minutes on the seventh day with a temperature of 25°, thirty-three minutes on the eighth day at 26.°6, and on the ninth day at 19.°4, fifteen minutes were sufficient.

The same experiments have been repeated recently, in May, 1905, and the results were similarly indicative of the Supernatural. In fact all who wish to experiment are perfectly welcome; the miracle is not performed behind closed doors. During the last celebration a German Professor, who scoffed at miracles generally and this one in particular, was very cordially invited to come and examine matters and to give his objections definite shape. Of course he did not come. Why should he? He knows that miracles are impossible: *he* never saw one! It may be that he does not wish to see one or, if he does, the chances are that he would like to give suggestions as to the kind and manner and place of occurrence.

What, then, someone may ask, are the impressions of a man who has seen a real miracle? Would you go to Naples again to see it? Speaking for myself, I answer: "Out of devotion, yes, if I had time and money; out of curiosity, no, not while on every part of God's earth I can see the lilies of the field clad in glory greater than that of Solomon, not while I can hear the music of the birds that praise their Maker when man is silent, nor yet, while I can look out upon the blue vault of Heaven and view the myriad stars that roll about by night and sing His praise Who guides the path. These are miracles, miracles of the natural order to be sure, but miracles, miracles, miracles! And so in conclusion, we have to come to Naples for this particular miracle, but O, how many we have at home! "He who does not wonder, he who does not continually wonder, is like a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye."

D. J. KAVANAGH, S. J.

## DEATH OF ST. STANISLAUS

THE room was still, as still as death,  
The fathers knelt in silent prayer,  
Both young and old were gathered there  
To see the dying saint.  
The saint who was as yet a youth  
Who blushed when tainted words were said,  
Who from all sin and danger fled  
As pure as angel fair.  
And in that room where death held sway,  
The eyes of all were dim with tears,  
While drooped the saint of tender years,  
O'evcome by God's strong love.  
What smile is that, that lights his face,  
What heavenly vision meets his gaze,  
All look where he his eyes doth raise,  
But nothing can they see.  
They cannot see that blissful sight,  
Which strengthened eyes alone sustain,  
They look but ah! it is in vain;  
They have but mortal eyes.  
His eyes have pierced this mortal veil,  
He sees the beauteous realms above,  
The angels ravished with the love  
Of their Almighty King.  
He hears them sweetly calling him,  
He sees their gentle hands implore,  
He cannot wait, he must adore,  
And so his spirit flees.  
And now this saint doth still adore,  
Fore'er the praise of God he'll sing,  
While chimes of human voices ring  
To pure St. Stanislaus.

P. M. DUNNE, '08

## A YANKEE MAN OF WAR

"On the 13th day of February, in  
 eighteen ninety-nine,  
 Our gallant cruiser Ranger went a steam-  
 ing 'cross the line.  
 And old King Neptune came on board,  
 his whiskers steeped in brine,  
 And spoke these words to Captain Mil-  
 ler, a special friend of mine:  
 'I came aboard, dear Captain,' Neptune  
 slowly 'gan to say,  
 'Just to initiate your crew; you'll give  
 me leave, I pray!  
 'Why, yes,' said Miller smiling, 'for as  
 you now must see,  
 We have on board some raw recruits,  
 brave seamen though they be;  
 You'll find them busy fore and aft, and  
 in the ward-room, too,  
 Ready each man to pay his debt in wine  
 or beer or stew.  
 But rest awhile, and 'ere you let those  
 far-famed barbers loose,  
 We'll go to you old cabin and enjoy a  
 Charlotte Russe,—  
 The first we've had these many dreary  
 months together;  
 For I've been sailing Northern seas and  
 breasting stormy weather.'"

I heard this rhyme from an old sailor  
 who in the midst of our preparations  
 for departure never wearied repeating  
 it. What it meant I knew not then, but  
 was to learn later on as the sequel will  
 show. The day was already far ad-  
 vanced when everything was reported

ready for our cruise, and as we were  
 anxious to start, no time was lost. Im-  
 mediately we signalled the signal station  
 to find out as to the weather outside the  
 heads, and the simple but welcome re-  
 ply was back in a flash—Ideal. Pres-  
 ently the shrill whistle of the boatswain's  
 mate was heard with the exclamation—  
 "All hands! Up anchor for the Golden  
 West!" San Francisco being our destina-  
 tion, by way of Cape Horn. "Three  
 cheers for old 'Frisco town!" yelled an old  
 tar. Our course was S. S. E. 3-4  
 E. by standard compass, a dead  
 line for Bahia, Brazil, where we  
 were to stop to coal ship. The first few  
 days at sea passed very quietly, all be-  
 ing engaged in the regular routine work  
 required by the discipline of Uncle Sam's  
 Navy. But all at once I perceived that a  
 score or two of the old seamen were do-  
 ing a great deal of confidential talking.  
 I made known this fact to some of my  
 shipmates, and, needless to say, they  
 as well as I became rather inquisitive.  
 What was it all about? Why these se-  
 cret conversations? Can it be that some  
 one is in trouble? Such were the ques-  
 tions we asked one another. But try as we  
 might, we were unable to find out what  
 was in the wind. This is not so very sur-  
 prising, as our crew consisted of two  
 hundred and eighty-seven men, twelve of  
 them commissioned officers, and seventy-  
 four, not counting myself, apprentices



fresh from the training station and on their first sea-going trip. It was our twelfth day at sea, and we expected, if all went well, to cross the line on the morrow, which was the 13th of February. On the night of the 12th it fell to my lot to be on the midwatch, the port-watch having the long night out of hammocks. I was lying on my corking-mat on the forecabin, supposedly asleep, but really taking in a conversation in which I became deeply interested. It was carried on between two old sailors, Jim Patterson and Mrs. O'Neal's son Johnny, or in other words, Fancy Jack. "Jack, there will be something doing on the *manana* for the rookies." "Yes, Jim, we will have a good time giving them their dose of scoodgemoodgy pills!" Though these last words were too much for me, I still strained my ears for fear of missing a syllable. "We will tell the laddy-bucks when we come to de line dat old Fader Neptune will come up from Davy Jones' Locker and have it put over the fore and main topmasts so we can get past all to the good—ha-ha!"

Here the conversation ceased, and I went off to sleep, dreaming what was in store for us poor greenhorns on the morrow. "All hands up hammocks!" rang out the gruff voice of the old boatswain's mate. I jumped out, lashed my hammock, stowed it in the locker, and made my toilet for breakfast, which, by the way, consisted of hardtack and black coffee. Breakfast over, all went about their usual duties, cleaning guns, shining brasswork, etc. Suddenly a chum of

mine, coming up from behind and patting me on the shoulder, said in a whisper: "Say, Jack, we are to come to the line about four bells (ten o'clock), and old Jim Patterson says he wants me to take it up and clear it of the foremast and yon of the main!" "All right," I said, smiling inwardly, "I will be there with the rope yarns all to the good." I knew, however, from what I had overheard that this part of the program was only a josh, and once again I surmised that something worse was in store for us. What it was I had no idea. For, as I said before, everything so far was carried on in profound secrecy. I observed that the experienced seamen, or those that had sailed many oceans, were piling down one by one to the forehold where all the secret meetings up to this time were held. Three bells struck, the call to quarters was sounded, and all hands were supposed to go immediately to their respective stations. At a glance I perceived that only the recruit number of our crew had responded.

"Ship ahoy!" rang out dead ahead. "Aye, aye," answered the officer of the deck from the flying bridge. "Heave to, in the name of his Majesty, King Neptune!" The sound of the engine room telegraph was heard and instantly the gigantic mass of steel was at a standstill. All now was silence, for no more could be heard the monotonous thud of the massive triple-expansion engines within nor the ceaseless dashing of the waves without. A calm had fallen on the waters. Not a ripple could be seen

as far as the eye could reach, and save where a great whale paused in his course and came to the surface to breathe, naught disturbed the serenity of the waters. The heavens, too, were at rest, and the sun, redder and larger than I had ever seen it before, was slowly working its way through the haze, and making the air still more close and warm. An indescribable sense of sublimity came over me, and something told me, I know not what, that the old Ranger was floating over the Equator, or, as the jack-tars call it, the line. A moment and the stillness was broken by our square-jawed old captain, who just then appeared on the scene and shouted at the top of his voice: "Come on board, your Royal Highness!" and straightway was hoisted over the ridge rail of the starboard bow a magnificent chariot bearing King Neptune and his fair but foam besprinkled spouse. Following in the train were the principal members of the royal household, consisting of a suite of secretaries, bears, mermaids, policemen and minions from the mighty deep. They were drawn aft, amid the cheers of the crew, to the captain's cabin, where they were received in state by the captain and staff. With a gesture, the captain invited them into the cabin, where he set forth beverages not of the deep, and viands of mother earth. The rest of the court were the object of much curiosity to the uninitiated. After partaking of the hospitalities of the captain, we stepped into the line of parade. After marching around the spar deck to the rag-time music of the

band and presenting a spectacle never to be forgotten, the procession halted in the port gangway. Here in the midst of loud and prolonged cheers of applause, his Majesty, the King, moved to the front, cleared his throat in a kingly manner, and gave an elegant though warning speech. He said in part:

"Sailormen, politicians, landlubbers! It has been customary from time immemorial that on the first occasion of crossing the line all good sailors the world over should undergo a regular initiation and prove themselves worthy of their glorious calling, a calling as grand as the ocean that surrounds us. If then there be any who have never before visited our royal domain, they are to be shaved, given their dose of pills and bounced into the ocean!"

The last words he uttered with a gesture that embraced in its sweep the immense sheet of water that throbbed and undulated on all sides of him. Then with a bow, and with infinite dignity, he proceeded to his throne. This affair was so intensely interesting that many of us looked on with open mouths and wondered what was coming next. Really, even to this day, I can never understand how the old tars could make such elaborate preparations without arousing in our minds any more than a vague suspicion. For, be it remembered, the actors in this little drama have made their own costumes. To those, for instance, playing the part of bears, spud bags supplied the skins and old mattresses the hair, while blue cheese-cloth, huge tin buttons,



and helmets of the same metal, made the police look very imposing. These officers of the law, six in number, were supposed to round up from the coal bunkers and numerous other hiding places any stowaways and bring them to justice. They had little chance, however, to assert their authority, for every apprentice on board, from the oldest to the youngest—a lad who had just passed his fourteenth birthday—every one of them, I am proud to say, took his medicine like a hero. But we are anticipating. On top of the after-pilot house was the King's throne, while to his left and a little in front of him was the much-dreaded barber's chair. On either side of the chair stood a barber manned with a long wooden razor, whose edge could be compared to nothing more appropriately than to that of a cross-cut saw. In the foreground stood the man with the "sea-going" lather, having as assistants two big, husky policemen. I remember very well the first victim called. He was a young lad by the name of Anderson. "Boy Anderson is wanted!" cried out old Neptune, and in the twinkling of an eye young Anderson was ushered into the royal presence. "Have you ever crossed the line before?" his Majesty demanded. "No, my—" and before the poor boy had time to finish his reply he was lifted bodily and seated in the barber's chair. His face was besmeared with lather, speedily shaved with the wooden razor and then before he had time to realize what had happened, he was ducked in the waters of the ocean. That this part of the program was absolutely necessary will be seen

from the composition of the lather. It was made up of the following ingredients: Molasses, tar, tallow, sawdust, rope yarns and raw beans,—also called scodgemoodgy pills. Each and every one of us unfortunate greenhorns had to go through the same experience. But after all was over we felt more happy and gay than before. A grand spread was prepared for us, and a general field day declared, each member of the crew receiving a certificate besides. Mine reads as follows:

Equator Castle,  
Feb. 13th, 1899.

To all good sailors around the world,  
greetings.

Whereas, we have been pleased to take into our royal consideration Jack Shea, we hereby certify that the said Jack Shea has this day visited our royal domain in the U. S. S. Ranger, and gone through the form requisite to become one of us. We therefore decree that in case of losing his head and falling overboard, all sharks, dolphins, whales, crabs, eels and polliwogs under our command abstain from eating, playing with or otherwise maltreating his person. We further direct all sailors, marines, politicians, sea lawyers and landlubbers who have not crossed our royal domain to treat him with the respect due to one who has visited us. All disobedience to this our wish shall incur the royal displeasure.

Signed with the royal seal and given at our court on the equator this 13th day of February, 1899.

Neptunus, O. R.

JOHN B. SHEA, '09.



## BENEDICAT ISRAEL DOMINUM

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*What fools are they  
That dare  
Declare  
God not to be  
They know not what they say,  
Who made,  
Who witchingly  
Arrayed  
Earth, sky and sea?  
The lowliest flowerets of the sod,  
The stars and billows answer "God!"*

## NEAR THE SEA

---

*Across the waters sinks the day,  
And darkness gently settles round,  
As sea-birds homeward wing their way—  
Along the beach there is no sound  
To break the stillness of the gloom,  
Save heaving ocean's sullen boom.*

*Freshman*

## THE THREE WISHES

A FABLE

Once upon a time, in the good old days when the world was young, there lived in a far-off country, a rich and powerful king, who was known far and wide for his generous hospitality. He used to entertain his visitors and friends in the most magnificent manner, so that he always had a goodly number of guests at his festive board.

There was only one thing that marred the king's generosity, and it was this: whenever a stranger sat at the royal table, he was given a broiled fish, and one of the courtiers stood by to see how he ate it. If he ate one side of the fish down to the backbone, and then turned it over in order to finish the other side, he was to be seized at once, hurried off to prison, and put to death on the third day.

The prisoner, however, was allowed to make a request on each of the three days of his confinement, and the king pledged his sovereign word that the request should be granted. That is, of course, if the request were not for life or liberty.

It thus happened that many of the king's guests were put to death, and, as time went on, the cruel custom afforded the king and his court their most constant amusement.

One day a foreign Count and his son

came to pay their respects to the king. As usual a broiled fish was placed before each of them. The son, who did not care for fish, and who cared for his stomach more than for human respect, merely tasted the fish and put it aside. The Count, although he liked the dish even less than his son did, was anxious, however, to please his hosts. Accordingly he picked one side of the fish clean down to the bone; then he turned it over and was about to treat the other side in a similar way, when violent hands were laid upon him, and, in a trice, he found himself in prison and condemned to death.

The son offered to take his father's place, and the kind and hospitable king, seeing that a young life was worth more than an old one, allowed him to do so.

When the time came for him to make his first request, the young nobleman asked for the king's daughter in marriage. And much as he hated to give up his beautiful and only daughter, the King had to accord him the favor.

On the second day the modest young prisoner asked for all the treasures in the royal coffers. The King's heart was nigh broken at this demand, but what could he do? He gave up his hoarded wealth, and the condemned man made

lavish presents to the courtiers and secured himself many friends.

The third and last day came. "Well, now what does the prisoner wish?" asked the anxious King. "He wants the life of the man who saw his father eat the fish," was the reply. "Truly, that is a just demand," quoth his Majesty, "and it shall be granted him. Let the man in question be conducted hither without delay."

But no such a man was to be found. The head-waiter had been attending on someone else at the very time the fatal fish was eaten; the chief-cook had been distributing soup at the pauper's gate; the Prime Minister had been at his de-

votions. In a word, it became quite evident to the King that no one had seen the Count eat the fish. And thereupon he set the son at liberty.

So the young man emerged from his prison much better off than when he went in, for was he not the King's son-in-law, and did he not own the King's treasures?

"Well," said the King, as he considered the state of affairs,—"well, if he is not killed, he is married, and justice is satisfied anyway."

Moral: A long head is a great safeguard for the neck.

R. McCABE, 1st Acad.

## "A SONG"

*Blow him again to me  
Wind of the western sea;  
All night your pinions flew  
Moved o'er the western sea;  
Did you my sailor see  
Sailing again to me?  
Pray, when your wings shall be  
Crossing the western sea,  
Blow him again to me,  
Wind of the western sea.*

*Richard A. de la Guardia.*



## IN IMMACULATUM VIRGINIS MARIAE CONCEPTIONEM

SUMME cunctorum Pater atque princeps,  
Quod, notam primi miscratus Adae,  
Integram prolem tibi procreasti,  
Sint tibi laudes.

Christe, servator, tibi quod parasti,  
Antequam mundum faceres, Parentem  
Nesciam culpa, tibi, Christe, honores  
Omnia reddant.

Vita, procedens Patre deque Nato,  
Quae moves orbem, tibi quod puellam  
Seligis sponsam sine labe, dicant  
Omnia laudes.

Digna terrarum genuisse Numen  
Virginum Virgo, scelerisque pura.  
Semper hanc torvi tremuere regna  
Horrida Ditis.

Semper. Hoc nosti, scelerum magister,  
Nam tum calcas caput haec superbum;  
Verrere et rursus potis es peroso  
Corpore terram?

Digna sic coeli genuisse Coelum,  
Siderum sidus, redimita stellis;  
Cujus ad nutum tremefacta quassant  
Culmina montes.

Coelitum Regina hominumque, ab hoste  
Nos tuam, Mater, sobolem tuere  
Callido. Nobis cohibe tyrannum  
Quem pede calcas.

SPECIAL LATIN

## THE STYLE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

A time-honored subject for debate in college societies is "Is the pen mightier than the sword?" The affirmative side on this rather one-sided question can surely borrow a most telling argument from the subject of this essay, for rarely has the pen exhibited greater potency than when guided by the delicate fingers of Cardinal Newman. By the mere beauty of his style he charmed the unwilling ear of England into respectful attention; by it he won entrance into hearts barricaded against him by the prejudice of three hundred years of misunderstanding and hate; through its means he was enabled to cast the spell of his luminous mind over the minds of Englishmen and teach them truths which had for generations stared them in the face, but which they had not perceived because, like the Israelites of old, having eyes, they saw not. That Newman made eyes see that were unwilling to see, that he could so captivate the Ulysses of Anglicanism with the sweetness of his strain that he was forced in self-defense to lash himself to the mainmast of prejudice, as we see in the case of Kingsley and Exeter Hall,—this, it seems to me, is one of the greatest triumphs of mere style that history can record.

Now, I do not mean to say that Newman is a mere stylist and nothing more, and that his influence is owing to such a superficial cause, or that his message

to his fellowman derives its importance from the way in which it is delivered. Far from it! But I do mean that his style was a necessary, and the first, condition of his success. He might have laid the most wholesome truths before men, as so many other religious writers have done, but unless he had the sauce wherewith to tempt the palate, his store of learning would be put aside untasted. The masterful logic, the searching analysis, the wide-extending grasp of his intellect—these were the arms that laid his opponents in the dust, but it was his style that opened for him the gates of the besieged city.

The most prominent characteristic of Newman's style is, it seems to me, its easy, simple, and vivid lucidity. Indeed so transparently does it convey his thought that we almost forget the style and the language altogether, and are brought face to face with the living, working intellect. His reader is never at a loss as regards his meaning, or, if he is, it is not owing to any obscurity in the presentation of his thought, but to its subtlety or depth. Mr. Pater complains that he is almost too luminous, that he does not by a suggestive obscurity stimulate the reader to continuous effort. A secret of this clearness is the quality of his illustrations, most vigorous yet simple, highly imaginative, yet most homely. Hardly a paragraph

of his can be read where this is not exemplified. Opening the *Apologia* almost at random, we come across such expressions as the following: "Two can play at that, \* \* \* if they had the right to speak loud, I had both the liberty and the means of giving them tit for tat"—"correcting whatever was up-pish or extreme in our followers."—"They (the tractarians) cannot go on forever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their feet tied, or grazing like Tityrus' stags in the air."—"I never had a strong wrist, but at the very time when it was most needed, the reins had broken in my hands." Expressions of this nature could be multiplied *ad libitum*; they are very characteristic of the man, and they illustrate not only his honest, natural spontaneity and the vigor which accompanies it, but also his love of the concrete. This love of the concrete is a large element of Newman's vivid clearness. He hates abstractions. A saying of his that has become famous is that the world is ruled not by reason, but by sentiment. No man, he says, was ever converted by a syllogism. Not that he despised logic; he used it of course to give consistence to his train of thought. But he saw how woefully lacking it was as a motive power in real life, and accordingly he aimed at the heart by means of the imagination, clothing the bare idea with flesh and blood, vitalizing it with the emotions of his soul, and impressing it equally on heart and head by putting it in a tangible way before the

senses. In reading him we seem to see the delicate, animated face, and to hear the sweet, persuasive voice. He forgets himself entirely; he is all intent on the thought and on making us see it. Whatever rhetoric he uses is rhetoric become second nature, for he is never artificial in the usual sense of that word, and he never writes for writing's sake. Although never undignified, he is fond of being colloquial, for this style is more natural, more in accord with the actual and the practical, and the actual and the practical he ever sought—he had neither the will nor the taste for abstract speculation. For this reason, he prefers the specific to the generic, and the individual to the class. In a word, man is for Newman not a mere thinking being, but a feeling, thinking, acting being.

Newman had a remarkable power of realizing the past or the distant, a power that reminds one of Macanlay's praise of Burke. "*Callista*" is a brilliant exhibition of this power, and we are much tempted to quote its famous description of the locusts, but space forbids.

Another literary quality of Newman is his keen irony and rich humor. It must be remarked that he was not witty; wit was too abstract, too dry and formal for his practical, vitalizing temperament. He thus alludes to the trepidation into which the Anglican clergy were thrown by the appointment of Wiseman to the new See of Westminster:

"Bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after an-



other, each on his own tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intuseness and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring and ringing away the changes on their half-dozen notes \* \* \* bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs royal, and triple-bob majors and grandsires—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.'

Humorous touches light up even the most serious passages in Newman. His "Loss and Gain" is full of such, the descriptions of the Oxford dons being very enjoyable, but the lectures on "Anglican Difficulties" are perhaps the best evidence of his racy humor.

The best illustration of Newman's masterful skill in irony is, of course, the "Present Position of Catholics." His irony, unlike that of Swift, is never destructive; it is always positive. He writes with a healthful, practical end in view; he laughs old-time prejudices out of existence, it is true, but not without explaining their absurdity, and insinuating a sound mental judgment to take their place. It is never heated, never truculent, but always refined, calm, and most delicately insinuating. It is an irony where every word, no less than in his Sermons, bears the stamp of Christian charity. It is surely one of the loftiest

features in Newman's lofty character that armed as he was with so stinging a lash, he could never be provoked into the slightest intemperance in using it. Kingsley had offered him an insult which makes one's blood boil even at this distance of time; he had called Newman a liar or a fool, or both; and though Newman gave him a castigation to which the pillory were a mercy in comparison, he did so, not in self-defense, but for the good name of Catholicism in general; and throughout the famous controversy, his tone was the calm, unimpassioned, impersonal tone of a mere looker-on, who had no private interests at stake. In the "Present Position," the most famous passage is the glorious—the epithet rises spontaneously—speech of Count Potemkin, where a fire-eating Russian is made to size up the British Constitution in the same ludicrously distorted fashion that honest but prejudiced Englishmen judge of Catholic doctrines. The climax of this amusing parallel is reached when the Count gravely proves from the Apocalypse that Antichrist is no more or less a personage than Queen Victoria.

The only passage of this book where anything like bitterness appears is the paragraph on Dr. Achilli. This infamous ex-priest was a nomadic lecturer of the Slattery type, who had come to England to fatten his purse as well as to escape the Neapolitan police. To treat such a character with any consideration would be to cast pearls before swine. Some words of our author cost him a round

sum, it is true, being adjudged to be libel, which sentence, however, was loudly decried by many of the papers, the *Times* going so far as to declare it a terrible blow to the administration of justice. It must be remembered that the verdict of libel in no wise impugns the veracity of the passage, for in England, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." We quote the main portion of the paragraph, omitting the recital of Achilli's crimes, which do not make very pleasant reading. It may here be well to observe that Achilli represented no religious denomination whatever. He was merely "a weed, thrown over the Pope's garden-wall." While a man of his stamp is a proof that priests may fall—and in this he but reinforces the testimony of Judas—he in his own despite pays a tribute to the class whom he would dishonor. If such a fall were not a most rare event, the world, as a Presbyterian editor says, would never go into such hysterics about it.

"And in the midst of outrages such as these, my brothers of the Oratory, wiping its mouth and clasping its hands, and turning up its eyes, it trudges to the Town Hall to hear Dr. Achilli expose the Inquisition. Ah! Dr. Achilli; I might have spoken of him last week, had time allowed. The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he has a scandal to reveal; he has an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one as far as it goes; and it is

one. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed our confusion that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am the *M<sup>r</sup>*. Achilli who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my license to lecture for an offense which my superiors did their best to conceal, and who in 1827 had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar.' \* \* \* You speak truly, oh Achilli! And we cannot answer you a word; you are a priest; you have been a friar; you are, it is undeniable, the scandal of Catholicism and the palmary argument of Protestants, by your extraordinary depravity. You have been a profligate, an unbeliever and an apostate. \* \* \* You were deprived of your professorship; we own it; you were prohibited from preaching and hearing confessions. \* \* \* Yes, you are an incontrovertible proof that priests may fall, and friars break their vows. You are your own witness, but while you *need* not go out of yourself for your argument, neither are you *able*. With you the argument begins, with you it ends; its beginning and ending, you are both. When you have shown your-



self you have done your worst, and your all. You are your best argument and your sole. Your witness against others is utterly invalidated by your witness against yourself. You leave your sting in the wound; you cannot lay the golden eggs, for you are already dead."

We must take leave of Newman without dwelling as much as we could wish on the musical flow of his sentences, in which he is equal to Ruskin,—the "Second Spring" seems always on the point of bursting into rhythm—his exquisite pathos, the outflow of a tender, sensitive heart; and his masterful force, wherein he surpasses the bilious Carlyle as much as a strong, self-controlled man does a peevish, half-irresponsible invalid. We cannot select a paragraph, perhaps wherein these three qualities appear to greater advantage than that which concludes his "Essay on Development," during the writing of which his conversion took place. A great authority, Richard Holt Hutton, has said that it "will be remembered as long as the English language endures."

"Such were the thoughts concerning the blessed vision of peace of one whose petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of his own hands nor leave him to himself, while yet his eyes were dim and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the Things of Faith. And now, dear reader, time is short and eternity long. Put not from you what you have here found; reject it not as a mere

matter of present controversy. Set out not resolved to reject it and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disgust or disappointment or restlessness or wounded feeling or undue sensibility or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine *that* to be the truth which you *wish* to be so. Nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long. 'Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine secundum verbum tuum in pace. Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum,'"

The mainspring of Newman's power as a writer is as I have already hinted, his whole-souled earnestness. "In the first place, be earnest," he was wont to say to young preachers, "in the second place, be earnest; in the third place, be earnest." He never wrote for writing's sake; he never aimed at fine writing; in fact, he laid it down as a law that such an aim defeated itself. This does not mean that there is no art in his work; it is full of the highest art that adapts itself to Nature, not that rules. He is unconventional; he is not caught in the current; he "must say things in his own way." And say things in his own way he did, and as no other English writer could have said them, for Cardinal Newman's style, as the London Times has said, marks the high-water line of English prose.

G. H., '68.



## THE WELCH MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE NEW AND GREATER SANTA CLARA

On the Jubilee day of St. Ignatius College, an unlooked-for pleasure added new joys to the glorious festivities. The hearts of all the Jesuit communities looked on the glad news as personal to themselves. The news spread like wild-fire that the new Santa Clara College had the gift of a splendid new Chapel, fit to be the jewel in the cluster of buildings of which the Greater Santa Clara is to be formed. The generous benefactress, Mrs. Andrew Welch, had already given most magnificently to the sister college of St. Ignatius, as the exquisite decorations of the church, the classic stained-glass windows and the majestic organ attest. As the decorations of St. Ignatius Church were in memory of her lamented husband, Andrew Welch, Esq., so, too, is the new chapel of the Greater Santa Clara a memorial to him.

The generous benefactress wishes to unite the memory of her revered husband with that of the Jesuit Fathers who have toiled and prayed and died in California. The amount available for the building of the chapel, \$50,000, is a splendid gift indeed.

But wherefore a chapel? Most wisely was it done. The first thought was given to the Master of the House and the Builder thereof. This will assure

for the whole edifice His abiding presence and His all-potent blessing. We may well recall the words of the saintly prophet David: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." Moreover, to what better purpose could those \$50,000 be devoted? And where could the memory of a venerated and beloved husband be more sacredly cherished than within the House of God? As generation after generation of Santa Clara boys succeed each other in assisting at divine worship in the New Memorial Chapel, full of gratitude for the incalculable graces of which it shall remain the bountiful and never failing source, they will rise up and call their generous benefactress blessed, twice blessed: in herself for being the happy instrument in God's hand for a grand work for His honor; and in others who are the happy and grateful recipients of the fruits of that work.

We subjoin the resolution of thanks passed at a meeting of the student body of Santa Clara on the 20th inst.:

Whereas, The College of Santa Clara has been the recipient of the most generous donation of fifty thousand dollars from Mrs. Bertha L. Welch of San Francisco, for the erection of a

Students' Chapel in the new and greater Santa Clara that we hope soon to see erected,—which chapel is to be a memorial of the donor's late lamented husband, Andrew Welch, Esq., and of the deceased Fathers of the Society of Jesus in California,—and,

Whereas, The students of Santa Clara College are the direct beneficiaries of this gift;—therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the students of Santa Clara College, in meeting assembled, this 20th day of November, 1905,

unanimously beg to return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for Mrs. Welch's queenly gift; and furthermore be it

Resolved, That, as we cannot express our sentiments to her personally, a fittingly engrossed copy of these resolutions be made and presented to Mrs. Welch by a committee appointed for that purpose; and that for a lasting memorial of the feeling of the meeting, these resolutions be published in our journal, the "Redwood."

## THE DISTANT BELL

Oh I love to hear the distance-mellowed bell,  
 Its faintly faintly dying ebb, its liquid surging swell!  
 Oh my heart it lures away from this dull prosaic world!  
 And on its music mounts my soul with pinions wide unfurled.

The mists of time I overleap, borne on the magic strain,  
 And cherished hours far past and gone I now live o'er again;  
 Loved eyes, whose light has long been quenched, reflect my welling tears;  
 And voices thrill me from the tomb, low echoing through the years.

The bonds of space are fallen from me, my soul pursues its way  
 Beyond the starry hosts on high, beyond the pole of day;  
 Mid soft elysian fields I rove, I see the gates of gold,  
 And thoughts I think, and raptures feel, that poets never told.

JUNIOR.



## "THE LIGHT ETERNAL" AND THE CRITICS

Much interest and admiration has been excited in the past by the successes of the students of Santa Clara College along dramatic lines, particularly in the production of the famous "Passion Play," and later "Henry Garnet." It is now our pleasure to note with what keen appreciation the public has witnessed "The Light Eternal," a play conceived and built up by one of its students, still in his Senior year, played in its own theatre originally, and by a cast of its own students, and now for the first time presented to the public on the professional stage at the Majestic Theatre, in San Francisco, by a professional cast. The play as it now stands is changed slightly for the accommodation of women characters, or "from a vehicle for men only to one in which the female player is barely a whit less important than the avowed protagonist."

Santa Clara College, with its old mission buildings, with its poetic and religious atmosphere, is a good place to nourish dreams of the early Christian era. It was here that Martin V. Merle lived in the history and literature of the early church, here that he conceived and carried into execution that beautiful drama of the love and sacrifice of the Christian martyr, "The Light Eternal."

The plot grows out of the jealous persecution of a Christian youth, one Marco Valerius, who loves, and is loved, by the Princess Artemia, daughter of the pagan Emperor Diocletian. Artemia,

however, is pledged to Corvinus, a pagan youth, who afterwards becomes Prefect of Rome. The Emperor's daughter listens too well when the jealous Corvinus tells her that Marco is a Christian and that his vaunted love for her is but the outcome of a blackguardly Christian wager. She parts Marco's explanation in the middle and sends him to a fate not unlike that of his martyr father, for her repentance and conversion come too late to be of any practical service. So Marco goes into the arena to die and Artemia remains in the world to marry with her betrayer, though her heart is Marco's, and her faith is in the Light. Such is the tragedy.

It is not our purpose here, however, to criticise the play ourselves, because we realize our incompetency, but merely to give an idea of what the critics have thought and said about it.

The San Francisco Dramatic Review contains a well-written and somewhat lengthy article. Among other things it says: "Mr. Merle has the courage of his convictions and an understanding of his subject from every point of view. He has been a close student of the customs, habits, temperament of the time and people he has drawn, and his stage pictures are wonderfully effective, subtle, and suggest all that is not put into words. The author does not claim to have woven his story about a new or original theme, but he certainly has written a play worth



while and one full of dramatic interest. Some of the situations are a bit melodramatic and spectacular, but not more so than the ranting, blustering, stagy Roman of that day."

Speaking of the literary merits of the play, the same critic says:

"Mr. Merle is to be congratulated upon the strength and beauty of the lines. His construction is dignified, and he has voiced some very beautiful lines. Mr. Merle has written a strong play. \* \* \* Success to the clever California boy."

\* \* \*

In the same vein the critics of the San Francisco dailies give praise to the play, both for the play itself as a drama, and for its literary merits. Such quotations from the critics as "A crowded house greeted the production at the Majestic last night of the Santa Clara College play, 'The Light Eternal,'" and "'The Light Eternal' has made a hit at the Majestic, and big audiences greet it at each performance," and again, "A fine audience greeted the first professional production of 'The Light Eternal,' the play written for Santa Clara College by Martin V. Merle and now rewritten and added to," go to show that it is appreciated by the people and is a popular success.

\* \* \*

We cannot give the opinions of all the critics, but a word from Ashton Stevens of the San Francisco *Examiner* is perhaps worth them all. He says in part:

"For all young Merle's trust in the dramatic potency of electrical display,

for all his devotion to many ancient and honorable tricks in theatricalism, he is yet a writer of unchallenged sincerity. Mr. Merle sees the tremendous poetic and romantic side of the early development of Christianity. He is saturated with his subject. He has convinced himself, and that is half, the most important half of the battle. And the enthusiasm of this young author is suddenly contagious. More than a friendly applause greeted last night's performance. The audience voted a popular success, and the audience voted rightly. \* \* \* The play is now frankly popular and should be treated accordingly by actor as well as audience. \* \* \* But the main thing is, the play survives. The play really is the thing."

\* \* \*

As "The Redwood" goes to press, "The Light Eternal" is entering upon the fifth week of its successful run. Mr. Harry W. Bishop, the San Francisco manager who had the courage to risk the production of Mr. Merle's play, is to be congratulated on its overwhelming success. He has given the play a stupendous production from a scenic standpoint, and the interpreting cast is well-nigh perfect. So great has been the general demand for "The Light Eternal," that at the conclusion of its San Francisco run the entire production will be taken to Los Angeles, where it will run for two weeks, during the Christmas holidays, thence to Portland and Seattle, after which it will receive its first Eastern hearing, in the city of New York.

ROBT E. FITZGERALD, '06.

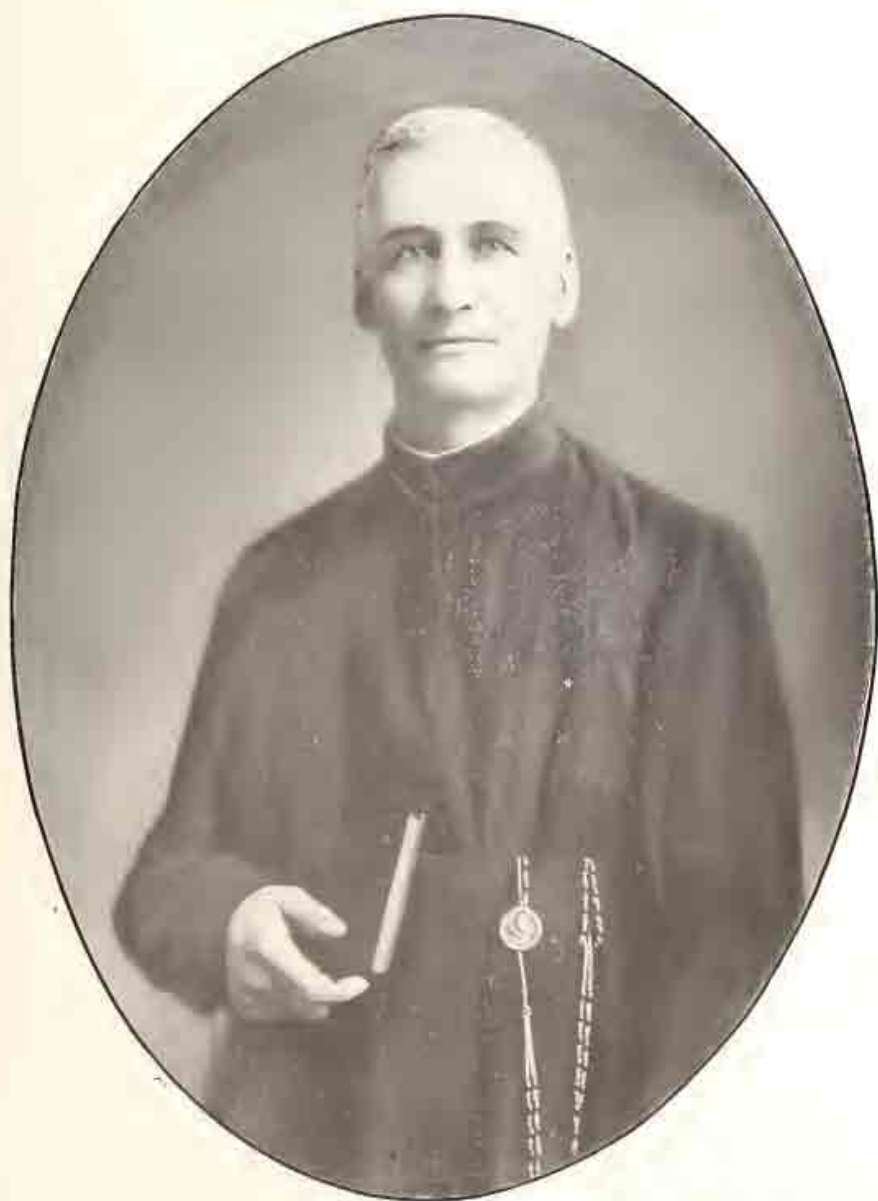
## ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

*Soft o'er the Ocean there cometh a gleaming  
 Lighting the dewy mounts rugged and bare;  
 Softly it circles the head of a stranger,  
 Fever racked, dying, all wrapt in deep prayer.  
 Hark! how above the sad moan of the waters,  
 Sweeter than Zephyr with breath of the rose;  
 Soundeth the voice of the Spouse gently calling;  
 "From Libanus come to thy crown and repose."*

*Junior*

*If there be ought in any land  
 That may demand  
 Respect from every creed and race  
 'Tis the white stone  
 That stands alone  
 Raising its silent hand  
 O'er the narrow place  
 Where for a space  
 Low lies the virgin heart  
 That chose the better part  
 And spurning honors, power and pelf  
 Lived on for others, dead to self.*

*H. P., '09.*



REV. JOHN P. FRIEDEN, S. J.  
SUPERIOR OF THE JESUITS IN CALIFORNIA





# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The cuts in this issue of the Redwood represent our sister college, St. Ignatius, S. F., and its rector, Rev. John P. Frieden, S. J., Superior of the

Jesus in California for the past nine years. St. Ignatius has just celebrated its golden jubilee with great eclat, and we beg to congratulate its Rev. Rec-

tor and Faculty upon the successful issue of the great undertaking.

Fr. Joseph Riordan, rector of Santa Clara, '93-'99, has written a history of St. Ignatius College. This volume of nearly 400 pages is elegant in every respect, and is profusely illustrated with full-page half-tones. "As a compilation of historical events," we quote the Monitor, "the volume is invaluable and in time will become more so. It bears witness to searching work and deep and earnest study. Documents, journals, papers and books of all kinds have been examined, and many interesting copies are presented in the pages of Fr. Riordan's book of letters and communications, bearing the signature of men who helped to make history in California. \* \* \* Fr. Riordan deserves much praise, and his work will carry his name down into history as generation will follow generation."

So football is defunct in Santa Clara. If it ever revives, we trust it will be with a glorified body of rules. Not that we want to kick the dead lion, but it must be confessed that the present mode of playing encourages brutality. It is easy for a mean player to violate the rules with impunity, and it often is his profit to do so.

Maimed limbs, bruised heads and even lost lives are not, in our humble opinion, the worst evils accompanying

football. A greater evil is what an exchange calls hero-worship. It is, of course, not confined to this game alone, but is associated with all athletic sports at present. Who to the "raw, unbearded" American youth is as great a hero as the great pugilist, or the 325 per cent baseball batter, or the whirlwind fullback?

It is marvelous how well many boys remember the records of prominent athletes. They seem to be better acquainted with them than with their own brothers. They know where and when every baseball player has played, what errors he has made for the last ten years, what salary he draws and how he spends it, and a host of other details that only constant study of the matter could have gathered. All of this may be a training for the memory, but alas! could not this training be had in a better cause?

A boy's memory is a large hall of fame, fitted round with beautiful pedestals whereon, as he grows older, he enthrones his heroes, one after another. The choice of these ideal men may be due to the boy's own taste, or, in a large measure, to the influence of his environment, but once they are enthroned, they become independent sovereigns, as it were, and exercise a potent sway over the boy's character. How sad it is then to see those fateful pedestals, from which should flow the ennobling influence of the great, the

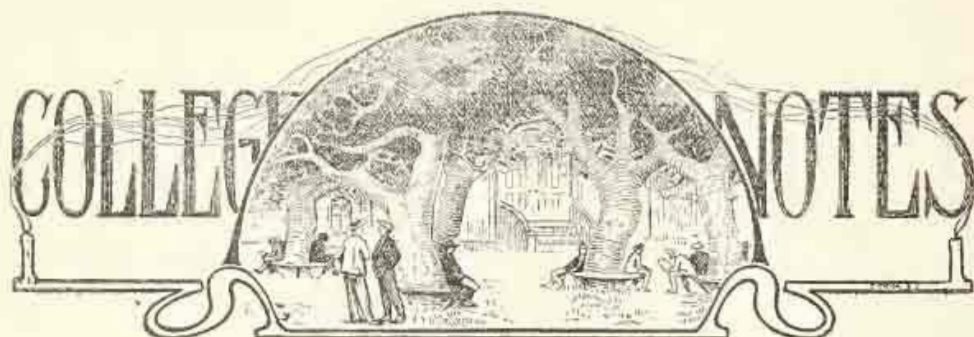


good, the lofty figures of history, given over one by one, to ball-players or prize-fighters!

We hope these remarks will be taken in the spirit in which they are written. We give the athlete all the respect which is his due, but we do not see why we should go into ecstasy over him any more than over a skilled carpenter, for instance, or over a skilled artisan of any kind. We see no reason why the sporting page of a newspaper should be the most popular. We do not think that the battles of the "big league" are quite as important as the Russo-Japanese contests, or that they affect the destiny of the world quite as much.

Yet we fear that some of us paid so much attention to the sporting warfare as to forget all about the life-and-death struggle that was going on. Ask some of the Second Division boys who is the best pitcher in the Chicago team; then ask who the Vice-President of the United States is. Question him about prize-fighters; then ask him what he knows about Garcia Moreno, whose career was lately sketched in the Redwood. He will know an astonishing deal about fighters; he has not had time to read up Garcia Moreno. And yet what an ennobling acquaintance Moreno would have proved!

MARTIN V. MERLE, '06 Spc'l.



### Visit of Bishop O'Dea

The recent Golden Jubilee Celebration of St. Ignatius College brought to this coast a host of distinguished visitors, some of whom have honored us with a brief visit. Among the first to come was the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Dea of Nesqually, and a former student of St. Ignatius College. He was given a literary and musical entertainment in the College hall, which, considering that it was gotten up with the short notice of an hour, was of surprising merit. George Casey read an address of welcome, and George Hall read this very clever Latin epigram on the name O'Dea:

*In Admodum Rev. Episcopum O'Dea.*

*Nescio quo latio te cantem nomine,  
Praesul;*

*Neve dies illud neve Deus esse potest.  
Ergo dius erit? Vetat idque modestia  
vultus;*

*Et dicis: Solum nomine laetor, O'Dea.  
Master Rudgear, a promising young*

cornetist, gave us one of his favorite selections, and brought down the house, with a music stand or two besides. At the end, our Rt. Rev. guest treated us to a most happy address on education, dwelling with fond pride on his own school-days at St. Ignatius. Of course the customary holiday was granted by him. We are sorry he lives so far away that his visits must necessarily be few and far between. We append a few verses that accompanied the floral offering which we made through our spokesman, Master James Daly:

*These flowerets fostered in a land  
Where all the seasons are as Spring;  
To thee thrice welcome guest we bring;  
Accept the token at our hand.*

*They're gathered from our own sweet  
bowers,  
And each bloom breathes a prayer of  
ours.*

### Another Visit

Soon afterwards we were visited by five of the foremost Jesuits of

America, who were also guests of honor at St. Ignatius,—Fr. Grimmelsman, Provincial of Missouri; Fr. Le Compte, Superior at Montreal; Fr. de la Motte, Superior at Spokane; Fr. Dowling, President of Creighton University, and Fr. Banks Rogers, President of St. Louis University. With but a short time of preparation the boys outdid themselves and gave our distinguished visitors an "entertaining entertainment" in the Hall.

Mr. Leo Atteridge welcomed them with a few well-chosen words, and Clair Wilson and Percy Van Syckle helped out in the musical part of the program. Fr. Dowling answered for the others and kept the earnest attention of even the smallest of the boys until the fleeting time forced him to close. When the students called upon Fr. Grimmelsman for a speech, he excused himself in this way: "Fr. Dowling has said a great deal but you got little out of it, I will say a little but out of it you get a holiday."

### **Brother Albert Weyringer**

Among the names of the distinguished guests at the St. Ignatius College Golden Jubilee we notice that of Brother Albert Weyringer, who for the last fifty years has been stationed at Santa Clara. He is now, at the age of over four score and three years, the sole survivor of "that little band who, each in his own way, helped to lay the foundations of the present famous College." His mind is as active as ever, and he tells many a tale

of the time when he and a few others battled so hard to form what is now one of the best institutions of learning on our coast. "We lived," he says, "in a hole surrounded by sand hills. Towards the city which was some distance to the East, and from which we were cut off by barriers of sand, there was but one house, and that the shanty of a milkman on an adjoining lot. Westward there was the Lincoln school, standing out considerably into what is now Market street. The residence was small and poor and the accommodation scant. In the church was a single altar, simple and plain, but always neat and beautiful, bright with the wealth of wild flowers that grew on every hand. I was for outdoor work. My chief occupation consisted in cutting a road through the sand behind the house; the intention being to establish a communication with Mission street. My labor was quite successful for a time, and even the strong winds, which at that season prevailed, kindly gave me valuable assistance, for all that was required was to lift the sand with my shovel and toss it into the air and presently it would be scattered far and wide to my intense pleasure. Living thus as in a desert, an unbroken stillness reigned around us, so that even the stir and excitement attending the days of the Vigilance Committee did not reach us. There was only the hurried departure of the Fathers as some call came for their spiritual ministrations and again the same quiet settled down, as if it expected here to rule forever."



One can best realize the growth not only of the College, but also of the city itself, when we learn that the site of the College as described by Brother Weyringer is now the site of the present Emporium.

Brother Weyringer remained at St. Ignatius College for but a few months, and then came to Santa Clara where he has been since. His visit to San Francisco last month was the first since those pioneer days. We quote the following from the San Jose Mercury:

"Brother Albert was mystified at the big improvements in San Francisco during those many years. They were so great that he hardly fully realized them. The transportation alone seemed wonderful, as a half century ago the only mode of travel when he left San Francisco was a boat line running to Alviso or a tiresome journey along the wagon road from that place. On his return to the scenes of his early labors, on Sunday, he was ushered thither on steam cars, and again to his destination on an electric car, within full view of numerous noiseless automobiles, which he could have easily had at his command, and which in those bygone years were unknown and unheard of. He was born in Austria in 1820, and while in his youth attended school with the Emperor of Austria. He was regarded as a brilliant scholar and has been noted as a man of wonderful memory. He started for America when very young and arriving in Oregon in 1846, he entered the Jesuit order there, which was then in

charge of Rev. Father Nobili and Rev. Father Accolti, where he was stationed until October 7, 1855, when he was transferred to the Infant St. Ignatius College, which in those days as he expressed it, was but a small frame structure, situated on the sand hills of San Francisco. He labored there for only a few months when he was transferred again to Santa Clara College, where he still resides.

"On his advent here, for a time he was engaged in teaching, and then assumed charge of the dairy at the College, a position he held for over forty years, until a short time ago, when his advancing years compelled him to surrender to some one younger."

### A Lecture

One of the most pleasing and instructive lectures ever given in our College hall took place Tuesday evening, the 13th, when Mr. George Wharton James addressed the students and a few invited guests on the subject of the California Missions. He was introduced by Leo Atteridge, '06, with a few appropriate words, and then Mr. James held the closest attention of his audience for over an hour and a half. He began with the advent of the Franciscan Padres into California and the gradual building up of the great chain of missions throughout the State and their gradual abandonment and decay. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of stereoptican views made by the lecturer himself

through a period of over twenty years, during which Mr. James has traveled much throughout California and Arizona gathering material for these lectures and for numerous works on this and other subjects, written by himself. The College orchestra furnished the music for the occasion.

### The Playgoers

In writing of our social doings, it would be unwise, to say the least, not to chronicle the doings of the elite of the 400, the Seniors. During the past month the chief event of those giddy people was their sudden flight to San Francisco to witness the play written by their classmate, Martin V. Merle. The party consisted of Martin G. Carter, Francis Lejeal, Francis Belz, Michael O'Reilly, Frank Plank, Leo Atteridge, and the inevitable prefect.

After enjoying a refreshing dinner at the Manhattan Hotel, they proceeded to the Majestic Theatre, where they were met by Fr. Gleeson and Martin Merle. The play is said to have exceeded their wildest expectations, and so enthusiastic were they that it is rumored that some person in the audience remarked that their box resembled a corner of the rooters' section at a football game. They enjoyed themselves thoroughly and when they returned, in the wee sma' hours of night, they were entertained with a fine spread, laid out for them by the Rev. Fr. Rector.

### The Senate

We of the Senate have been unfortunate during the past month, inasmuch as we had to give up several of our regular meeting nights for other things. Our debate on the Chinese question has, in consequence, been not yet finished and at least one more meeting will be necessary to decide it. Since the last issue of the Redwood, Senator Belz of Visalia and Senator Riordan of Salinas have spoken on the subject and their multitude of arguments would indicate an inexhaustible subject. Senator Belz reopened the question for the Affirmative side and spoke with an earnestness that betokened careful thought and preparation. Among other things he said: "Even in the early forties, in the days when California was but thinly populated and every man had an equal chance, even then it was realized that the Chinese must go. When California first became a State, it was the cry of all the people, 'the Chinese must go.' Since then the situation has become even worse. The increase in population has been attended with an increase of Chinese and a consequent increase in the dangers accompanying them. The Chinese enter the United States, and chiefly California, bringing nothing with them. They do not become citizens of the United States, but merely live here as outsiders, as cheaply as they can, earning all they can, and when they have made a little money they go back to China, leaving nothing behind them but sadder, though unfortunately not wiser men."



Senator Riordan of Salinas responded in like spirit for the Negative side and so earnestly did he speak that he held the attention of all the members until long past the usual time for adjournment. He maintained that "the people of America are following the lead of the people in Europe, and becoming more and more socialistic in doctrine and principle. Now in this doctrine it is held that all men are perfectly equal, even more equal than the Constitution would state, and no one man should be one whit below another in station, in wealth, in occupation. Hence menial labor suffers; there are none who wish to belong to the so-called 'third class.' Therefore we must rely on the Asiatics for this work. In tilling a farm, who is more frugal and productive than a Chinaman? Who more economical and neat in domestic labor? As I stated before, we are getting to a pass where none but Asiatics will do such labor, therefore we must admit these Asiatics."

Those yet to speak are Senators Schmitz, Plank, Lejeal, Merle, C. Byrnes and J. Byrnes, and to them it is left to bring the debate to a satisfactory close. We are next to consider the Football question which has been passed upon by the House and sent to the Senate for their consideration. Owing to the great interest taken in that question by reason of recent happenings, a warm debate is expected.

### The House

Too much praise cannot be given the members of this historic organiza-

tion for the earnestness which they throw into their work. During the past month besides several splendid debates, a most interesting and instructive impeachment case has been carried on. Two prosecuting attorneys on behalf of the House and two clever advocates for the defendant were appointed; six gentlemen were subpoenaed and after examination having been found acceptable to both the defense and the prosecution, were impaneled to sit as jurors. Witnesses were summoned to the stand, questioned and cross-questioned, and eloquent pleas were made by the respective young lawyers. The jurymen, having been instructed by the Speaker, who served as judge, retired apart and after deliberating for fourteen minutes returned and voiced their unanimous verdict of guilty, through their selected foreman. In a word, every detail connected with a legal trial as it takes place in the United States courts of justice, was, as far as possible, seriously carried into effect. Over and above the valuable and lasting object-lesson which such a proceeding has afforded to all the members present, it has served as an excellent means to bring out the talents of those who took part in it—talents which betoken success in any path of life upon which their possessors may enter.

Among those who have been recently honored with full membership of the House are the following: Leander Murphy, R. O'Connor, F. H. Chandler, Ivo Bogan, Leo Wagner, Jas. Twohy, A. McNeil, and C. Mullen.

ROB'T E. FITZGERALD, '06



**STRONG ARM OF AVALON**

M. T. WAGGAMAN — BENZIGER  
BROS.—\$1.25

This is a most interesting novel. The story is laid in Maryland in the old Colonial days, when the Puritans were venting their bigotry upon the Catholics. And here we cannot resist the temptation to say a few words about these Puritans, not that we do not believe in letting bygones be bygones, as a rule, but because this sect has been so generally lauded as the champions of religious liberty, that one's sense of justice is thereby outraged. If any people in the world are unworthy of the title of champions of religious freedom, it is the Puritans. Like Muldoon, they never agreed with anybody unless he agreed with them. Their narrow-minded belief in witchcraft, with its consequent burnings of poor, helpless old women, is one of the cruelest pages of our history. They persecuted

the Quakers; they persecuted all who were not Puritans. It is therefore an outrage of truth to style such men champions of any liberty except their own. When they were as yet weak, they were welcomed into Catholic Maryland—the first State to practice religious toleration—and after they had there waxed strong, they turned upon their benefactors and subjected them to the most goading persecution, a persecution which, as Prescott says, is one of the most revolting examples of ingratitude that history offers. With this persecution the "Strong Arm of Avalon" deals, and we can cordially recommend it to all, especially to the young, as an historical romance of elevating tone and of absorbing interest. In dealing with the old Colonial days, Mrs. Waggaman seems to be at her best.

**THE DOLLAR HUNT**

E. G. MARTIN—BENZIGER BROS.—45c.

This is an attractive-looking duodeci-

mo of 130 pages. The story is taken from the French, and deals with an impoverished, titled French heiress-hunter, who chooses Newport and Chicago for his hunting grounds. It is pretty well told, is full of the vapid chit-chat that one meets with in dull society, though, we suppose, to use the words of Lincoln, for those who like that sort of thing, it is about the sort of thing they like.

**THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.  
MODERN FREETHOUGHT**

REV. A. B. SHARPE, M. A.—HERDER &  
CO. PAPER, 15C; CLOTH, 30C.

The Herders are publishing in their

usual neat and attractive style a number of popular lectures upon the philosophical and historical groundwork of religion, delivered at Westminster under the auspices of the C. T. S. Their object is to furnish "an antidote for the loose and inaccurate skepticism" felt in all classes of society. These lectures, to judge from the two specimens at hand, are well calculated to attain their object, blending, as they do, the most vigorous reasoning with a very popular mode of expressing it

IVG. G. BOGAN, '07

# • ALUMNI •



The de la Guardia brothers—Edward, Richard and Henry, all of them of '04. Com., and Raul, '05 Com., have returned to their home in Panama after spending four years at Santa Clara College. Besides completing the commercial course, Richard and Henry at the time of their departure were engaged in pursuing their studies in the '07 Junior class. Edward, who is the eldest, not only returns with his diploma, but also with a better half. Mr. de la Guardia and Miss May Galvin, of this town, were united in marriage in San Francisco last month. Congratulations, Edward!

Charles Laumeister, '03 Sp'cl, dropped in to pay a visit to his Alma Mater during the last month. Charles is the same busy little business man as of yore.

Francis X. Farry, '01, proposes to bring a strong aggregation of baseball players to Santa Clara in the near future to take a fall out of our baseball nine. His team will indeed have to be a strong

one, for our "Redwoods" have yet to meet their first defeat this season.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the untimely death of one of our Alumni members, Austin R. Ellis, '01. Mr. Ellis became a member of Santa Clara College in the early nineties, taking up the full College course and graduating in 1901. After graduation, he was engaged for some time in business in San Francisco, later going to Oakland to accept a position with the Sunset Telephone Co., of which his brother, Eugene Ellis, was local manager. This position he filled till shortly before his death. He was of an exceptionally bright and sunny disposition, making friends readily and easily, and retaining them. He had considerable bent for the natural sciences, and earned his College name of "Faraday" from the experiments in static electricity which he would perform secretly in study hall. He had two brothers who attended Santa Clara, Moses Ellis, now a rancher near Sunnyvale, and Leo Ellis,



now connected with Reid Brothers, architects, in San Francisco.

Lately the Librarian of the College, Reverend James O'Sullivan, handed us a letter which he had received from J. Perkins Tracy, the well-known novelist. The letter is reminiscent of old Santa Clara days in the years '69 and '70 during which young Tracy, then 16 years of age, was laying here the foundation of the literary knowledge which he has since displayed to such great advantage. When in College, he wrote a number of small dramatic pieces and a unique descriptive tour of three boys round the world, the manuscript of which he illustrated with pictures cut from an old geography. On leaving College, he started the first amateur newspaper in the West, "The Young America." It was a four-page paper, 9 inches by 7¼, and had two columns to a page. The principal contribution of the editor was a short serial with the sulphurous title: "His Infernal Majesty, or the Flying Bed." Five issues of this fledgling saw the light and then it died only to be resurrected under the title of "California Youth's Journal," which after two issues, also passed over to the silent majority. He was engaged in two or three other newspaper ventures, all of which enriched his literary reputation much more than his pocket. At this time he wrote some very excellent plays, which were produced by the California Dramatic Club. His best-known work is the "Heart of Virginia." The following extracts from his letter

will be read by Santa Clarans with interest:

New York, August 20, 1905.

Rev. James M. O'Sullivan, S. J., Santa Clara College—Reverend Father: Your very welcome letter of July 23d, in reply to my communication addressed to the president of the college, was duly received, and I gratefully appreciate your promptness in acknowledging its receipt, as well as for your kind words, which encourages me to believe that the old students are not relegated to complete oblivion. I also thank you for your generous response to my request for the college catalogue and kindred publications. Naturally they interest me greatly, while they recall the pleasantest recollections of my young life.

It is a matter of 36 years since I left Santa Clara College, yet it seems but as yesterday when I view the reproductions of those familiar landmarks, several of which have long since been swept away. The pretty little brick chapel, for instance, which was injured by an earthquake—I was on the playground at the time, and recall the sickening sensation of the solid earth swaying under my feet. The chandelier of the chapel fell, and had the students been at mass at the time it must have killed a boy named Middleton, whose seat was directly under it.

Then the old gymnasium-theater, with its flooring of tanbark and its old-time apparatus for physical exercise—here it was, in the theater section, I made my first appearance on the stage in comic

characters. It probably gave me a taste for theatricals, as I subsequently became quite prominent in San Francisco as an amateur performer, as well as a playwright in a small way.

The famous "Letter A" I had entirely forgotten, though I spent many an hour there during the three years I was at college—at least that is my impression.

When I left the school I entered the employment of the Southern Pacific R. R. but after three years of it I concluded that journalism was my forte, and I took a position as a reporter on a new afternoon paper called the "Post," which was started by Henry George. I also became a contributor of specials to the "Chronicle," and other papers. I afterwards became a baseball reporter and writer on general sports, and that reminds me that I got my first insight into baseball at Santa Clara, where I was short-stop and change catcher for the "Young Originals," finally rating among the best at the game there. While a reporter I played baseball with the Athletics before and after the California League of Baseball

Players was established.

The last time I visited the college was on the eve of my departure for New York, August, 1876, en route for the Centennial.

I sent you a week ago three of my war stories. They do not represent any great degree of literary merit, as they were written (Shenandoah excepted) at railroad speed to supply a public demand at the time. If you consider them worthy of a place in the college library I shall of course feel gratified, but I regret I have nothing available in bookform which would give you an idea of my best work.

Although I am 53 years old, I hardly realize the fact, as I never dissipated and have taken fairly good care of my health.

With the kindest regards to the Rev. Robt. E. McKenna, the president, and the faculty collectively, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

J. Perkins Tracy.

R. H. SHEPHERD, '07.



The exchange editor had the pleasure of welcoming the arrival of almost all of our former exchanges during the past month. It is something like a visit from an old friend, when we receive an exchange that has failed to put in its appearance for some time. "The best in the past month's exchanges?" A very hard question to answer, but just a word upon the things which were good.

#### COLUMBIA LITERARY MONTHLY

This splendid paper is with us again. Is it indeed a *literary* monthly. In size and number of pages, there are others far more conspicuous, but in the quality of literary excellence, this magazine stands, in college journalism, almost in a class entirely by itself. Most of the short stories in the November issue verge on the humorous. "Where History Stopped," "On and Off," and "A Bucolic," all caused us to smile, and occasionally to laugh. The poem, "Hallowe'en," is expressive of the occasion of which it is sung.

#### UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA MAGAZINE

"Idle Observations on a Trip to the Far West." Certainly we must credit the daring author of the above, for at least exercising good judgment in the selection of a title. The observations, or attempted observations, are indeed *idle*. Too idle, perhaps, for discussion. The gentleman claims to have "strolled around the 'Golden Gate.'" We don't doubt that he did. The question is, how "far" around he strolled. His impressions of *Mt. Tamalpais*, while engaged in strolling around the Golden Gate are only suggested. We presume he means *Mt. Tainalpais*, and only regret he missed gazing into Lake Shasta. Well, the old proverb has it, "Idleness is the mother of mischief."

However, we were decidedly entertained by the story, "Death Was Only a Dream." And the rest of the magazine redeemed our friend's "Idle Observations."



## THE RED AND BLUE

Pennsylvania again sends us greetings, and it is almost impossible not to say something in appreciation. The stories have an original ring to them, and an occasional flash of Pennsylvania wit makes one forget that he started to read his exchanges because the editor was crying for copy, instead of for the pleasure experienced in reading such papers as the *Red and Blue*. "Granger" is an interesting story of how perseverance won out in football and its reward. That irresistible something which attracts everyone who has been a college man to Alma Mater, when she is pitted against her old rival in the game of the year, forms the theme for another football story called "When Happiness Passed By." The fact that the colleges are Pennsylvania and Harvard is suggestive.

## UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

Virginia's exchange editor with his usual courage has again selected what is in his opinion a list of the eleven best college magazines in the United States. Of course, some may differ with him. That's natural; in fact, we ourselves differ with him. But the value of Virginia's classification lies not so much in the correctness of her judgment, as in the fact that she has an editor with a fixed standard of ex-

cellence, one who is not afraid to judge and classify that which conforms to his standard as to what a college paper should be. This is essentially the spirit of honest criticism in college journalism. It is the kind of criticism which should be fostered and encouraged. It is the only kind that merits praise.

## THE XAVERIAN

All the way from Nova Scotia comes the *Xaverian*, bedecked in rich attire in honor of the golden jubilee of the college. A sure evidence of the all-around progress of St. Francis Xavier's is the very excellent journal published by its students. The present number is largely taken up with the speeches, etc., in connection with the jubilee celebrations, which appear to have been on a grand scale.

We also acknowledge the receipt of *Brunonian*, *Fleur De Lis*, *Stanford Sequoia*, *The Tablet*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Villa Shield*, *Blue and White*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *The Dial*, *Boston College Stylus*, *The Expansive*, *Niagara Rainbow*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Ave Maria*, *The Xaverian*, *The Young Eagle*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Bowdoin Quill*, *Manzanita*, *The Touchstone*, *Out West*, *Sunset*, *White and Gold*, *The Tocsin*, *The Bell*, *The Collegian*, *St. Jerome Schoolman*.

LEO J. ATTERIDGE, '06



## Football

Foot-ball is now a thing of the past as far as Santa Clara College is concerned. But though the game itself has been cast into the sea of oblivion, the history of the teams and the efforts of the players and the coaches will always be remembered.

The action taken by the president and faculty was the outcome of careful consideration. A climax to the prevailing feeling against the game was reached when young Van Bokkelen of Santa Clara met with a most unfortunate accident, in a game of foot-ball with the San Jose High School on Saturday, Nov. 4, which resulted in his death after a few hours.

This sad incident cast a gloom over the entire community. After thoroughly discussing the matter with the rest of the faculty Father Gleeson called off our game with U. P. and, furthermore,

stated that foot-ball would be cancelled from the College programme of athletic sports.

Of course, if the rules of the game are modified, as we trust they will be in the near future, we have every hope that the game will again be accorded the large place it has held in the athletic life of Santa Clara.

## Santa Clara vs. 15th Regiment

After our defeat—a by no means disgraceful one—by the cardinal babies, the College showed the public its nerve, grit, endurance, and headwork by playing the heavy Monterey soldiers to a standstill on their own grounds. The features of this game were the strong defensive work of the Collegians, and a thirty-five yard run by Luke Feeney. Score Santa Clara 0, Monterey 0.

In the return game on the College gridiron our boys covered themselves with glory by defeating the defenders of the Stars and Stripes by a score of 5 to 4. The College team played remarkable ball when one considers the weight of these brawny soldiers; out-weighting the Santa Clara eleven by at least thirty pounds and playing three Eastern college stars in their line-up. The defensive work of Heine Schmitz and Plank, the Sheehy system of team play, were potent factors in bringing victory to the red and white. Captain Aguirre made a spectacular run of twenty-five yards to a touchdown and the whole College played sensational ball from start to finish. This victory was a very appropriate one as thus we retire from the gridiron triumphantly. When the whistle blew the following men could be seen in the line-up:

| Santa Clara—   |              | Soldiers—  |  |
|----------------|--------------|------------|--|
| Whalen.....    | L. E. R..... | Perninnor  |  |
| Bogan.....     | L. T. R..... | Savage     |  |
| Murphy.....    | L. G. R..... | Gorman     |  |
| Patrick.....   | C.....       | Bates      |  |
| Graff.....     | R. G. L..... | Anderson   |  |
|                |              | Davenport  |  |
| Plank.....     | R. T. L..... | Kelch      |  |
|                |              | Hirst      |  |
| Doherty.....   | R. E. L..... | Gillespie  |  |
|                |              | Howell     |  |
| Aguirre(Capt.) | R. H. L..... | McLaughlin |  |
|                |              | Mitchell   |  |
| Fisher.....    | L. H. R..... | Madison    |  |
| Feeney.....    |              | Roman      |  |
| Schmitz.....   | F.....       | Ritch      |  |
|                |              | Washington |  |

Donlon..... Q. . . . . Waugh(Capt.)

Referee, C. Byrnes; Umpire, Lieut. Gaston; Linesmen, Dalton and Lieut. Dearman; Timers, Jacobs and Capt. Savage. Length of halves, 20 and 25 minutes; Touchdowns, Aguirre, S. C. C.; Place kicks, Waugh, Soldiers; Final score S. C. C. 5, Soldiers 4.

## Junior Football

The Junior team second division certainly deserve great credit for their victory over the heavy team of Hoitt's school. This makes the second victory for the Juniors over this team. Jack Leibert was the bright particular star, making a sensational run of seventy yards to a touchdown and the only score of the day. Gallagher at quarter, Bradbury at tackle, E. Ivancovich at end, Leibert at half and Gianera at full, all played great ball and were ably assisted by the rest of the team.

Hats off to Coach Shea for turning out a winning team. The boys faced each other in the following order:

| Santa Clara Jrs.— |              | —Hoitt's School |  |
|-------------------|--------------|-----------------|--|
| E. Ivancovich..   | L. E. R..... | Rudolph         |  |
| Bradbury.....     | L. T. R....  | Harklewood      |  |
| Degnan.....       | L. G. R..... | Barneson        |  |
| Mayerle.....      | C.....       | Ghist           |  |
| Duffey.....       | R. G. L..... | Vego            |  |
| Fitzgerald....    | R. T. L..... | Lowe            |  |
| Pierce.....       | R. E. L..... | Bunker          |  |
| Gallagher.....    | Q.....       | Newbaumer       |  |
| Gray.....         | L. H. R..... | Palidine        |  |
| Leibert.....      | R. H. L..... | Barneson        |  |



Gianera (Capt.), . . . F. Meredith (Capt.)

Referee, Fisher (S. C. C.); Umpire, G. Smith (H.); Linesmen, Brazell and Alexander; Timers, Lejeal and Meredith. Length of halves, fifteen minutes; Touchdowns, Leibert, one; Goals, Gianera, one. Final score, S. C. C. Jrs. 6, Hoitt's 0.

## Basket-ball

Now that foot-ball is stowed away, basket-ball will come rapidly to the front. Heine Schmitz has been elected captain, and Joe Collins promises us numerous games for the coming season. There is an abundance of material in the yard and the college ought to have a rattling good team.

## Field and Track

With the return of Jack Leibert, Santa Clara's crack sprinter, and the addition of numerous track men from among the new comers, the College should have more than a mediocre track team for the coming season. Captain Tom Donlon, Joe Brown, McHenry Bros., Caverly, Leibert, Belz and Brazell have already signed up and many more are expected before the season opens.

## Baseball

The "Redwood" base-ball team of Santa Clara College journeyed to Monterey on November 11th, and played an exciting game with the Monterey nine,

which is considered the strongest base-ball team in Monterey county. Sensational plays were made by both teams and the spectators were kept on the "qui-vive" throughout the contest.

The first inning opened with the "Redwoods" at the bat. A. Shafer being the first to step to the plate lined out a three-bagger over the center fielder's head, scoring later on Wolter's out at second. The "Redwoods" again scored in the third, sixth and seventh innings making a total of five runs. For the Montereys the scoring came in the fourth with three singles together with a couple of free passes to first, giving them three runs.

The fielding of the "Redwood" team was errorless. M. Shafer, at first, greatly distinguished himself by several difficult pickups and a one-handed catch of a wild throw from short. Collins also caught a fine game. The heavy hitting was done by Collins, Wolter, Friene and A. Shafer for the Redwoods and Antry for the Montereys. The following is the result by score:

| REDWOODS—             |    |   |    |    |    |    |   |  |  |
|-----------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|--|--|
|                       | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |  |  |
| A. Shafer, ss.....    | 5  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 4  | 2  | 0 |  |  |
| Wolters, p.....       | 5  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0 |  |  |
| Collins, c.....       | 5  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 5  | 3  | 0 |  |  |
| Russell, lf.....      | 5  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |  |  |
| Byrnes, 3b.....       | 5  | 0 | 2  | 1  | 3  | 1  | 0 |  |  |
| M. Shafer, 1b.....    | 4  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 10 | 1  | 0 |  |  |
| Friene, cf.....       | 4  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 |  |  |
| Twohy, 2b.....        | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 4  | 0 |  |  |
| Kilburn, rf.....      | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |  |  |
| Totals .....          | 41 | 5 | 15 | 1  | 27 | 12 | 0 |  |  |
| MONTEREYS—            |    |   |    |    |    |    |   |  |  |
|                       | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |  |  |
| Malarin, 3b.....      | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 3  | 1  | 0 |  |  |
| Ordway, lf.....       | 2  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 2  | 1  | 2 |  |  |
| Westerberger, ss..... | 3  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 3  | 4  | 0 |  |  |
| Schofield, 1b.....    | 3  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 10 | 0  | 0 |  |  |
| Antry, cf.....        | 4  | 0 | 2  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1 |  |  |
| McMenimen, 2b.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 4  | 1 |  |  |
| Olmstead, c.....      | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 7  | 1  | 0 |  |  |
| Beron, rf.....        | 3  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 |  |  |
| Bowden, p.....        | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 2  | 1 |  |  |
| Totals .....          | 27 | 3 | 4  | 3  | 27 | 13 | 5 |  |  |

## RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS.

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |    |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Redwoods .....   | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5  |
| Basehits .....   | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 15 |
| Monterey's ..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3  |
| Base hits.....   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4  |

## SUMMARY.

Three-base hits—A. Shafer. Two-base hits—Walter 2, Friene, Collins, Byrnes. Struck out—By Walter 5, by Bowden 5. First base on balls—Off Walter 5. Double plays—Bowden to Schofield. Let on bases—Redwoods 9, Monterey's 3. First base on errors—Redwoods 1, Monterey's 1. Wild pitch—Bowden 2. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—Thorpe. Scorer—Shepherd.

## The Passing of the Pigskin

Farewell! farewell! to all our foot-ball greatness. On the night of Thursday, Nov. 9, with much sad pomp and display, took place the burial of foot-ball in presence of the entire College.

The ceremonies in connection with the escorting of the oval over the posts on the yonder side of the Jordan, were presided over by Head-undertaker Jack Shea.

The funeral procession formed at the South end of the yard. It was headed by a dozen torch-bearers carrying torches made especially for the occasion and of a very original design. These threw a lurid light through the gloom over the long train of mourners, and impressed them with the solemnity of the occasion and unwound them down to a becoming degree of lugubrious melancholy. The decorum preserved throughout the entire performance would have done credit to the East Indian procession in honor of the great tooth of Buddha.

Next in order came the pallbearers,—the baseball nine, who might, without impropriety, have looked more doleful—with a trim coffin containing the mortal remains of our beloved pig-skin. Fol-

lowing this was a float on which stood a stuffed gridiron hero of Herculean proportions, head aloft and breathing defiance through his nose-guard, hugging a foot-ball in his arms, and propped up behind by a jelly-bean barrel—empty of course—kindly donated for the occasion by the candy store.

Then came the chief mourners, Walter Schmitz of the First Division and Willie Gianera of the Second. Behind them trooped the *hoi polloi*, with heads uncovered, and in silence, save where an occasional groan marked some broken-hearted devotee of the deceased. All marched to the strains of the Sodality band, which had kindly offered its services, our own being too much broken up by sorrow and want of practice, chiefly the latter.

After making a detour, the procession arrived at the First Division handball alley, where a halt was made for a speech from ex-Manager John Byrnes. Stepping into the arena, he boldly confronted his hearers—excepting the three-fourths of them who stood behind him—and in a calm and dignified manner pronounced his funeral oration. He first of all expressed his utter sympathy with the Faculty in their decree regarding foot-ball. The passing away of the game was, he thought, an evil; but the retaining it with its present code of rules would be a greater evil. Then fancying he saw the shadow of a frown on some of the ex-players, he broke out into a strain that would do credit to Brutus. "If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of the pig-skin, to him I say that Byrnes' love for the pig-skin was



no less than his. If then that friend demand why Byrnes sat on the pigskin, this is my answer—not that I loved the pigskin less, but that I loved a sheep skin more.

Had you rather foot-ball were living, and die all cripples, than that foot-ball were dead, and live all top-spinners? As foot-ball chose me manager, I weep for it; as it was victorious, I rejoice in it; as it was honorable, I honor it; but, as it was murderous, we slew it. Who's here so base, that would have a Charley-horse? If any, speak, for I will give him one. Who's here so rude, that will not play ping-pong? If any speak, for him I wish to offend. Who's here so vile, that will not smoke his pipe in peace? If any speak, for I am out of tobacco. I pause for a reply.

Here comes his body, mourned by Walter Schmitz, who, though he had little to do with it when alive, has received the benefit of his dying—a first-class funeral banquet this evening; as which of you did not? With this I depart: that as I now resign my office and my occupation for the good of humanity, I may look for some other drag, whenever it shall please my fellow-students to need my services."

This harangue over, the pall-bearers resumed their burden and the train of mourners wended their way to the home-plate of the baseball diamond. Here there was a wild scrimmage for the best places to see the last rites. When order was restored, Leo J. Atteridge mounted a bench and addressed the throng. He said that though we buried foot-ball for a while, yet we waited in hope its joy-

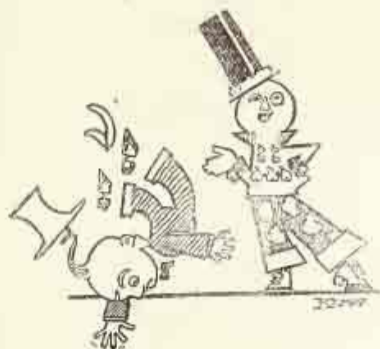
ous resurrection. And though it was buried, its history was not buried; the victory-studded career of the red and white should be forever emblazoned on the memories of the boys of Santa Clara. After Leo J. had finished, ex-Captain Aguirre lifted himself on high and spake. He was visibly affected and his voice sounded like a far-off waterfall. He said he had removed the bladder from the about-to-be-buried football, and placed his own heart in its stead. At this all looked instinctively at the novel pericardium, and sure enough! it *was* swollen much beyond the size of regulation foot-ball. He said that naturally he had not the heart to proceed any further. A solemn silence then fell upon the crowd; four baseball players took hold of the coffin and lowered it into the bosom of mother earth. Loving hands laid the clay softly upon it, and in a few moments all was over: the football was buried, and the home-plate is its monument.

And now the crowd wiped away its tears and resigned itself to the liveliest jollification. Some luckless urchin hit the dummy with his torch, upsetting him and setting him on fire simultaneously. He burnt fast and furiously, while his executioners executed a war-dance around him. At the same time, a huge bon-fire flamed up in the center of the yard, and changed night into day. In its light, a serpentine was organized, and—sad to say—and Charlie Byrnes and Joe Brown—unfortunately, just at this juncture the bell rang and we all had to pile into a premature bed.

HARRY M. MCKENZIE, '08.



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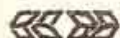
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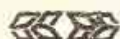


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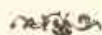
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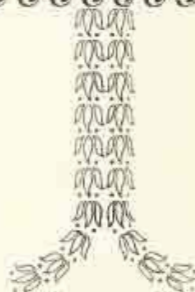
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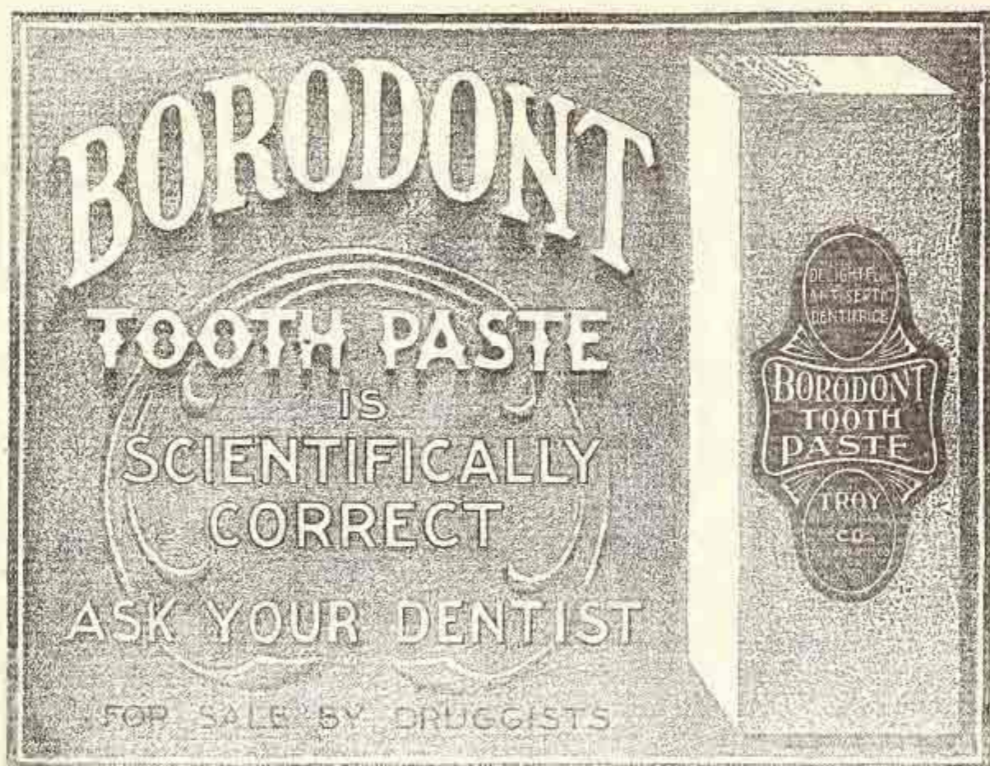
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GLORIA IN EXCELSIS  
DEO

To the Infant Jesus.

---

Lovely Babe, he knows not branty  
Who has never looked on Thine;  
Never met Thine eyes celestial,  
Never felt Thy smile divine.

For the charms of art and nature  
Over earth or sky or sea  
Are, in all their splendour, shadows  
Caught, O lovely Babe, from Thee.

ET IN TERRA PAX  
HOMINIBUS



# The Redwood.

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VOL. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., JANUARY, 1906.

No. 4

## THE DYING YEAR

*Old year, farewell!*

*Thy task is done; soon must thou hence, to swell*

*The pensive throng of those who wait,*

*In shadowy state,*

*Where reigns thy stern-willed Lord, remorseless Time.*

*So soon, alas!*

*That our fair dream of golden hope should pass!*

*May, thy bright smile, thy soft caress,*

*Still may they bless*

*The heart of him to whom thou'rt all in all.*

*Ah, he is dead!*

*Ghill lies his form, his muffled spirit fled*

*Adown the night-wind, as apace,*

*To claim his place,*

*Speeds a winged Cherub o'er the purpling East.*

*F. H., '03.*



## ADESTE FIDELES

The winter sun dropped gently behind the snow-capped range, and but a flickering glare remained for a moment on the horizon. Then, it too, disappeared, and the desert was wrapped in darkness. From out of the shadows of the veil above, came, one by one the stars, blinking and sputtering like torches hung on chains from the heavens. The cold, crisp air of the plains settled down close to the earth, and the sharp terse cries of the wind which blew across the desert like the breath of a giant bellows, betokened in every wail the Arizona Christmas.

Over the desert within the pale sheen of the twinkling stars, a man—a Mexican,—half walked, half stumbled along over the frozen sand. He was thinly clad and shabbily. His nostrils spread to catch the biting air purified by leagues of lifeless barrens and voids of crackling frost. From his jerky gait and shifting step it was almost plain that he was a fugitive. Every little while he paused and looked behind, and then, as if he heard the steps of his pursuers, he plunged on again into the thickness of the night.

The man was a suspect, accused of murder, a crime he had not committed. Fearing the angry mob, however, and impressed with the enormity of the crime the poor wretch saw no chance for justice. Early that morning when the mob arrived at his ranch

they found him gone. He had gone out into the endless desert and wandered hungry and helpless through the day dragging his tired body over the sand.

Now he reached a bit of brush and eagerly he sought for water. There was none, and he sat down in the cold to wait for the moon to come.

As he sat huddled against the scanty brush he thought he saw a light,—a soft, red light in the distance, but he knew it must be a star low on the horizon.

Perhaps as he sat there in the cold, his thoughts went back to other Christmas eves, to a happy home and burning logs whose flames leaped high with crackling joy and liveliest merriment.

He sat thus huddled and thinking—dreaming, perhaps, when the cry of a coyote startled him. He rubbed his eyes and saw about him the desert, bathed in the pale gold moon.

The man arose and shook himself to limber up the stiffness of the cold. As he did so, his revolver slipped from his belt and its gleam sent the shiver of despair into his heart again.

"Why not end it all here,—now?" he thought. "Who would know—who would care?" He stooped and picked up the bit of steel and pressed it against his heart. He stretched forth his arms to better swing his aim when something caught his eye. Before him, in

the pale glare of the winter moon his figure threw a shadow of a gaunt, lean cross on the frost nipped desert sands.

Then the man remembered, remembered the Babe who was born that night in the manger years before. He saw the Child Jesus, who came into the world that Christmas morn alone, and unfriended.

The pistol dropped from his grasp and he fell on his knees and buried his face in his hands. That faith which years had deadened in his heart was kindled and aflame again.

The man arose and saw before him once more the crimson light. It seemed nearer, he thought, and did not vanish as before. He watched it long and steadily, and then he thought of the three wise kings and the star they beheld in the desert. Murmuring a

"Deo Gratias" he pulled himself together and pushed on forward toward the light.

\* \* \* \*

The first notes of the Christmas hymn floated warm and sweet through the little church of San Juanita. The midnight mass was at its height when a tall, gaunt Mexican entered from the side and crept softly to the foot of the manger. The bright red light of the sanctuary lamp shed its deepest glow across his upturned face, and the words of the singers, "Adeste Fideles," sank deep into his heart. He felt that he had one friend at least who was true to him, and he resolved that as He had come to live on earth for his sake, he would resign himself and live too.

M. V. M., '06.

## IN CHRISTI DOMINI CIRCUMCISIONEM

Exortum reperi mediis te nuper in arvis,  
 Dum tegeret late cana pruina solum.  
 Cumque fores ebore et nivibus mage candidus ipsis,  
 Te mea crediderant lumina liliolum.  
 Verum cum subito videam te sanguine tinctum,  
 Non jam liliolum, sed reor esse rosam.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

'Twas Christmas in old Albion,  
And 'fore the altar fair  
Within the chapel on the hill  
The folk were met in prayer.

The gladsome tidings have been told,  
The sacrifice is o'er;  
And each departs to share the feast  
In the simple way of yore.

But who is yonder kneeler,  
And wherefore stays he here,  
When all his gay companions  
Are gone to make good cheer?

Lo! where the tearful cherub,  
Half hidden from the sight,  
Upon the tabernacle bends  
His eyes divinely bright.

And now he rises slowly,  
And moves with noiseless pace  
To where the object of his love  
Reigns from His throne of grace.

And stretching forth his tiny arms  
He strives to reach the throne,  
But failing mounts the altar  
And sits him on its stone.

"Tap! Tap! Art Thou there, Jesus?  
Dear Jesus, art Thou there?"  
But his little voice unanswered dies  
Upon the quiet air.

"Tap! Tap! Thou art there, Jesus;  
For I have heard today  
That He who came to Bethlehem  
Was here with us for aye.

Tap! Tap! Perhaps my Jesus sleeps;  
O Jesus, I call Thee!  
O, wake, dear little Jesus, wake,  
And answer little me!"

And the loving heart of Jesus  
That in the crib has lain—  
The Heart that once embraced a child—  
No longer can refrain.

"Yes, dearest little brother,  
Within this narrow cell,  
Bound by the deathless links of love,  
Forevermore I dwell.

Here from my silent prison  
I heard thy tender cry,  
And now I fain would wipe away  
The tearlet from thine eye.

If in thy little bosom  
There is aught that makes it sore,  
Speak out that little grief of thine,  
And thou shalt weep no more."

"O, sweetest little Jesus,  
My papa's very bad;  
O, only make him very good,  
And then I'll not be sad."

"Go, dearest little brother;  
Thy prayer of faith is heard;  
Thy papa will be very good;  
Go, and believe My word."

"O, thank Thee, kindest Jesus;  
O, thank Thee for this joy!  
Farewell!—there's not in Albion  
A happier little boy."

The bells rang out the dying year,  
The bells rang in the new,  
And in the chapel on the hill  
A sweet sight met the view.

There 'fore the altar beauteous  
Knelt a father and his child,  
And Jesus from His throne of grace  
Looked on the twain and smiled.

FRESHMAN.



## A MYSTERY UNSOLVED

So you want a story do you? Well, now, see here, before I begin, I want you to understand that it's no fairy tale. It doesn't start out by—"long ago and long ago it was when swallows built their nests in old men's beards and turkeys chewed tobacco"—no, sir, it's a genuine story of real life. Now, fellows, none of that grinning. I know a thing or two. I haven't been always at Santa C—.

"Well, where else have you been—at Agnews insane asylum?"

My boy, any asylum that harbors you is insane enough for me.

"Say, Billy, for heaven's sake, give us that story."

Well, in the name of common sense, why can't you fellows give me a chance?

"All right, go ahead."

Boys, this time two years ago I was away down in Texas.

"What? Down in Texas? What took you down to Texas?"

The train took me part of the way and I took myself the rest—anything else?

"Yes, I'd like to know how—"

"Jack, keep quiet; let him go on or he'll never get through."

I won't go on at all if you think I'm not telling you the truth!

"Oh, we'll think anything to please you—now for it."

Paddie Casey and I were snowed in.

The old cabin was cozy enough if we could stay in it, but that was out of the question. We had to rush out every once in a while to throw more feed to the cattle or break the ice for them to drink or—

"Oh, say, who ever heard of cattle drinking ice?"

Now don't try to be smart; you know what I mean.

"I do not, nor does anybody else."

You ignoramus, don't you know that ice is water and water ice?

"Oh, the Texas steers drink ice water."

"Say, Jack, if you don't let the man tell his story we'll pitch you out."

Fellows I think I had better stop; you can't appreciate it now anyhow; you have lost the thread.

"No, Billy, we haven't; go ahead, old boy, you left off where you broke the ice."

Well, at last the day had drawn to a close. We had done everything that could be done for the shivering cattle and now it was time to do something for ourselves. Paddie sat down by the fire, lit his pipe and began to sigh for old times. As for me—

"You bet you didn't have to light up; now break the record and tell the truth—did your pipe ever go out?"

"O, throw that fellow out."

"Say, fellows, one more chance, I'll try to keep the peace."

This is simply disgusting. I don't know where I was when interrupted.

"You were having a smoke though you wouldn't acknowledge it."

"No, you were having a pull at the demi-john."

O, yes, I remember. Well, as for me I listened in silence.

"You keep silence?"

"Come on, fellows, put him out,—no more chances."

Boys, I meant to say "sat in silence" but I was too mixed up. "Well Billy," said Casey with a sigh, "I do wish we had Kerry Collins here, he'd brighten up things! I tell you what, Christmas isn't Christmas without him! But we must do the best we can. Say, Billy, put some wood on the fire and make yourself useful."

"Yes, but what's the matter?" I said, "where are you going now?"

"I'll be back in a minute. Just going to remove the snow from about the door. I won't have much time tomorrow."

"Why, what are you going to do tomorrow?"

"You heathen, don't you know it's Christmas day?"

"Of course I do"—

"Well, then, you ought to have sense enough in your youthful brain to know that Paddie Casey has to go to mass."

"I'd like to see myself or Paddie Casey or any other Paddie get to mass on such a day as tomorrow is going to be. Why, man, you might as well strive to walk on water."

"That's all right, but Paddie's going to go there or die—his ancestors had to endure much more to get to mass, and they got there, too!"

So saying Paddie went out to shovel away the snow, but had scarcely gone when he came rushing back.

"Billy, get the rifle ready, there's a suspicious looking individual plowing through the snow, he'll be here in a minute."

Now none of that laughing; you don't know how the story's going to end—what? No, not a bit of it; the man wasn't lost at all.

"Go ahead Billy, the story's all right; don't mind them."

Well, just then there was a knock. Paddie opened the door ever so slightly and asked the gentleman what he wanted.

"Sir," said the stranger speaking in a nasal twang, "I want nothing but perhaps you want something—now don't be afraid, I'm neither a thief nor a murderer; I'm just as honest and as good as you are."

"I didn't say you were anything else," replied Casey.

"Why don't you let me in then?"

"O come in if you feel like it," said Casey, opening the door cautiously as he spoke.

And then the most comical looking individual I ever saw walked into the old cabin. He was done up in furs from head to foot. The first thing he did was to shake himself and when he got through, the floor was about as

white as he had been when he entered.

"Ha, ha, ha, didn't I tell you fellows  
how it was going to wind up."

O you blockhead you didn't come  
within a mile of it.

"I'd just like to see if I didn't?"

Well, you didn't, for the stranger  
was none other than Kerry Collins,  
Casey's best friend.

H. P., '09.

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

---

Dear Child, I would I were a king,  
My palace thine should be,  
Before Thy feet my crown I'd fling,  
And all my vassals gladly bring  
'Neath Thy sweet royalty.  
Take up, instead, within my heart,  
Thy court; and rule with love's own art  
My every faculty.

D. R., '06.



A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

---

"I heard the bells on Christmas day,  
Their old familiar carols play;  
    And wild and sweet,  
    The words repeat,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Each silvery note succeeded note  
And hastened from the mellow throat,  
    To sing on high  
    Twixt earth and sky,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men,

Yet died they not, but seemed to float,  
Backward through ages long remote;  
    Softly to reach,  
    Who came to teach,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Drawn by the raptuous melody,  
My soul was swept in revery;  
    To climes afar,  
    Where shone the star  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

There, in a lowly cave and bare,  
Where falling snow and nipping air  
    Unkindly vied,  
    The Prince I spied,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

F. C., 2ND ACAD.

## A LONELY CHRISTMAS EVE

It had been raining all day, dark heavy clouds floated overhead, scores of little streams ran this way and that and everything was wet as George and I splashed our way homeward. I noticed that he was rather melancholy, a very strange thing for him, as he let the reins drop from his hand and swayed to and fro with every step of the horse. He was the picture of one wrapped in some sad meditation. I did not intrude upon his thoughts and scarcely a word had been spoken in all the five miles we had ridden from our claim to the little cabin which we called home.

A dark lonely night closed over a dull grey day. We had finished supper, and as we sat smoking our pipes in silence and listening to the patter of the rain on the roof, I noticed my companion was absorbed more than ever in the same sad reverie which I could not account for.

I was watching him intently, when suddenly looking up he caught my inquisitive gaze, and broke the cheerless silence.

"Harry," he said simply, "tonight is Christmas eve."

I had not thought of it. A lump rose in my throat. I knew not why. Christmas eve—the very name sounded strange—five years ago we had come to work in this little settlement, far out in the mountains of South America

and a lonely life it had been. At first the recollections of the world we had left, came often, but as the years went by and we hardened to present circumstances, these remembrances came seldom, and then only as a sort of dream, until now when our object had been attained and we were wealthy enough to go back to the great world and spend our lives wherever we chose, we looked upon it merely as a matter of little consequence. Life had taken another aspect away out in this lonely camp. I looked upon things which had given me pleasure before, in a way which even I could not understand. Christmas eve—what was that to us: it was the same as any other eve. I derived no joy from the thought, and it was this fact that made me sad. And now I knew what had affected my companion; it was the influence of five years of exile, five years during which we had seen nothing that resembled our former life.

As I looked up from this meditation, I caught George looking at me in a strange way and smiling sadly.

"Do you understand it all, Harry?" he said.

"Yes," was all that I could answer.

He arose and walking over to the window, peered out into the inky blackness. Our trunks, a box with a few old books, a washstand and our cots comprised the furnishings of the

cabin. How miserable and poor everything seemed! the only thing that looked at all cheerful was the little stove on which there was a pot of coffee steaming merrily.

As the alarm clock struck eleven, George suddenly turned from the window. What a change had come over him! Instead of that gloomy aspect, which a few minutes before had darkened his face, it now wore a cheerful expression; he seemed to be very, very happy.

"Harry," he said, "what's the use of keeping up this hermit-life any longer? This is our fifth Christmas eve in this place; let it be our last. Come on, let's begin right now."

He went over to his trunk, threw in some clothes and a lot of bric-a-brac which he had collected. I followed his

example, and soon we were singing old songs in fine spirit. The time passed without our knowing it, for as we finished packing and tying up our trunks and sat down at the table with the big black coffee pot between us, the little clock struck twelve.

"Merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you," rang out in the little cabin—then followed songs, and cheerfulness ran high until the coffee ran low.

As we lay on our cots listening to the patter of rain on the roof the contrast of our present state of mind with that of a few hours before only served to add to our newly-found happiness.

We started early next morning. One long lingering look at the old cabin and we left it forever.

CHARLES RICHARD PLANK, '09.



## THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS

*THY Name, O sweet Jesus, how shall I extol,  
 Who scarce with due reverence upon it can call?  
 What muse come from Heaven the light can impart  
 To uncover the treasures that lie in Thy Heart?  
 Thou alone, O loved Jesus, canst sweeten my lay;  
 Thou alone from my heart canst all sin drive away,  
 That filled with the fragrance of Thy honeyed Name,  
 I may with love's rapture Thy praises proclaim.*

*What sweets does the nectar of Hybla's fair soil  
 Afford to the laborer spent with hard toil!  
 What fragrance the lily and violet spread!  
 What splendor the roses on morning gale shed!  
 But what can these tell of that Name's honey-dew,  
 Whose heavenly savor is relished by few?  
 Not e'en all Arabia's blest odors combined  
 Give a taste of the joys in this name that we find.*

*O progeny great of an infinite Mind,  
 In the Heart of Thy Father eternally shrined;  
 Till dropped as the dew by the Angel's pure lips,  
 To charm Mary's soul with its nectar-like sips.  
 Thrice welcome, my Savior's adorable Name,  
 On my heart stamped in letters of love all-aflame,  
 My joy in life's exile, my solace in death,  
 Oh! rest on my lips as I draw my last breath.*

*G. P., '07.*

## A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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One Christmas eve in Montana, a man was riding slowly along a country road, muddy from recent rains. The horse on which he was mounted, had to pick his steps very carefully to avoid the deep and boggy rut-holes that hindered him on every side. Dark clouds chased one another across the sky in phantom game, and one blacker and more threatening than the rest crept sluggishly on, foretelling more rain and the dreadful thunder and lightning so common in those parts.

This was what occasioned the look of anxiety on the traveller's face. Yet it was not only that. His thoughts continually drifted back to that Christmas eve, seven years before, when with mother, father and brother, his heart thrilled and warmed with love for the dear old season and the joys and comforts of home. But many things had happened since then. His brother had been the head of a large concern in their native city and was trusted by his employers, till one day quite an amount of money mysteriously disappeared from the safe, and sad to say, proof seemingly indisputable was lodged against him.

Rather than have a prosecution of his brother, he raised the stolen sum by various means and paid the company. Throughout it all his brother maintained his innocence. He had remonstrated with him, a stormy scene

followed and the result was that the unfortunate Harold Finley slipped from view and no one heard of him again.

In two years his parents died of broken hearts,—broken by this weight of sorrow heaped on their **declining** years.

Not long afterwards a conscience-stricken man made a clean breast of the crime and entirely exonerated the unhappy Harold. Joseph now tried to locate him, but in vain. He was filled with remorse and could not be consoled; he grew more and more to lead a solitary life and soon gave up everything but the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar. At present, he was on his way to close an important bargain about a mine, having no heart for Xmas eve, or any other gladsome celebration.

His musings were here interrupted by the pitter-patter of the rain, slowly increasing till it was descending in torrents. Looking vainly around for a shelter, he decided to go on till he came to a house or tree that would save him from the drenching down-pour; without more ado he straightened himself in the saddle and quickened his horse's pace as much as was advisable on that treacherous road. He had been riding but a few minutes in this manner when he suddenly came upon a house, set a little back from the road, its lights shining cheerily



through the misty rain and darkness like the promise of Heaven through the trouble and trials of this world. After tying his horse under a low shed, he knocked at the door of the house which was soon opened by a comely, honest-faced woman, who, on being told his story invited him to enter.

Knowing full well the hospitable customs of the country, the belated traveller lost no time in availing himself of the kind offer. He soon found himself in a large room with a great fireplace at one end, casting its ruddy light through the whole room and giving it the air of most cheerful comfort. A few plain pictures hung with mistle-toe and greens, ornamented the walls; rugs made from the skins of bears, wildcats and wolves lay here and there on the nicely polished floor. The only persons in the room were the woman who had let him in and a winsome little maid of about four years.

They entered into conversation and after Finley had informed the hostess of his name, she told him that she was Mrs. Russell and that the child was her little daughter. Her husband was now away on business but would be back in time for the Xmas tree;—this last was added in a whisper, as it was a secret from her child. It didn't take him long to get acquainted with the little one,—in fact, before he knew it, she was upon his knee conversing with him in her childish innocence as if she had known him for years. As he had a good look at her face by the fire she

somehow or other reminded him of his dead mother, and strange coincidence, she bore her name, Ethel.

They were sitting at the fire, when there was a knock at the door. As quick as a flash Ethel ran to open it expecting to see her father, but instead it was her uncle, come to spend the Xmas eve. Soon there was another knock and more relatives entered; then there was knock after knock and relations and friends poured in. Mrs. Russell was now only waiting for her husband to surprise the children with the Christmas tree. She waited half an hour, but as he failed to put in an appearance, she thought he must be unable to come and so decided she would go on with the celebration.

Taking all the children upstairs on the excuse that she had some candy for them, the room was quickly prepared for the great tree. It was brought out of the closet, where it had been secretly fixed and set aglow with its colored candles; the lamps were then put out and the children called down.

When they entered the room and the sight of the blazing tree met their eyes they were speechless for a few moments and stood in wonder. The silence, however, was broken by one of the neighbor's little boys, who soon found his tongue and forthwith exclaimed with all the ardor of youth, "Golly, ain't that great!" Then all reserve was swept away and the children danced around the tree in merri-



ment and joy. They exclaimed with rapture as every new feature of the tree met their gaze, from the waxen figure of Santa Claus, surmounting the topmost branch, to the various red balls, cornucopias, monkeys and other knickknacks adorning the tree.

The presents were now distributed by one of the young hopefuls. "One for Julia, one for Mary, one for Johnny and one for myself." One in fact, for everybody. But the best present of all was given the stranger, though it had been reserved for the absent husband. "We'll get another present for papa," she said in apology. Near the end of the distribution of the presents papa entered, whom Mrs. Russell addressed by saying, "Why, Harold, where have you been all this time? The children have been expecting you."

"The bridge was swept away at the river, my dear, and I had to go down a few miles to cross at the next bridge. Merry Xmas to you all!" His eye glanced around the group and noticing

the stranger, rested on him for a few moments.

Then, "Joseph!" "Harold!" sprang simultaneously from their lips.

The visitors were quite mystified, so Harold explained to them about the mistaken crime. "When I was reproached by my own brother I couldn't stand it, so I resolved to start life anew. I came out here, as you all know, just seven years ago; I changed my name so that none of my disgrace might follow me and marrying Mary Smith, my dearest little wife here, have lived in peace and contentment ever since. Now, at last, I have the stain wiped off my name, and my brother, —my own dear brother, given back to me."

Little Ethel, realizing the import of the conversation, crept up into her Uncle Joseph's arms and said, "I think you are the best Christmas present my papa ever got, 'cepting me."

CARLOS K. McCLATCHY, 1st Acad.

## THE HISTORY OF THE SANTO BAMBINO OF ARA COELI

The history of the Santo Bambino is interesting, as also is the history of the church where it is kept.

It was one day in October, when the Emperor Augustus was about to enter the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitoline hill, to sacrifice, and ask of the oracles who would be his successor, when, standing on the porch, he saw a woman, holding a child in her arms and she bade him respect the ground he was standing upon, as it was sacred to her Divine Son, who would rule over it.

Augustus immediately ordered an altar to be erected on the spot, and for it to be dedicated to the Son of God (*Haec ara filii Dei est*). Hence the name of Ara Coeli, which was afterwards given to the church, when it was built on this same place, after the introduction of Christianity into Rome.

The Santo Bambino was carved by a Franciscan monk out of the wood of an olive tree, taken from the Mount of Olives. When the work was nearly completed, the monk found that he had not colors to paint it. But one morning, on returning to his work, he saw with surprise that the image had been painted during the night. The eyes were blue, the cheeks pink, and the rest of the body flesh color.

The news of this miracle soon

spread, and people thronged to see the holy image.

The Franciscan monk then decided to return to Rome at once, and offer the image to the Ara Coeli church.

But a great storm arose when nearing the Italian coast, and the cargo of the ship was thrown into the sea, including the box containing the Santo Bambino. All the cargo sank at once, excepting this box which floated over the waves instead of sinking, and thus it reached a spot near the place where the vessel eventually stranded.

When all the passengers were safely landed, boats were sent out to recover the Santo Bambino, but as the boats approached, the box floated away from them. At last, the monk went out in a little boat to try and rescue it, and then it allowed itself to be taken, to the surprise of all the people on land who had witnessed the miracle.

This was in Leghorn, and the image was exhibited in the convent, where the monk resided during his stay there. The monk then brought it to Rome, and gave it to the brothers of Ara Coeli, thus fulfilling the words which the woman had spoken to the Emperor Augustus.

According to an ancient chronicler, the Romans welcomed it with cries and shouts of joy, and many shed tears

when they first gazed on its pensive face.

It is said that a Roman lady once succeeded in substituting a copy of the Bambino for the real one, but the real one returned of its own accord to the Brothers, who, on this occasion, were awakened out of their sleep by the ringing of all the bells in the con-

vent, and when they went to the chief entrance door, they were amazed to see the Bambino there. Thus the fraud was discovered, and it has always been well watched since.

Every afternoon during Christmas-tide children from five to twelve years of age speak little pieces carefully prepared to the Santo Bambino.

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM

*O'er paths we cannot know  
Lead us, sweet star!  
We mark our steps below  
By thine afar.  
Shine out, and pierce the gloom  
Thou orb of light,  
For He Who Is hath come  
On this great night;  
Cold, helpless and alone,  
Within a grot,  
Hath come unto His own,  
Who know Him not.  
Sweet star, we seek the King  
In infant guise;  
Our footsteps do thou bring,  
To where he lies.*

*James Twohy, '07.*



# THE STORY OF THE HOLY INFANT OF ARA COELI

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF TO THE LITTLE ONES

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Little brothers, little sisters,  
Would you hear the charming story  
Of the beautiful Bambino  
Of the church of Ara Coeli?  
Form a ring, then, round my altar,  
Little brothers, little sisters,  
And you'll hear the charming story  
Of the beautiful Bambino  
Of the church of Ara Coeli.  
'Twas the golden time, October,  
When the sky of Rome is bluest,  
And the air of Rome is purest,  
And the hills of Rome are brightest.  
And the lark o'er the green meadow  
Trills at prime and vesper sweetest,  
In the glory of the morning,  
Up the marble steps, Augustus,  
Borne in state upon his litter,  
Went unto the Capitollum,  
There to bow before his idol.  
He has gained the glittering threshold,  
And he pauses in amazement,  
Lo! before him stands a woman  
Fairer than the moon at noon-night,  
In her arms a lovelier infant.  
"Stop, O Emperor Augustus!  
For the ground thou tread'st is holy;  
Here my Son shall one day triumph."  
Spake my Mother—and we vanished,  
Then the Emperor Augustus  
Bade an altar in mine honor  
Rise, and o'er it bade be written:  
"Haec est ara filii Dei."  
Ages rolled:—where towered the temple,  
'Fore whose shrine the tender victim  
Bled to soothe the wrath of Satan,  
Now there rose the Ara Coeli,  
From whose walls the breath of incense  
Eddied to the only Godhead;  
And where ministers of Satan

Chanted once, now rang the voices  
Of the sons of the Seraphic.  
'Twas the hour for the fulfilment  
Of the word of truth long spoken,  
In the stillness of the midnight  
From our throne in highest heaven  
Down we came unto the convent,  
Entered the unopened portals,  
Passed into the cell where slumbered  
One whose hand was skilled in carving  
And the laying on of colors.  
"Brother," said my Mother softly,  
"Many years ago in vision  
I appeared unto Augustus,  
And I told him where his idol  
Stood, my Son should one day triumph.  
So, when Dawn with hand obedient  
Purples all the eastern heavens,  
Hie thee to the Midland Ocean,  
There embark in goodly vessel,  
Speed across the waste of waters,  
Get thee to the Mount of Olives,  
Hew thee down the fairest oil-tree,  
Bear it to thy cell, and carve it  
Till it imitate my Infant,  
Touch its form with tints of beauty,  
And return to Ara Coeli."  
He obeyed. When duteous Dawning  
Purpled all the eastern heavens,  
Forth he hied him to the ocean,  
There embarked, sped o'er the waters,  
Got him to the Mount of Olives,  
Hewed him down the fairest oil-tree,  
Bore it to his cell, and carved it  
From the sunrise to the sunset,  
Many a summer day he carved it,  
Till one evening, as the day-star  
Sank behind the hills of Sion,  
Lo! I opened my little eyelids,  
And I stretched my tiny fingers,

And I smiled, the sweet Bambino,  
 Who is telling you his story.  
 "Holy Infant," said the brother,  
 "Now my work is half completed;  
 I must paint thy smiling features,  
 But where shall I get me colors?"  
 And he sighed as he repeated,  
 "Where, where shall I get me colors?"  
 Then he prayed; but worn with labor,  
 Ere his long prayer he had ended,  
 He was rapt in peaceful slumbers.  
 And he saw a glorious vision,  
 Near him stood his Angel Guardian  
 Decking me with dyes celestial,  
 Blue, and pink, and that bright color  
 Nature lends to flesh of infants  
 When she sends the fresh warm crimson  
 Shooting 'neath the snowy outside.  
 All was finished, and the heavenly  
 Gently touched the human artist.  
 He awoke, and as the sunlight  
 Streaming through the narrow window  
 Of his cell, lit up the darkness  
 He beheld me in my beauty—  
 Eyes of blue, and cheeks of pink, and  
 All the rest of soft carnation.  
 And he took me up and kissed me,  
 While the tears ran down their furrows,  
 And he thanked his Guardian Angel,  
 And he thanked my Virgin-mother,  
 And he thanked the dear Bambino,  
 And he cried in tones of gladness:  
 "It is finished! it is finished!  
 I will hence to Araccoell.  
 Farewell to the sacred mountain!  
 Farewell to the sacred garden!  
 Farewell to the sacred city!  
 Where I spent the blissful hours,  
 Where I prayed and where I labored,  
 Westward, through the land of Juda!  
 Out upon the shining sea-sands!  
 Out upon the boundless ocean!"  
 Gayly rode the gallant vessel  
 As the breeze filled out her canvas,  
 And the blue wave 'neath her brightened,  
 Danced, and sang around her cheerily.  
 Twenty times the sun had mounted,  
 Twenty times gone down in gala;

Twenty times, with her attendants,  
 Had the moon held court in heaven,  
 When I called to me the Tempest,  
 Forth he stood, and cried, "Behold me!"  
 "'Tis thine hour," said I, "O Tempest,  
 And the hour of all thine army."  
 At the word they rushed to battle;—  
 Darkness veiled the sky and ocean,  
 And the South-wind lashed the surges,  
 And the clouds hurled down their deluge.  
 And the Lightning flashed his arrows,  
 And the Thunder roared, and Tempest  
 Laughed, and said, "'Tis well, O Warriors!"  
 But the captain of the vessel,  
 Fearful of the human slaughter,  
 Threw her burden to the billows;  
 And with tears the gentle brother  
 Saw me in my slender cottage  
 Tossed about the roaring ridges,  
 While the ship was driven farther,  
 Farther from me till she stranded  
 Safely on the coast of Leghorn.  
 Then I bade the sea be silent  
 And a calm fell on the waters,  
 And the heavens breaking open  
 Lined me on the azure level,  
 Straight an oarsman, swift and valiant,  
 Launched a little skiff, and lightly  
 Glided o'er the placid surface.  
 But when he was now come near me,  
 Like a dace I darted from him,  
 And he followed fast behind me,  
 In and out, and back and forward.  
 And in rounded sweep, till, weary  
 Of the chase, he turned him shoreward,  
 Lost in wonder at the mystery.  
 "I will take my dear Bambino,"  
 Said the simple-hearted Friar,  
 And he leaped into a rowboat.  
 When I spied him in the distance,  
 Like a dace I darted toward him,  
 And the people clapped and shouted  
 As he raised me from the waters  
 With more joy than on the morning  
 That he took me up and kissed me.  
 "He is found, the lost Bambino!"  
 Cried he, as on land he lighted,  
 "He is found, the lost Bambino!"

Crown the day with prayer and music,"  
 And 'twas crowned with prayer and music  
 In the chapel by the sea-side;  
 And when dawn appeared, he started  
 For the great goal of his journey.  
 Now was come that sweetest season  
 Of the Everlasting City,  
 And that brightest hour of morning;  
 And one clad in weeds of Francis  
 Mounted slowly, unattended,  
 Up the flight of Ara Coeli.  
 Oh! what raptures thrilled his bosom  
 When within the holy cloister  
 Fore his brethren's eyes he laid me  
 In my charms, and uttered lowly,  
 "'Tis accomplished! 'tis accomplished!  
 Mary's Son at last has triumphed!  
 Sing we, brothers, the Te Deum."  
 And they sang the glad Te Deum,  
 And they asked him all the story  
 Of the beautiful Bambino,  
 And he ran it through with weeping,  
 Then they robed me in the garments  
 Of my glory, on my forehead  
 Set a diadem of jewels,  
 And they placed me in my palace,  
 Waiting for the merry Christmas.  
 Christmas came and brought the tidings  
 That the beauteous Babe of Beth'lem  
 Was reborn at Ara Coeli.  
 "Come and see the dear Bambino,"  
 Cried the preacher to his people,  
 "Come and see the dear Bambino!"  
 Cried the bells to all the city,  
 And the loving call was heeded.  
 Rome, that climbed the Capitulum  
 When the pontiff with the Vestals  
 Marched to sacrifice to Satan,  
 Climbed unto the Shrine of Heaven,  
 And bowed down to the Bambino.  
 Mothers bore in arms their wee ones,  
 And while they were smiling tearful  
 At my sweetly pensive features,  
 Those I love leaped up with laughter,  
 And as now ye speak your speeches  
 On my feast from yonder platform,  
 So your fathers and your mothers  
 Of that olden generation,

Then like you but little children,  
 Yonder spoke their artless speeches,  
 Heaven too stooped down to greet me,  
 And I heard the choirs angelic  
 Hymn their "Glory to the Highest,"  
 And their "Peace to Men of Good Will."  
 Thus was passed that merry Christmas  
 Round my crib at Ara Coeli.  
 "'Twill be mine, that same Bambino,"  
 Said a noble Roman matron,  
 As she watched me in procession  
 Borne back to my little palace.  
 Nor was she deceived. The season  
 When my birth is celebrated  
 Came again with all its halo,  
 And the sweet scene was repeated,  
 And the friars in procession  
 Bore an infant to my palace,  
 But it was not the Bambino,  
 He was in the cozy manger  
 Of that noble Roman matron,  
 Short-lived, though, her ill-got treasure.  
 For when o'er the city midnight  
 Cast its spell, a sound of music,  
 Such as wins the ear of strangers  
 At the dawning of a feast-day,  
 Broke spontaneous from the bell-tower  
 Of the church of Ara Coeli.  
 "What is that untimely ringing?"  
 Asked the inmates of the convent,  
 "And that rapping at the doorway?"  
 "It is I," in still small accents,  
 Lisped a voice without; "O Brothers,  
 Welcome back your lost Bambino!"  
 Thereupon they oped the portals,  
 And they knew their own Bambino.  
 And they took me in, and begged me  
 To unfold for them the mystery.  
 Seated in their midst I told them  
 Of that noble Roman matron—  
 How my beauty had bewitched her,  
 How she studied long to steal me,  
 How she wrought a false Bambino,  
 How at dusk, when all were parted  
 From my crib, she crept up noiseless,  
 Set therein her own pretender,  
 And bore off the true Bambino;  
 How that night I left her manger,



Set therein my throne's usurper,  
 And returned to my dear brothers,  
 In their eyes I read the transports  
 Of their breasts, and 'mid hosannas  
 I ascended to my palace.  
 From that time no Roman matron  
 E'er has seen me cross her threshold,  
 Save when I was called to aid her  
 In the painful hour of illness.  
 Many a matron have I aided  
 In the painful hour of illness,  
 Many a child and many an old man.  
 'Twas for this that in the sweet month  
 Which ye call the month of Mary  
 I was crowned with golden crownlet.  
 Ye remember still the halo  
 That hung round my coronation:  
 How the dear old Ara Coeli  
 Decked with blooms and crimson hangings  
 And aglow with thousand wax fires  
 Looked as if let down from heaven!  
 While, amid the notes celestial  
 And the solemn rites and language  
 Of my spouse, her prince in purple  
 Crowned me 'fore my loving Romans  
 As their city's Benefactor.  
 Once I rode in papal carriage  
 Through illuminated streets, while  
 Rome, my city, bent in reverence.  
 Now my Vicar in yon palace  
 Dwells a prisoner, and his Master  
 Rides in a borrowed coach scarce noticed.  
 But the star that led the nations  
 To my feet once more is risen:

Swiftly shall it span the heavens,  
 Till, with circlelet bright, it linger  
 O'er my crib, and draw the mighty,  
 Ye who listen to my story  
 Shall not see your latest evening  
 Ere ye gaze upon my triumph.  
 Throned aloft in his own carriage  
 I shall issue with my Vicar.  
 Move where flower and flame shed splendor,  
 Mid my people bending lowly,  
 And the air shall ring with "Vivas":  
 "Live, long live the dear Bambino!  
 Live, long live his Royal Vicar!"  
 And the cry shall cross the twin seas  
 Of Italia, and from regions  
 Far beyond their sparkling billows—  
 From the lonely sands of Libya,  
 From Japan's remotest islands,  
 From the gold-fields of Australia,  
 From the streams of Patagonia,  
 From the groves of California,  
 From the ice-plains of Alaska  
 Shall come back the joyous echo,  
 "Live, long live the dear Bambino!  
 Live, long live his Royal Vicar!"  
 And the sound shall pierce the planets,  
 Pass the bounds of time and distance,  
 Reach the living throne of sapphire,  
 And my white-robed saints and angels,  
 All, in one harmonious chorus,  
 Shall repeat the note of gladness:  
 "Live, long live the dear Bambino!  
 Live, long live his royal Vicar!"

SOPHOMORE.

## OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER

Jim and Frank and I, although not birds of a feather, were very often together. We were quite happy in each other's company. In fact for the last two years of our college course we were almost inseparable. We were a sort of an earthy, a very earthy, trinity, and we felt that when we were together, our number was complete. Nothing was to be added to it, and much less, of course, was there anything to be subtracted. When Jim was absent, Frank and I, who prided ourselves upon being witty, and rather fluent conversationalists, had very little to say. All our wit seemed to have oozed away, or at least to have become dormant for the time being. Whence it is evident to the reader that Jim did the duty of a Falstaff for us, who, we are told, was not only witty himself but was the cause that wit was in others. On the other hand, when Jim and I were together, we were the dull-est duet on earth. Our Falstaff then became a mere ordinary dull fellow, whose *raison d'être* I could not for the life of me discover. He was the cause not of wit being in me, but what is known as a "bored feeling." And to be frank, I suppose he had similarly hard thoughts of me for I often caught him yawning in my unsupplemented company.

As for Jim and Frank, when I was not with them—well, they nearly al-

ways fought. I was not there to pour oil on the troubled waters, and without this preventative, Frank's breezy wit was generally sure to lash the waters of Jim's sluggish nature into a mild tempest. This being the condition of affairs, I felt as if I were the most consequential personage of the trio; each of the others could be dispensed with, and the remaining could live at least in peace; but when I was gone, there was war.

Jim had a character all for himself. He was *sui generis*, as they say in Latin. He was like one of those Yale-lock arrangements that have no duplicates. In appearance he was an ordinary enough 18-year-old boy, rather tall, square-shouldered, and a trifle inclined to a flabby sort of corpulency, which arose no doubt from the sedulous care with which he avoided athletic exercises, or indeed work of any kind. Moreover, he had eyes—blue, placid eyes, which like their owner, took a rest whenever they had the opportunity, and stared into vacancy. The whole man was surmounted and finished off by a crop of colorless flaxen hair, that Jim particularly gloried in, in spite of my insisting that it lacked character.

Now to get beneath the outer crust. Jim was quite talented, but ambition was not his ruling sin. It was not as prominent in him, as it was even



in Caesar,—as described by Antony. His mind was a piece of rich, loamy, soil, which generously repaid whatever toil was expended upon it by a crop of a hundred-fold. But the toil was almost nothing, and Jim's intellectual crop consisted of an acquaintance with novels and magazines, and detective stories, and —wheat amid the chaff— with a good deal of both ancient and modern history. He was very generous, was Jim, and his generosity wasn't of that paltry one-sided kind that includes everybody except its possessor; Jim was as generous to himself as to anyone else, if not more so. When he entered college, he had fine clothes galore, various styles of hats; boots enough for an Alaskan expedition; two or three fine razors, and all the rest of the little that man wants here below. He was too large-minded and lazy to keep his belongings under lock and key, or even in his own allotted section of the different apartments; on the contrary, he made the whole college his wardrobe, and there was not a corner of it where some article or other bearing his initials could not be found. His property thus came naturally enough to be regarded as public property, and whenever any student could not find his hat, for instance, or found his hat not stylish enough, well! there was Jim's hat, and it was sure to be just the right thing. The despoiled owner once in a while tried to assert his authority over these kidnapped items of apparel; it is said, and on fair authority, too, that he once so far for-

got himself as to hit a boy whom he saw returning from town with his— Jim's—best breeches on. But as a rule, he took the socialistic ways of his friends quite philosophically, and consoled himself in his state of pillage, by helping himself in turn to whatever came first to hand. According to the scripture injunction, he was not solicitous wherewith he should be clothed. He toiled not, neither did he spin— further than yarns—but he arrayed himself in his neighbors' raiment, and Solomon in all his glory was but a circumstance to him. Often thus the majority of his garments were not his at all, but none the less he would strut around in them feeling perfectly at ease and presenting a most perfect miniature of a cosmopolitan clothing emporium—a fur cap from a French-Canadian, a belt from a Texan, a handkerchief from the Lord knows whom, a pair of kid gloves from his next-desk neighbor. As for such nondescript articles as towels, soap, etc., why he couldn't begin to look after them, and every morning, after washing his face and soaking his hair he might be seen with bowed head, half-closed eyes, and tow-locks all streaming going around begging the loan of a towel. It is no surprise therefore that every man had his hand against Jim, and Jim had his hand against every man, but it was all in a good-natured way, and it was generally conceded that Jim was more sinned against than sinning.

Frank can be disposed of in a few



words. He was a thin, skinny fellow, with sharp features on which was stamped an expression of slyness, with a tinge of ill-nature and a decided inclination for drollery. He was reserved and cautious when he chose to be, thus being the very reverse of Jim. As for myself, I was about half-way between my two friends, and acted as a cement to bind them together.

Frank and I were very fond of practical jokes, so much so that I ever since hold in dread the saying of Macaulay, that a love of practical jokes is in grown up people the invariable sign of a bad heart. Jim was of course the unfailing butt of our mischief, which he usually bore very well, until an extra straw would be placed upon his already overlaiden back. Then he would suddenly pass from his normal tranquility into a tempestuous rage; all the epithets of the detective stories, and all the most flagrant examples of turpitude in ancient or modern history would be hurled at our devoted heads. Our mode of defense consisted in keeping quiet and looking as aggrieved as possible, and it worked like a charm. In a few moments the storm was over, the clouds passed away from Jim's brow, and the twin suns of Jim's blue eyes shone out genially from the wide expanse of his flabby freckled face. However, we would not be appeased too quickly; we made it a point to maintain a cold air of dignity for a while, until our persecutor would feel ashamed of himself and confess that he

had been a thorough-going brute. Then we would consent to forgive and forget, the old familiarity was renewed, and ere long we had Jim victimized again.

With such a trick-provoking object as Jim ever before us as a temptation, it was only to be expected that Frank and I frequently got into trouble with the college authorities. In our pursuance of him, we forgot the exact limitations of the rules, but while we felt the material punishment for the same, we saw to it that the guilt and remorse were felt by our victim. However, the fun was not altogether one-sided; we had to take as well as give, for Jim's shrewdness managed to turn the tables upon us at times. But the greatest scrape he ever led us into was one in connection with a Xmas dinner.

The trio of us were spending some of our Xmas holidays in Montreal. We were supposed to return to our homes, some hundred miles distant, for Xmas eve, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, had stopped over for another day. We were having a very gay time of it, and we assisted each other not only to spend our time merrily but our cash as well, and towards Xmas eve, it looked as if we should have to dispense with a Xmas dinner worthy of the name. To avoid such a catastrophe, Frank and I put our heads together and came to the conclusion to try more economy. So after much whispering and shaking of hands and side glances at the supposedly in-

attentive Jim, we braced over to him and deposited our purses in his lap. "There," said we, "take care of our money; you have a more saving sense than both of us together and we hereby appoint you the treasurer of this expedition." Jim felt immensely honored at the trust reposed in him, and he promised to furnish out of the common purse such a Xmas dinner on the morrow as we had never conceived of. And with this, he emptied out our purses into his own without even taking the trouble to count our treasures.

But we were not so indifferent. We not only knew what we had entrusted to him, but we were determined to get every cent of it back again, and his own money into the bargain. As a matter of fact, our plan was to steal the "common purse" during the dead of night when Jim would be sleeping the sleep of the just, with the double object of taking care of his money for him, and enjoying the consternation into which he would be thrown on discovering the robbery.

In the dead of night, then, we set about our nefarious purpose. We entered Jim's room when his loud snoring assured us that there was nothing to fear. Search as we might, however, we could not find the purse; we turned all his clothes inside out, we turned the room upside down, but all in vain. The next morning our treasurer rushed into my room to inform me that his room had been broken into during the night, that half his clothes were

stolen, and, worse than all, that the money was gone, every cent of it. He was greatly excited, and it was all I could do to save myself from laughing outright in his face. Frank and I consoled him as well as we could, told him we detected the odor of ether in the room,—whereupon Jim discovered that he was feeling very sick and upset—made an inventory of his clothes and assured him that they were all there and that none of them were stolen. He had to take our word for it, for we were better judges in the matter than he. But the purse could not be found high or low, and though for a time we took the matter as a joke in the belief that the money was only mislaid, yet when after the closest scrutiny, it was not forthcoming, our faces gradually began to sober up and to lengthen perceptibly. There was nothing for it but to face the truth, and acknowledge to each other that the money was actually stolen. What were we to do? Here we were in a foreign city, two hundred miles from home, where no one knew us, and not a cent to get a meal on. Luckily we had our railway tickets, and our rooms had been paid for some days in advance. Our first thought was to send for a detective; Jim wanted him the worst way; but on maturer thought Frank and I dissented, fearing lest our own midnight prowling should be discovered. We had no money left, except a few nickels, our train did not leave until 3 p. m., and our credit at the restaurant was



not good. To go without breakfast was bearable enough, but to go minus that Xmas dinner, of which we had dreamed by night and by day—that was the crown of our evil plight. It was really out of the question. We must have a Xmas dinner and a royal one, too!

But how to manage it? We all set to thinking and such brilliant schemes as were the result never were heard of. It is wonderful how a light stomach does clarify the brain. After all, that old dyspeptic Plato was not so far wrong when he said that the only true way to live was to take no breakfast. We lived the true life that Xmas morning. I'd advise all students to try it—I'd keep it up myself if my head were not clear enough already.

Our schemes, then, were all extremely clever, but they had this drawback that by no manner of means would they work. In this respect, they were the children of their inventors. Finally, an idea crossed Jim's mind that he recognized as the right thing at once. "Eureka!" he cried, jumping up in excitement, "eureka! I have it, I have it; follow me to the Bijou on Windsor Square." And when we recovered from the shock of Jim's getting excited over an idea, the three of us found ourselves on the street on our way to the Bijou, listening to the man with an idea as he unfolded his plan.

We entered the splendid hotel as bold as kings for we were all pretty well dressed, and rather good-looking,

too, besides having what is called a distingue air about us. Jim perhaps excepted. We ordered a private room and dinner for three—French soups and oyster patties, and fish and game, and foreign sauces and sweetmeats, and—and Madeira and, well, no! not champagne—to tell the truth we were total abstainers, and the wine was merely to overawe the French waiter. There were other things also, too numerous and delicious to mention. We took nearly an hour and a half at that dinner. How we did enjoy everything; it was surely the best dinner we ever sat down to, and the memory of it will ever remain green in my heart.

Everything, more or less, comes to an end, and at last we called for the bill. The waiter brought it, as pompous as you please, on a silver salver. I put my hand in my pocket, whereupon Frank jumped up saying: "Come, come, I'll stand for this; it was I who proposed it and chose the wines." And he put his hand into his pocket. "Great Scott!" cried Jim, "why, I protest! It was I who ordered the dinner, and I insist on my right of paying; the cost is but a trifle anyhow." And he put his hand into his pocket. The waiter stood by grinning and smirking and thinking this great fun. "An idea strikes me," I said; "waiter, we'll blindfold you and shut the door, and whoever you catch first will pay the bill." At this my friends clapped their hands, and each one protested that he would be the first to be caught. The



waiter, feeling as proud as a peacock over the condescension of three such spirited young gentlemen, gave us a napkin to tie over his eyes, and let us spin him around a half-dozen times until he could hardly stand from dizziness. "Now, go it," I cried, and he began feeling about cautiously as he was afraid to upset the table. He first went to a closet, and while he made a noise opening it and feeling inside, I slid to another door and gently pulled it ajar. In a twinkling we were all three walking briskly down the street in the direction of the railway depot, feeling now as if we were aldermen and the next moment as if we had sacked a hen-roost. We walked as fast as we thought we could without exciting attention, but we must have betrayed some signs of nervousness, for frequently we saw the eyes of passers-by fixed on us suspiciously. We got to the station half an hour before the train was to leave, and we ensconced ourselves in the most retired part of the waiting-room for the interim.

Frank and I were rather nervous. I must confess, but Jim seemed to enjoy the situation hugely. As if he wanted to provoke attention, he became as boisterous and unruly as Frank and his own obesity would permit him. He had Frank irritated to the confines of nervous prostration. Whenever any passer-by was within ear-shot, Jim would drop some remark, in his loudest voice, about the

waiter playing hide-and-seek, and wondered if he had yet taken the napkin off his face, and pictured, in that case, the look of unutterable astonishment that succeeded the napkin when our obliging French man found himself in complete solitude.

"The poor imbecile," groaned Frank to me in despair, "he has not sense enough to realize our dreadful situation."

"Say," interrupted Jim, serenely, "isn't that a licensed detective over there? Gracious, he is looking this way."

"For Heaven's sake," hissed Frank savagely, "keep that face of yours quiet. Don't you know that your tow-head is enough to sell us? There is nothing in Montreal like it, or anywhere else, for that matter."

All went, however, well for about ten minutes; no one in the shape of a policeman or detective as far as we could see, came to bother us. But would that train never get ready? I noticed a smooth little fellow looking at us with more than passing interest.

The fellow went away and we saw no more of him until five minutes later when we found him right upon us in company with—the French waiter. Heavens and earth! We were in for it now! "All right," said Frank, "you are responsible for all this; just get out of it as best you may." And he arose to depart. "Oh, no," said the

smooth little article, as he pulled a police whistle out of his breast, "Oh, no, you just sit down here for a few moments." And Frank sat down and buried his disgusted-looking face in his hands. "Now," said the little man, "as you are a half decent looking lot, we'll give you your choice—either pay us whatever bill we see fit to charge, or let me introduce you to some of those puny policemen over yonder." "Mak eem pay ze beel, mak eem pay ze beel," interjected the waiter, "four dollars for ze deenay—pour chacun—fif dollars for ze partner, eh, ten dollars for me." Indignation at this outrageous demand gave us courage, and we sailed into that French waiter with a torrent of language that a merciful Providence saved him from understanding. We protested against such highway robbery in the name of the law, and informed him that we could never pay the sum demanded for evident reasons, the most evident of which was that we had not a cent to our name, having been robbed by one of his countrymen. "In that case," said the "partner," "I might as well blow this police whistle."

"Stope un meenut," pleaded the Frenchman, "Geev me fiftin dollars and eets allright."

"Fifteen dollars be hanged," said Jim, who was by far the coolest of the three of us, "Make it twelve and call it square. That'll mean five dollars profit."

"Oh, no, no," quoth the Frenchman, "tink of ze trouble."

"Well, I tell you what," said Frank, "here, take this coat; it's worth more than fifteen and keep it till we send you your money."

"Geev me twelf dollars," said the Frenchman, "and eets awe-kay."

"Eleven dollars, did you say," asked Jim, as he put his hand in his pocket, "—well, here it is, and now here's our train. Let's get aboard. Now, Frenchy, understand that this is all a joke; we were going to pay you by letter after you got that napkin off. We're not thieves. Au revoir." And they let us depart.

If Jim had been suddenly revealed to us as a Klondyke king or an oil-magnate, we could hardly have been more astounded. Astonishment and gratitude at our timely deliverance were the first feelings we experienced, but these soon gave way to a just indignation at the shabby trick he had played on us.

But he was imperturbable, and only smiled benignantly at our reproaches.

"I advise you not to burglarize my room again," he said, "until I've fallen asleep."

"Well, anyhow, the joke is as much at your own expense as ours," said Frank. "You must be out a few dollars."

"Yes," drawled Jim, "but I'm not out of temper, and anyway I have both your donations which will keep me in pocket-money till I get back to college."

C. D., '07.

# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

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*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Dear Reader—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! This expression sounds trite, does it not? But

as long as it comes from the heart, it should never get tiresome. The heart does not tire beating strong with af-



fection for its friends. And Time does not tire bringing around this holy season on the cycle of the years.

\* \* \*

Nearly all the poetry, and a portion of the prose, in the body of this issue of the Redwood is religious in tone. So far are we from apologizing for this, that we only regret that we have not more distinctly religious Christmas fiction for our friends. But as the number was gotten up at an unusually short notice, we let it go as it is, and trust to our reader's indulgence.

\* \* \*

A Christmas number of a magazine not religious in tone is a shell without the kernel. It is a sham and a deceit. Christmas first and foremost commemorates the "good tidings of great joy" of our dear Saviour's birth. It commemorates the greatest act of love that Time or Eternity shall ever behold—the All Holy Judge sharing the criminal's repute; Divinity descending to Humanity; Humanity raised to the Divinity; the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity become a helpless Babe.

\* \* \*

How heartless, then, and shallow is the idea that a Christmas celebration consists merely in a family reunion, a fir-tree spreading its decorated branches in the centre of the parlor, and a row of juvenile hosiery pendant from the kitchen mantel-piece! Not that these things are not commendable

as far as they go, but if we go no farther, how are we better than the pagans? While we do not omit these, let us do what is more important. Let our Christmas happiness radiate from the Crib; let our first duty be to go over to Bethlehem, as the shepherds did, to see that which has come to pass, and there worship in humility and faith.

\* \* \*

But why get critical and ill-natured at this joyous season of the year? Well, the Angels who uttered the first Christmas greetings were even more ill-natured. They would not greet everybody, but confined their compliments to a favored number; they bade peace only to men of good-will.

\* \* \*

Whence it is evident that Christmas-tide does not mean real peace and happiness for as many as appearances would indicate. The men of good-will alone have the God-given right to rejoice therein. But who are they? Assuredly not the infidel, or the irreligious. Goodness of will must be gauged by its attitude towards the Divinely Intimate and Jealous Ruler of Hearts. He who excludes God from the object of his devotion has far less right to be styled a man of good-will, than a son who while generous and obsequious to his friends, despises and neglects his parents.

\* \* \*

Rev. Fr. Rector in his address to us

at our last class-exhibition, exhorted us not to be selfish in our Christmas "good-time." The point is well taken. After being several months away from home, we are apt to be made a good deal of. And reflecting on the hard work of these months, the early rising, the late study, the rules of Yenni, the abstrusities of calculus, and all the pontes asinorum that a student has to stumble across, we are apt also to feel quite satisfied that we deserve the very best treatment that can be given us.

\* \* \*

Now this is all very true, but then—there are others. We have not been the only laborers on the face of the earth; we have not been the only children of Adam condemned to eat our bread in the sweat of our brow. The old folks at home have worked harder than we; they have toiled for us—toiled unselfishly and unassumingly. They have forgotten themselves in their devotion to our welfare and should we not be careful to give them the very best Christmas gifts and all the happiness at our command?

\* \* \*

The best gift we can give our parents is—ourselves. No matter how others regard or disregard us, we know we are the sunshine—or ought to be—of their lives. Let us then give them a generous share of our company during the holidays, and not go home in

order to be as much as possible away from home.

\* \* \*

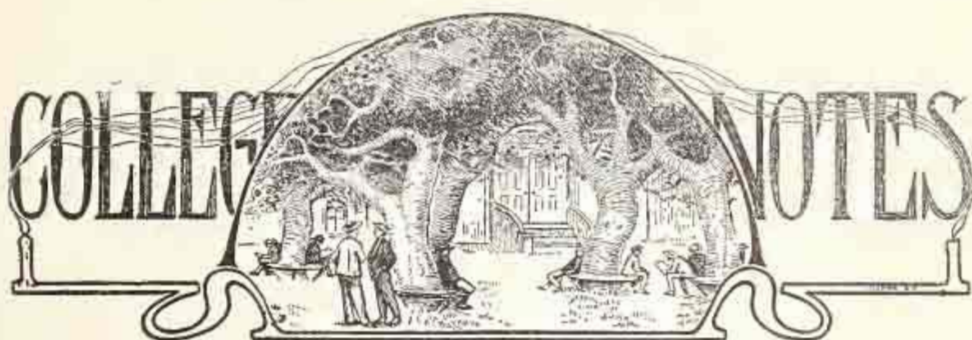
The Redwood wishes all the students a most enjoyable vacation, and hopes that at its close we shall all be again united. It would also gently breathe the prayer that should a rainy spell or any other such untoward event spoil the holidays, the boys, instead of getting under the weather, will brace up, take a pen in hand, and therewith trace on foolscap—one side of the sheet only, mind you—a story, an essay, a poem, or any other literary creation that may serve to grace the pages of the Redwood during the remaining year.

\* \* \*

What a comfortable feeling it will be when the wolf is at the door, I mean when the printer's devil is at our heels seeking what he may devour in the shape of copy,—what a comfortable thing it will be to have only to plunge our editorial hand into our desk and from it produce prose and poetry, fact and fiction in bewildering confusion. Our dim eye sparkles bright, and our smouldering heart glows warm at the mere thought of it. May these good tidings of great joy be to us after the holidays; then and then only shall there be peace to those overworked men of good-will, the Redwood staff.

Martin V. Merle, '06 Spec'l.





### Philosopher's Day

The Philosopher's day, that day of all the year, of course I mean the school year, most beloved of the dignified Philosophers, has come and gone,—its coming awaited with eager anticipation, its presence celebrated with rough house serene, and its passing marked with,—well, we all know what comes with the morning after. It has been the custom at Santa Clara College for years and years, even back to the times when "innovations" were unknown, that the Senior and Junior Phils. should on the twenty-fifth day of November of each year celebrate with due gravity and solemnity the feast day of the Patroness of Philosophers, St. Catherine. To do so properly requires a trip away from the College of course, and so, after much careful debate, the Villa at Stevens Creek was chosen as the rendezvous, and thither the dignified lovers of wisdom wended their several ways, the Seniors and their outfit seeming to have an un-

usual proclivity for getting lost, though they got there in the end as they usually do. I will not attempt to chronicle that day's happenings, for the sake of those who still believe in the idea of the exalted dignity of a Philosopher, lest I hurt their ideals and the Philosophers' feelings. We all know what usually happens when a crowd of College boys get together on a long expected outing,—well this was no exception. We followed the usual picnic procedure. The lunch was a tribute to the caterer's art, and was enjoyed by us to the utmost. We returned in the lengthening shadows of evening, thoroughly tired out and thoroughly satisfied.

### Thanksgiving Eve Entertainment

The Thespians have again united and with the assistance of the Senior and Junior Glee Clubs they presented a successful dramatic and musical enter-



tainment in the College Hall, Thanksgiving eve. The unpleasant weather brought us but a medium-sized crowd, though an enthusiastic and well pleased one. The program consisted of two parts, a musical melange, "A Day in Camp," made up of songs by the Glee Club, cornet solos, recitations, and of course the orchestra. The second half, a "funny farce" in one act portrayed the trials of the much abused editor of the "Deadwood" and was written especially for this occasion by Martin Merle, '06. It was a pronounced success. In it Harry McKenzie and Jim Twohy made their debuts upon the college stage. The "Comedy Four" has lost two of its members and recruited but one new one and now appears as the "Comedy Three" consisting of Aguirre, O'Reilly, and Shea, the new recruit. Lee Murphy and Floyd Allen, both of "Light Eternal" fame, and Ivo Bogan, also appeared in the same farce and were well received.

To select the bright particular stars of each performance would be a difficult task and one we have no desire to undertake. Perhaps we shall be justified, however, in bringing out a pedestal for Harry McKenzie who figured prominently in each part of the program. His song, "My Irish Molly O" caused thunderous applause, while his rendering of Leo Gong, the office boy, in the farce, brought down the house.

Another unusual and interesting number in the first half of the program, was "The Tinkers' Chorus" by

the Junior Glee Club. The youngsters had a novel stunt and one that excited unusual applause, being given four encores, each of which was responded to in a way that showed a surprising quickness of invention and great presence of mind on their part. The Tinkers' Chorus was certainly not surpassed by any other number on the program. From George Mayerle, the leader, down to Andrew Rudgear they all deserve unstinted praise for their performance and Fr. Fox is to be congratulated upon his success in rehearsing them.

## The Senate

It seems that we must once again make our old excuse that our meeting nights were few and far between. Wednesday night seems to be popular among the Thespians as well as among the coming statesmen, and they sometimes demand a chance to show their ability, at our expense. On Thanksgiving eve, however, we felt that our loss was more than compensated for by the entertainment that took us from our meeting. However, we have succeeded in settling the momentous Chinese question, and it seems to be the will of the Senators that the "heathen Chince" should be kept out. The fate of football has also been decided, and strange to say the decision was against the game, though it was warmly upheld by some of our gridiron

stars who were defending it. Senators Plank, Allen, Carter and C. Byrnes defended the question, but the decision went with Senators Leonard, Atteridge, Riordan and O'Reilly, who upheld the negative side. The question now under consideration is the Government Ownership and Control of Railroads. Senator Allen of Arizona opened the question for the Affirmative and after stating the question in brief and advancing a few pertinent arguments he left the floor to Senator J. Byrnes from San Rafael, who led the Negative side of the question. His speech was interrupted by a committee from the House, on some important business, and when they had retired they left scarcely enough time before adjournment for Senator Fitzgerald of Georgetown to continue the debate for the Affirmative. We should like to give the speeches in detail, but space and time will not permit;—the printer cries "More Copy!" By the time this issue comes from the press we shall have had the closing meeting of one of the most interesting and prosperous fall sessions in the history of our Senate.

### **The House**

The first session of the House of Philhistorians is drawing to a most successful close. At the beginning of the present semester its hopes were somewhat blasted when the Senate drew upon it for several of its best

members. It has, however, long since made good this loss by some nineteen fresh and ambitious debaters so that, according to the testimony of old-timers, the House was never in a more flourishing condition than at present.

In reviewing the debates of the past three months, it is difficult to judge which one has been the best. All have been interesting, all have meant the best work of the members. Our first debate, however, on the much-mooted subject of "Football," still lingers as a pleasant memory. It was truly an ideal topic for initial controversy—touching the vital interests of almost every college student and affording him an easy and ample theme for display of his eloquence. Doubtless it was this first debate which, at the very start, aroused the Representatives and they have been up and doing ever since.

Only one more contention will take place before the Christmas holidays. It concerns the question whether or not the prescribed course of a so-called Business College properly fits a person for a successful business career. Representatives McKay, Chandler and O'Connor will maintain that it does not while Representatives J. Twohy, Leibert and L. Murphy will try to convince us that it does.

### **Junior Dramatic Society**

"Although the meetings of the Junior Dramatic Society, in the past



month, were few and far between, still the excellence of the debates more than made up for their deficiency in number. The question, "Resolved that Poetry has a greater influence on mankind than Oratory," was beyond doubt the best debated of the year. Messrs. Dunne and Harris upheld the affirmative side while Messrs. Pierce and Ivancovich sustained the negative. The first affirmative led off for his side by defining poetry to be anything that excites pathos, sorrow, pity or gaiety and thus did not have to confine himself to that which is written in verse. He went further and showed that it was the poetry of the great masters that caused their works to be so widely read and he attempted to show that it had greater influence than the works of the great orator. The first negative now arose and although his arguments were good still the arguments of the first affirmative were for the most part left unrefuted. Mr. Harris, second on the affirmative side, did very well considering the fact that it was but his second appearance, presenting a number of telling arguments. And now, amid a death-like silence, the second negative, Mr. Ivancovich arose. It was a sight wonderful to behold. He began slowly, but gradually warming up, he soared higher and higher, until at last he finished amidst a storm of applause. Surely after such a masterful speech he could not lose. But alas, often our fondest hopes are doomed to disappointment. The first

affirmative arose and in the short time allowed him he showed his skill at rebuttal and by this speech the debate was won. Mr. Dunne deserves great credit for his masterly handling of the question and he has shown himself to be a debater of no mean ability. At this debate we had as our guest of honor, an old member of the society, Fr. Ford, S. J. He expressed himself as being very well pleased with the debate and in a little talk pointed out our faults and encouraged us in our work.

Not a little praise is due the members of the Junior Dramatic Society for the good work accomplished during the now quickly passing semester. They have striven hard to place their society, which, strange to say, is not merely a dramatic society as the name implies, but a debating society, upon the footing which it deserves. One has but to visit them and listen to one of their well prepared debates to assure himself of their high-standing.

## The League

The premature close of the football season caused an early awakening in baseball interest this year. Long since, the fans and devotees of the diamond assembled and as a result,—The Santa Clara College Mid-Winter League. Three teams have been chosen from among the swatters of the leather sphere. They are "Salt Lake," managed by Jack Shea, C. Kilburn, cap-



tain; "Frisco," with J. Byrnes as manager, M. Shafer as captain; and the "Gilroys," with Floyd Allen, manager, and "Rube" Feeney, captain. Mr. Morton has been selected as President of the League, and he, with the Captains and Managers of the respective teams, constitute the Advisory Committee by whom all contentions are settled.

At the present date, Frisco leads the list, having played six games, winning four and losing but two; Gilroy coming second with three and three. Salt Lake "also ran," losing three games and having but one to its credit. Among the individual players Joe Collins has the record for heavy hitting, batting about .700. The quick and sure ones are led by Mervyn Shafer with a fielding average of 1000. Wolters, Collins and Byrnes have the records for foxiness, having stolen about nine bags each. All the teams are working hard for the pennant and of course the spread with which its winning is celebrated. The second division have also caught the fever and

are not far behind. Three teams have been organized by them and are all doing good work on the diamond, but more of them later.

### Junior Tennis Club

For steady perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness the First Division tennis enthusiasts would do well to look to the Junior Tennis Club in the Second Division. The youngsters have located in "The Vineyard" and working with steady determination and perseverance, have produced a court that is the equal of any in the college. Their organization under the following officers tells part of the secret. President, James Lee; Secretary, Joseph Sheehan; Treasurer, C. O'Rourke; Censors, I. Talbot, B. Hurst, H. Hogan. They are under the able direction of Mr. Fox, perhaps this also tells the other part of the secret.

R. E. FITZGERALD, '06.



The exchange editor at this joyful season of the year, undoubtedly, can not help being influenced by the Christmas atmosphere, and consequently hardly thinks it appropriate to indulge in adverse criticism when a spirit of joy and good fellowship should reign supreme.

The Redwood extends to its contemporaries its heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas, and for a most successful journalistic New Year. Our only regret will be that these greetings may possibly be rather tardy in reaching our Eastern friends.

An analysis of the November numbers of the college journals shows that the month has been one of contemplation. Winter with its chill winds has driven us to the fireside, and perhaps unconsciously to reflection. The stories, poems, etc., have assumed a tone in keeping with the season. Here and there, visions of Christmas time assert themselves, and the effect is an atmosphere of cheerfulness and hopefulness peculiar to the season of peace and good-will.

#### GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL

The Journal for November opens with an apostrophe to Winter. We can hardly avoid comparing its picture of ice and snow with the mildness of our California winter, and when we suggested the thought to the Business Manager, who is an Eastern man and an economist, he at once began a comparison of fuel bills. "The Unexpected Telegrams," the title of a clever little story, places the recipient of the telegram in a unique predicament, and eventually leads him happiness. Oh! yes, of course, it results in his marriage to the heroine. The Journal in common with many others resents the omission of the name of Edgar Allen Poe from the "Hall of Fame," and it has very ably championed his cause in two essays, "Poe and the Hall of Fame."

#### THE BRUNONIAN

The fiction in the Brunonian for November is decidedly interesting. A

sketch entitled "The Teacher" is full of action and carries a ring of originality with it. Some of the troubles of the manager are related in "the somewhat different" football story of the Brunonian. It is called "Two Telegrams." Two good offerings in poetry are "Down Broadway," and "A Winter Night."

#### FLEUR DE LIS

"Indian Summer" is a charming bit of verse. The determination of the

peasantry and their capacity for intense hatred, are very ably illustrated in a short story with the French Revolution for its setting, entitled, "The Passing of Monseigneur." We were very much interested in "The Story of the Portsmouth Conference." It narrates the experiences of the correspondents at the famous peace conference. Two essays, "The Clash With Socialism," and "Courtesy," make this issue of the Fleur de Lis a journal of genuine literary merit.

LEO. J. ATTERIDGE, '06.



# ALUMNI



William J. Maher, '05 Com. dropped in a couple of weeks ago to pay a visit to his Alma Mater. He was induced to take part in a baseball game, but by the time three innings were played, he retired as he said he was not accustomed to such strenuous exercise. Willie is at present holding down a position in the office of the A. R. Hall wholesale jewelers, San Francisco.

Robert E. Keefe, '02, and Charles Graham, '98, accompanied by several of their team-mates of the Tacoma baseball club, called during the past month to revisit the scenes of their college days. Among the number was also our ever popular baseball coach of last season,—Wallace Bray, or as he is better known in baseball circles, "Happy Hogan."

Lawrence Degnan, '03, with a complexion tinged to a nut-brown hue, was a caller at the college during the past

month. Mr. Degnan has been in the employ of the Government as a surveyor, his field of work being in the Yosemite valley.

Edward H. Cosgriff, '02, was among us a few days ago. He is the same hale and hearty "Ed" as of yore. His present occupation is in the employ of the Internal Revenue Service.

Edward L. Kirk of the '04 Junior class, now a professor at St. Ignatius College, attended the meeting of the Knights of Columbus which was held in San Jose during the last month. Though getting somewhat rotund, the 'Doc' is the same square old chap as of old. It is not meant by this that he is a square circle.

Elmer E. Smith, S. B. '91 is at present one of Merced's most prominent business men.

ROB'T E. SHEPHERD, '07.

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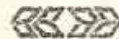
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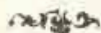
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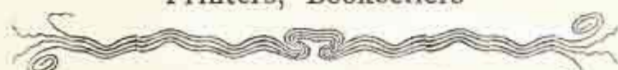
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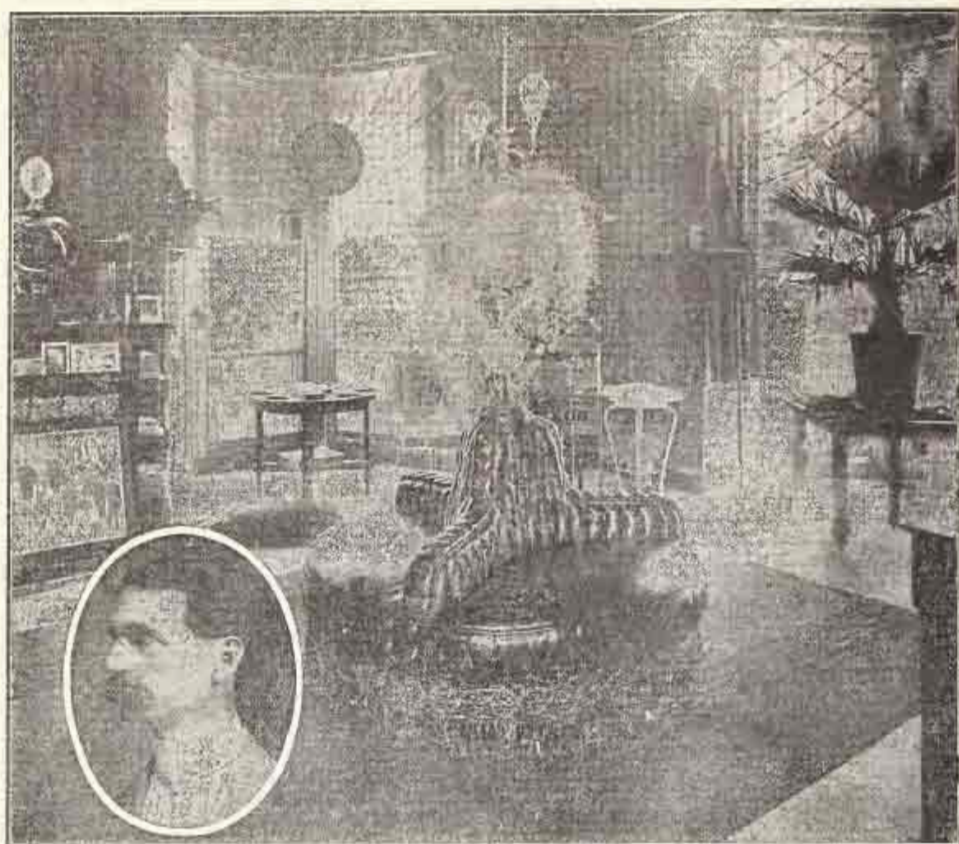
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# THE REDWOOD



FEBRUARY, 1906





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**SANTA CLARA**

Delivered in Santa Clara and All Parts of San Jose

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FATHER JAMES BOUCHARD, S. J.



# The Redwood.

*Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

Vol. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 5

## PEACE

*Where may the heart find deep calm rest,  
And gnawing care's surcease?  
In some far Islands of the Blest  
— Ah nay! along the busy street,  
Amid the noonday's burning heat,  
In eyes that laugh with youth's fair sheen,  
In hoary age's pensive mien,  
E'en by the bier where love lies still,  
In all life's good, in all life's ill,  
Whene'er we do God's holy will,  
Our hearts abound in peace.*

*J. H., '08.*



**FATHER JAMES BOUCHARD, S. J.**THE APOSTLE OF MODERN CALIFORNIA

---

In 1800 a French family consisting of father and mother, and a little son and daughter, emigrants from Auvergne, settled in Texas in a secluded and fertile valley, watered by the little Rio Frio. At this time the lone star state was a part of Mexico, and was the home of many Indian tribes, especially the fierce Comanches, who roamed at will over its endless painted deserts in search of food, and, what was as essential to an Indian brave, the scalps of their enemies. The little French family settled in the very midst of those sanguinary children of the plains, and, like the lamb of the scriptural prophecy who was on visiting terms with the lion, were on the most friendly relations with them. This was due, no doubt, to their own tact in giving the savages such marks of good-will as disarmed in their case the hereditary hatred towards the white man. This happy condition of affairs continued several years, when an unfortunate incident brought about a fatal rupture. A band of roving Comanches had been massacred and robbed by a troop of lawless Mexicans on the Rio Grande. Immediately the war spirit was enkindled all over the country of the Comanches: every individual of the savage tribe was inflamed with hate for the pale face, and revenge, at whatever cost, and upon whomsoever they could, was the order of the hour. A party of them made their

way to the little household in the valley of the river Frio, and surrounded it during the silence of the night, when the unsuspecting victims were wrapped in slumber. At a given signal they raised the dreadful war-whoop, burst open the doors, seized the inmates, and after despoiling the house of whatever could be carried off, set it on fire.

The captives were led on a forced and painful march northward to the village of the Comanches. Here the father and mother were tortured by the cruel savages to their hearts' content, and at last were burned to death by a slow fire before the eyes of their helpless children. When all was over, the heart-broken Louis, then a boy of ten years, was claimed by a chief whose son and heir had lately fallen in battle, and was taken by him to Arizona, where he probably succeeded his adopted father as chief of the tribe. His little sister never saw nor heard of him again. She, then a child of seven years, who had been brought up in the happy little valley of the Frio, survived, Heaven knows how! the atrocious cruelties practiced before her tender eyes, on her beloved father and mother, and was adopted into the family of another chief. He lived in the north of Texas and brought up his young charge in a manner becoming the daughter of the head of a powerful Indian tribe.

When she was about fourteen years of age she accompanied the chief's family to a French trading-post on the Upper Red River. There she became acquainted with young Kistalawa, son of the chief of the Lenni-Lennapi, who asked for her in marriage. After much hickering and wrangling, the reluctant father deemed it more prudent to yield, and two years later Marie Elizabeth Beshor, or Monotawan—White Antelope—as she was called, became the wife of Kistalwa, and in course of time, the mother of two sons—Chiwendotah, the elder; and the younger, Watomika, or Swift Foot, the subject of this sketch.

Watomika was the idol of his parents. His mother taught him when a child to love and revere the Great Spirit, to respect the medicine men and the aged, to help the poor and distressed, to be kind and generous towards his friends, to hate all the enemies of his tribe, and, above all, the pale-faced stranger. Poor Marie Elizabeth! With all her good qualities, it was evident that she had become Monotawan indeed, had forgotten the father and mother who were burnt before her eyes, and that her own race had become an object of abhorrence to her. Watomika proved an apt pupil in every respect. When not more than seven years old he used to gather his dark-skinned companions around him, and teach them what his mother had just taught him about Manitou, the Great Spirit. The child was here the father of the man.

His father, on the other hand, taught

him all the manly arts that formed the accomplished brave. He taught him to wield the bow, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife; to ride, and wrestle, and run foot-races, in which his name of Swift Foot marked his success. He ardently loved the chase, and accompanied his father on hunting expeditions, where he distinguished himself by his pluck and endurance.

When about eleven years old, Watomika lost his father in an attack on the Sioux. And now we come to the turning point in his career. A certain Mr. Williamson visited the tribe and induced Watomika to accompany him to Marietta College, O., there to be educated as a Presbyterian. A few months weaned him from his savage ways, and dried his tears at the thought of his Monotawan in her forest home. He was a diligent student, exact in the discharge of every duty, and his success in his studies was marked, especially in English. He was naturally pious and given to prayer and meditation on divine things, and it is said that he fasted rigorously once a week, at the expense of a good deal of ridicule on the part of his companions.

At the end of his studies, with a mind well formed and stocked with varied learning, he resolved to become a Presbyterian minister. In preparation for this great step, he gave himself more than ever to prayer and austerity. He often fasted, thus to merit light from God to dispel the doubts that ever and anon overspread his mind concerning the



Calvinistic doctrines which he was studying, and was to teach to others. His prayers were answered in a way he little dreamt of.

Having been sent to St. Louis to supply the place of an absent preacher, Mr. Beshor, as he was then called, happened one day, through curiosity, to stroll into the Jesuit church of that city. At the moment a celebrated missionary was giving an instruction. It touched the very points that had troubled him most. He hungered for further information. The result was that he became a Catholic in January, 1846, and a year and a half later he entered the Jesuit Noviate at Florissant. After his entrance he wrote to Fr. De Smet: "I have generously though not without a fearfully contested battle, sacrificed all that was near and dear to my heart to follow our Lord in His holy Society." He made the customary studies of the order, was ordained priest in 1856, and after five years teaching and preaching in the Middle States, received orders to consecrate his talents to the young and needy church on the Pacific Coast.

Though much attached to the land of his birth and education, Fr. Bouchard received the summons with joy. The way to California was by Panama. As the familiar shores receded from his longing gaze, the exile could not restrain his sighs or check his tears at the thought of so many friends whom he should never see again on earth. But the welcome he met on his arrival in San Francisco compensated him for all his sacri-

fices. The fathers of St. Ignatius College received him with open arms. The newly-founded college was a wooden structure of very modest proportions and the rickety church was in keeping. They were situated on Market street where the Emporium now stands. Here Fr. Bouchard began to preach immediately, and soon the little church was filled to its utmost capacity with attentive listeners, charmed by the sound of his silvery voice, by the strength of his nervous eloquence, the sweetness of his manner; by the clearness of his explanations, and the force of his keen logic. The west had never heard such soul-stirring, feeling eloquence, and from the accounts of many who had often been spell-bound at his feet, it has yet to hear his equal as a preacher of God's word.

In this connection, Fr. Riordan's recent History of St. Ignatius Church and College, has the following paragraph:

"Father Bouchard had already begun to preach in the church and presently the little edifice was taxed to its utmost, so that crowds stood without, unable to get admission. Still his voice, which was remarkably powerful, reached even to these; and they stood in rapt admiration for never before had they heard a man speak like this man."

The church was altogether too small to contain the crowds anxious to drink in the burning words of the new orator of the Golden City. A few years later saw a much more commodious church built on the same site, but even it was too small for the crowds ever greedy to



catch the sound of Fr. Bouchard's sonorous voice and to open their hearts to his touching appeals. They were never tired of listening to his instructions, how long soever they might be, and they always carried away with them minds filled with new wisdom, and hearts incited to higher virtue. The body of the sermon was generally delivered in an easy tone, in a plain and familiar style, in which his eloquence was always moving, soothing, heart-penetrating. Towards the conclusion, however, he would give his feelings full scope: the fire of zeal that was consuming him burst forth, and the orator was at his best. The pathetic appeal, the persuasiveness of an intensely feeling and sympathetic heart, the mastering tone of conviction, the thundering denunciation of vice, all combined to produce an effect that was almost irresistible. One has but to mention the name of Fr. Bouchard to any of those who were fortunate enough to have listened to him, to hear a glowing eulogy of the grand orator of the pioneer years of San Francisco. I lately heard a much-traveled man declare that he had never heard a really good orator, excepting Fr. Bouchard. His appearance was much in his favor; while not much over the average height, he had a dignity of mien that made him look very imposing, and the long, white beard that he wore in his later years lent him something of the majesty of the patriarch.

Fluent speaker as he was, it is a strange fact that he would never venture into the pulpit without the most diligent

preparation, even to the extent of writing down the sermon in its entirety. It was the same old student of Marietta College,—whatever he did he did with all his might.

Apart from his preaching in the pulpit Fr. Bouchard possessed a peculiar charm in his intercourse with the people at large. His conversation was lively and agreeable, and while his manners were markedly reserved, he was full of sympathy and good humor, of courteousness and gentleness, of candor and simplicity. He had the same genial welcome for high and low, rich and poor. Amid the rags of indigence or the richly carpeted halls of elegance, he was equally at home. He discussed with the theologian, or taught catechism to the ignorant with equal zest. Whenever it was in his power to do good, he did it. Those who came to him for counsel went away from his presence refreshed by the soothing words which had fallen on their hearts like cooling showers on the parched earth. Not a moment was given to idleness. He lectured, and applications to lecture came to him from all quarters. Now his voice was heard in behalf of newly-built churches burdened with a load of debt; now for convent-schools to enable the poor sisters to contribute their share of taxation for the privilege of imparting a free education to poor children, now for the relief of abandoned orphans. Wheresoever charity needed a zealous advocate to plead her cause, the silvery voice of Fr. Bouchard could not keep silence.

The greater part of his life on our coast was given to hard, unrelenting missionary work, and whatever time he spent in St. Ignatius was mainly for the purpose of recruiting his strength. He preferred to work among mining towns and camps, leaving the cities to others. He was fearless in doing his duty, as he proved more than once when bigotry would prevent his ministering to the dying. On such occasions, the lion in his nature awoke, and resistance was changed into respect and obsequiousness. His missionary excursions extended over all California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. All in turn received his apostolic visitation, and yielded a rich harvest of conversions, people rushing to hear the famed preacher from all sides. Even yet, it is said, one cannot travel through the towns and villages of California and the neighboring states, without hearing the fame of Fr. Bouchard's unwearied zeal, and the blessings invoked upon his cherished name. It is nothing derogatory, then, to his co-laborers to say that no other man has done so much for the church in modern California or the Pacific states as Fr. James Bouchard.

It is a matter for regret that Fr. Bouchard kept no journal or record of his missionary labors and of the result of his fruitful preaching. From Fr. Riordan's History, however, we shall quote a letter that appeared in the Monitor of April 23rd, 1864, written at Folsom, where the Father had given a mission. It gives an insight into the disinterestedness of his character.

"Rev. Fr. Bouchard, S. J., of your city has just terminated a most successful mission of eleven days' duration, in St. John's Church in this town. Instructions were given both night and morning, and on each occasion the church was crowded by persons of all denominations.

"Before his departure a small purse of \$250 dollars was made up by friends of the Reverend gentleman, which, however, he declined receiving, but requested that \$200 of it be given to aid in the building of a schoolhouse for the Catholic children of Folsom and vicinity.

"Rev. Fr. Bouchard returns to San Francisco carrying with him the blessings and regrets of all who had the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

Folsom but voices the feelings of hundreds of other localities where the zealous apostle went about, like his divine Master, doing good.

The following incident will serve to show how strongly the kind father had bound to himself the hearts of his friends and how his memory is still cherished. Just a few days ago the writer of this sketch asked an elderly gentleman of San Francisco if he had known Fr. Bouchard. "Know Fr. Bouchard?" exclaimed he, "why, he was the best and truest friend to me!" And he opened his watch-case and showed engraved therein the name of his revered friend, and the date of his death.

Towards the end of the year 1889, Fr. Bouchard's health began to fail. He was then in his sixty-seventh year. His doctor declared him suffering from a disease of the heart, which might take him



off suddenly or might allow him to linger on for a year or two. He prepared to die. He seemed to have no fear of death he who had disposed so many souls for their last passage, and who had frightened so many sinners into repentance as he described to them the terrors of their last agony. As he remained cheerful and hopeful, no serious fears were held of any immediate danger, but on the morning of December 27th, the infirmarian on entering his room early in the morning found him sleeping the long sleep that knows no waking. He was dressed in his habit, as if about to start on one of his missions. His remains, when exposed in the church, were viewed by enormous crowds, and Hayes street in

this vicinity was a mass of humanity. It was like a never-ending procession, and on the day of his burial, although it rained in torrents, fully five thousand people were present in St. Ignatius. The remains were conveyed to Santa Clara Cemetery, and there among brethren gathered from many lands, among brethren so distinguished, many of them, for virtue and learning, rests, after his long and weary labors in saving those whom in his youth he had been taught to hate, the most distinguished of that sleeping band, the humble Watomika, or Swift Foot, son of the chief Kistalwa, and the sad-storied Monotawan.

J. R., '07.

## THE PAST

*THE gay world bids our hearts rejoice,  
 "The time," it cries, "is flying fast;"  
 But its call is drowned by a sweeter voice,  
 The voice of the dim forgotten past,  
 And its sad sweet tale recalls each face,  
 How each has faded one by one:  
 They were only mile posts in Life's race,  
 We passing saw them; now they're gone.  
 And world's gay empty joys we spurn,  
 We long for but one yesterday;  
 And we cry, "Return, O Past, return!"  
 But Time has swept the past away.*

F. T., '07.



## MISUNDERSTANDING

Dear friends we were, but now he's lost for aye  
    Ah lost for aye! and grief and shame to me!  
So easy 'twas to hold him 'neath love's sway!  
    So easy! but my harshness set him free.  
    And he is gone!

How oft, though brooding cares might throng his soul,  
    All care at sight of me forsook his brow;  
And spake the eyes the love that spurned control  
    While his strong hand pressed mine—but now  
    I walk alone,

So dear he was, his faults I could not brook,  
    But gently would I chide him for his ill,  
And for his good, I gave no word,—my look  
    Alone betrayed the joy my heart would fill;  
    But he saw not.

He saw not all the tenderness concealed,  
    Nor heard my kindly heart's unspoken praise,  
He deemed his faults alone stood clear revealed  
    To my severe and ever-judging gaze,  
    —Of love begot.

One day, when I a lesson to him read,  
He turned on me with eyes of lofty scorn:  
"Farewell! henceforth my barren friendship's dead!  
Go, elsewhere seek a rose without a thorn!"  
—I was alone.

His friendship dead! oh God! it could not be!  
'Twas so! those eyes where friendship used to smile,  
Read me their stern dispassionate decree,  
—And his dead love knew not that mine the while  
Had perfect grown.

T. D., '07.

### TO THREE LOFTY ALPINE PEAKS

---

Hail, Heaven saluting peaks, that upward spring!  
Bearing on snow-clad shoulders the broad sky!  
Upon your lofty crests no mortal eye  
Was rested, since the Everlasting King  
Folded the world from chaos. Ye do bring  
A God formed likeness of Eternity:  
Same as Creation's light did first descry  
Ye stand e'en now and evermore a thing  
Of beauty and a joy. Time strives in vain  
Against you. All else passes; ye do remain.  
Mayhap your ice-crowned peaks, virgin domain,  
Where Winter holds his bleak eternal reign,  
Whereon defiling foot has never trod,  
Form altars hallowed to their Maker—God.

JAMES FRANCIS TWOHY, '07.

## THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

---

The old man laughed hysterically.

"I knew it, I allus knew it," he said brokenly, patting the younger man's rough cheek. "I allus knew you'd come back, Robbie. When everybody lost faith an' hope in ye, I kept sayin' to myself he'll come back, I know he will, I know he will."

The wind flung the half closed door wide open and the rain whirled wrathfully in. The youth stared into the black night and shuddered.

The old man closed the door.

"'Twas a long wait them six years, lad. An' when the days an' months slipped by, an' no word from ye', it seemed like we wuz sittin' in the dark, but I kep' a waitin', cause I knew the light'd come."

The youth sat with bowed head, his hand over his eyes. Tiny threads of water were radiating over the faded carpet, from his wet hat on the floor.

"An' when we felt any doubts about ye', we'd go on a prayin', an' we allus kep' your room the same, an' never believed the things they said about ye'."

The other raised his head.

"What did they say, daddy?" His eyes were dry, his face savage.

"Cruel things an' bitter, lad. That you had turned out bad; been sent to prison in Montana an' had escaped. But I never believed 'em, an' when they'd go I would sit in this room an' laugh, cause I knew I was right, an' I knew that to-

night'd come. An' now you have come, jus' when I need ye most"—a shadow crossed his face, and his voice broke—"when I need ye' most, Robbie, an' you'll not go away again, will ye'?"

The son rose and laid his rough brown hands on the father's shoulders.

"Daddy"—there were tears in his voice, but his face was set and his eyes dry—"I've got to go away tonight. I heard that the little mother was sick and came at once. I—I can't stay. Is she very—bad?"

The old man did not answer. His head was bowed down on his chest dejectedly, despairingly.

The light of a great fear stole into the youth's eyes.

"Daddy, she didn't,—she isn't—"

The father nodded mutely.

The other did not reel or cry out.

"Take me to her," he said, "and passed his hand across his brow, dazedly.

She was lying very still and white, the coffin flanked by two rows of lighted candles.

The old man stooped quietly, and kissed the cold clay.

His companion stood gazing into the placid face for a long time. Once a drop from his dripping coat splashed on the black coffin and he brushed it off. The hand was steady, but the nails had bitten into the palm.

Outside the rain beat relentlessly against the rattling pane and the wind



moaned around the eaves. The candles panted fitfully.

"Why don't you kiss 'her?'" the father said, at length.

The younger gazed stupidly at him for a moment, with swimming blood-shot eyes, and then stooped and kissed the white hand reverentially. His hat dropped unperceived to the floor.

"Daddy," said he, "what—what did she think when they told her the—the stories about me?"

"For a long time she never doubted ye'. But then—" He stopped pitifully.

The other's hand on his shoulder was a vise. "And then?" he repeated with a hoarse catch in his voice. His lip was quivering, and he was losing control of himself.

"Well, she sort a gave in. She never said much but got weaker an' weaker an' pined away. An' now—"

The young man threw up his hands in anguish.

"Even this," he cried wildly, "Oh, my God, even this."

He immediately regained his control. His left wrist was gripped hard in his right hand so that the veins swelled, and his lips were crushed into a straight blue line.

Then he picked up his hat.

"Must ye' go?" The old man's voice was piteous.

The other's eyes were closed to hide the agony in them.

"I must. No, you can't understand, daddy, but I can't stay. I will come back some time.—soon."

He took the sorrow-lined face between his rough palms, and kissed him lightly on the forehead, much as a man might kiss a dying comrade on the field to ease his suffering.

Then he was gone and the old man heard the outer door slam.

The son plunged into the storm, with lowered head.

Once he looked back at the square of yellow light which shone, clear and sharp as a cameo, through the storm. And in the light, as in a screen, he saw the black silhouette of a bowed figure, motionless, mute, despairing.

When he turned he caught sight of the figure of a man waiting patiently some yards off. He walked directly up to him.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Sheriff," he said huskily.

He held out his hands and the other snapped the shining handcuffs on his wrists.

James Francis Twohy, '07.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

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Whilst wandering the hills around  
One morn in early Spring,  
To pass the hours  
Amid the flowers  
And hear the warblers sing;  
Clinging to a ledge  
O'ergrown with sedge  
A cosy nest I found  
With five wee heads above its edge  
Aroused from rest  
By a mother's sudden flight.  
A chilling sleet swept by that night,  
And when with the morrow's changing light  
I came to see the tiny nest,  
Bearing from many an upturned stone  
The living food  
That birds like best,  
Amazed I stood  
And gazed as children do, and said,  
Sh! sh! but the mother would  
Not leave her brood  
And fly away  
As she had flown on yesterday.  
Nearer I came, and still more near;  
I touched her graceful head  
And felt beneath her breast:

Then marvelled not. Alas! how could she hear  
Or see or fear  
Since she and all were dead!  
With childish grief o'ercome  
I took me home;  
My mother stood beside the gate  
And listened while I told the fate  
Of a mother brave  
That died in vain  
Mid snow and rain  
Five little ones to save.  
And mother sighed and pressed me to her heart,  
She did not speak in words,  
Yet managed to impart,  
O strange maternal art!  
What I'll recall where'er I be;  
That as the mother for her little birds,  
She would have died for me.

D. H., '09.



## A HIDDEN HERO

Six miles from Lawrence, a small western railroad station situated in the heart of the lofty Sierras, stood the lonely hut of George Presley overlooking the tracks of the S. P. R. R. Company. Mr. Presley was a typical westerner, thirty-five years of age, nearly six feet high, wavy black hair, large dark eyes, with deep lines interwoven in his kind face, indicating a life's story of sorrow dominated by a strong determination of character. He had taken up his residence in these parts two years previously, having come from Arizona, where he had lived with his wife and son for some time, and where, after a prolonged illness of scarlet fever, his wife passed on to the great beyond.

Presley soon after his bereavement decided, strangely enough, to take his little son George, who was then four years old, to live in the high Sierras for a few years, where he might possibly live down his sorrow.

After purchasing the hut, Presley inspected the surrounding locality; he found the country very rough and rugged with an abundant supply of fish and game. For two years he lived in almost absolute seclusion from the world, seeing nothing of civilization but the small station of Lawrence. The greater portion of his time was taken up by hunting and long rambles through the mountains. The one joy of this lonely life was his little son, whom he loved

passionately. He had long been meditating leaving the forlorn locality, and at last in dreary midwinter he decided to leave the vicinity of Lawrence and take up his residence once more in the plains of Arizona.

On the eve of his intended departure his little son became seriously ill. The father, not knowing what ailed the child, could do nothing for him; so he decided to walk the weary six miles to Lawrence and telegraph to Windsor for a doctor, the nearest within a radius of twenty miles. When he left the hut, the little sufferer gave signs of being in great agony and seemed to be in a very precarious condition. He was within a mile of the station when the heavens quickly clouded, the stars disappeared and immediately there arose one of the most destructive storms that had ever taken place in those parts. Rain came down in torrents, the thunder roared and reverberated down the long canyons, which were lit up for miles, seeming to explode at each vivid flash of lightning. With much difficulty Presley finally reached his destination, fatigued, choked, and drenched to the skin. Without ceremony he awoke Mr. Lew Fitch, the S. P. operator. Lew was a good natured sort of country official, and although rudely awakened from a sound slumber, politely asked Presley, with whom he was somewhat acquainted, what his mission was at so late an hour of the night.

"Wal, George, what can I do fer yer, eh?"

"Mr. Fitch, I wish you would telegraph just as quick as your wire will carry the message to Dr. Feeney over there at Windsor and tell him to come over immediately as my boy is seriously sick; I hardly expect him to live."

"Wal, 't is now nigh one o'clock, but I'll dew the best I know how. What seems to be the matter with yer youngster, George?"

"That is just what I would like to know; he just lies there with his little hands clasped,—moaning as if in terrible pain."

"Umph! Umph!—I see. Wal, be there any signs of swelling in the throat and cheeks or frothing at the mouth?"

"Yes, yes, Lew, those are just the symptoms. Tell me, quick, what ails him."

"Wal, yew don't need any 'doc' then, George, fer the youngster's been pisened by that gol darn Sierra herb that grows out in yer section. Now the best thing yer can do fer the lad is to get home as quick as Jerry Marley's trotter and give him mustard and water till he is sea-sick. George, yew had better travel at a lively gait fer that ere pisen be a long time in starting', but once she's off, mind yer, she comes like th' 'ol night express that shoots by here pretty soon. If I could leave my post, George, yer know I would certainly go and give yer a hand, but the rules of the company are"—

"O, that's all right, Lew, I am a

thousand times obliged to you. I must hurry back to the boy."

"Say, George, yer better put these boots on; It's a comin' down like fury out of doors."

"Thank you. I guess I won't need them. Good night, Lew."

"Good night, Pres; I hope the lad will pull through."

Presley hurried out into the stormy night, while jovial Lew Fitch went back to bed to complete his rest before the Southern Express was due. The grief-stricken father had made up his mind to reach his darling boy at all costs, but he knew that if he expected to save him he must get there before two hours would elapse and the poison stifle the spark of life forever. Ahead were six long miles through the blinding rain and merciless darkness. He could not take long enough strides, every minute he spent on the railroad track seemed an infinite interval. It was while his whole being was wrapped in these anxious thoughts that he came to the trestle situated half way between his home and Lawrence. When half over the trestle he noticed that two uprights which helped to support the trestle had been gorged from their foundation, while one of the rails was badly twisted. He stopped short and carefully examined the breakage. "My God, what shall I do? That lightning express is almost due. It can be hardly an hour before it will be here. I shall have to go all the way back to Lawrence in order to save it from destruction. But my boy, my boy! what shall I do? he will certain-



ly die if I do not reach him before an hour has elapsed. Oh! what shall I do? I can not let that train with its load of human freight meet such a terrible death—but my son—”

The weeping father presented a sad spectacle as he stood there in the dead of night with the rain, thunder and lightning vying with each other in their efforts to make the scene more terrible.

“Yes! I must go back to Lawrence or else these unconscious travelers will be dashed to certain death. Oh! God, I trust that you will look after my darling boy.”

With much physical and mental exertion the brave man made his way back to the telegraph station, awoke Lew Fitch and told his story.

“Now, Mr. Fitch, do you think there is any hope for the lad; tell me the truth now?”

“Wal, Pres, I hardly think there is.”

Mr. Presley's eyes began to roll and his face turned deathly pale. He arose from the chair and started to walk forward, but fell in a swoon on the floor. The strain had been too much for him.

Lew Fitch was intensely excited over the rapid succession of events, but not for a moment did he lose his head. Before attending to his visitor he was compelled to telegraph at once to Windsor and stop the train which was coming on to sure destruction. He also informed the division superintendent at Teedley, which was seven miles above Presley's hut, to send the wrecking crew to the trestle immediately. Lew then tended

carefully to the wants of his unfortunate friend, carefully covering him with a large blanket and placing a soft pillow under his head. He then awaited eagerly the arrival of the express. As the ponderous engine with its procession of cars pulled up at the station, conductor, engineer, fireman, baggage master, in fact the whole crew and half the passengers impatiently flocked out wanting to know the reason of all this delay, but when Lew had finished his story the nettled inquiry changed to a low murmur of sympathy and thankfulness. Then a large man—from his bearing one could guess that he belonged to the medical profession—stepped from among the crowd: “Excuse me, gentlemen; something must be done immediately to save this man who has so nobly prevented a most certain disaster. Could I see the patient?”

“Wal, I guess yer can, Doc., and in a jiffy, too.”

Lew ushered the doctor into his sleeping apartment where Presley lay in an unconscious condition.

“Wal, Doc, what der yer think ails him?”

After a thorough examination the doctor said:

“This is a severe case of mental and physical exhaustion, but with excellent care and perfect quietness I think the man will be all right.”

“Wal, I certainly dew hope so, Doc: for that fellow has got the sand, if ever a man had.”

After doing all that was possible for



Presley under the circumstances, the doctor next held a consultation with the party to decide the quickest means of reaching the hut to alleviate the sufferings of the boy, or perhaps save his life.

The conductor, Bill O'Day, spoke up and said the quickest way to reach that hut would be to run the engine down to the trestle and have the doctor with his assistants walk across the weakened structure, because by that time the wrecking crew would probably be over on the other side. They could then have number seven carry them the rest of the way.

Doctor Terrill, the engineer, fireman and two willing passengers decided to make the trip. Just as they started the storm subsided, and old Lew Fitch sent them off with:

"Wal, that appears like a good omen, gents."

In five minutes the engine had already reached the trestle, and as was expected the wrecking crew were already on the opposite side. Without any delay the doctor, with his two assistants, proceeded on their journey, and finally reached the hut just two hours and a half since Presley had left on his mission, which proved so painful for himself, but so beneficial for others.

Even the old doctor, accustomed as he was to sickness and suffering, when he gazed upon the little form on the cot in that mountain cabin and thought of the

heroic father at Lawrence, could hardly retain his tears. The body was very much swollen, almost beyond recognition. His face showed that he had suffered untold agony. The doctor determined to make an effort, at least, and at once took from his medicine satchel a small vial and poured half its contents down the lad's throat. "Heat some water immediately, one of you gentlemen, please; we must do things quickly, as the boy's life is ebbing rapidly. I think that emetic will save him if anything can."

After a few minutes of keen anxiety the youngster gave some manifestation of life; he opened his eyes and softly uttered the word "Papa."

Leaving one of the passengers to watch and care for the boy, the doctor and his fellow traveler made their way back to Lawrence, where they learned that Presley was also in the state of convalescence.

The good-hearted old doctor told Presley of his son's condition, and the father wept for joy.

Early that day when "old Sol" was at the height of his glory, the heroic father and son were reunited.

"Wal, that's a practical application of the golden rule," said Lew Fitch. "Pres saved the doc and the rest of them and the doc saved Pres and the rest of him,—his boy."

H. A. J. McKenzie, '08.

## THE NEW YEAR

Oh dawning year! what dost thou mean for me?  
What dost devise?  
Shall I thy going, as thy coming, see  
Through mortal eyes?  
What smiling visions shall thy days that grow  
To me unfold?  
Or what alas! the rankling darts of woe  
Their quivers hold?  
Wilt thou with friends now hid within the womb  
My heart entwine?  
Or wilt old friends to self love's cruel tomb  
Heartless consign?  
Mayhap the hearth stones shall be scattered wide,  
The roof tree fall;  
And all I love in the lone grave abide  
Beyond my call.  
What spot will claim me when the New Year sun  
Again I greet?  
Neath alien skies, thine hours ere they be run  
May lead my feet.  
I know not what, as day on day shall rise,  
Thou hast in store,  
Save through the bounded circle of their skies  
I near the shore;  
Save that my barque drifts not at fate's command  
Across the vast;  
But God doth keep the helm in His strong hand  
To guide me unto Heaven's golden strand,  
At last, at last.

R. S., '06.

## "THE NAMING OF LAKE TAHOE"

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Lying on the borders of California and Nevada is Lake Tahoe. It is far-famed in song and story. Its waters are singularly transparent, and the scenery that surrounds it is beautiful. These are its attractions, but perhaps you never heard the story connected with its origin, and how it came to be called Tahoe. Here, then, is the story that is told by the Indians of that region as they sit around their campfires and revolve the tales handed down from generation to generation. The onk was a great bird, as well as a peculiar one, being the only one of its kind that ever existed. It had the face of an Indian and the legs and claws of an eagle, and face and legs were covered with scales as hard as rock and could not be pierced by anything short of a cannon-ball. Monstrous feathers covered the great body which was fully as hard as the scales that protected the face and legs. Many times the onk had been hit by arrow or spear but to no effect, so good was his protection. But in spite of all this, the onk was a coward, and would never put in an appearance when two people were together, but woe to him who chanced to be alone near the regions of the aerial monster's home,—never more would that man return to his friends.

Deep down in the bottom of the then nameless lake the onk had its nest, and all the waters of the lake issued from it, forming an immense current. This cur-

rent revolved through the onk's nest, and any living being that was unfortunate enough to be carried with it would be caught in the meshes that formed the nest and would be devoured by the bird.

The favorite food of the bird, however, was the flesh of human beings, and many an Indian brave strolling by himself along the borders of the lake, or fishing in some neighboring stream or outlet of the lake, would suddenly hear a rush of wind, the flapping of great wings, see a dark cloud draw near him, and the next moment he would be lifted high in the air and carried above the onk's nest, when he would be dropped into the current that would carry him to certain destruction in the fatal nest, from which even the fish could not escape. This was the favorite mode of hunting of the onk, and never did one of the many victims escape, after once being clutched in his talons.

The time was rapidly drawing near, though, when the onk would no longer fan the atmosphere with his great wings, or feast on the flesh of human beings.

The chief of a certain tribe of Indians that lived in the vicinity of the lake had a very beautiful daughter. He offered to give the maiden in marriage to the brave who would perform the most valorous deed. He made this announcement to the young men of his tribe, and the struggle for the hand of the fair maid of the wilderness began at once in earn-



est, and such deeds of reckless bravery were performed as were never heard of before.

Of all the braves who were risking their lives to win her, the chief's daughter cared for none of them. All her affections went out to another, but he was only a youth. He was not recognized as a brave, and therefore was thought of but little by all, excepting herself. He in turn, loved her and determined to win her, but how, he did not know.

It was the eve of the fatal day, when the choice was to be made. It lacked but a few hours till sunset, when an Indian youth could be seen walking toward the lake that contained the treacherous onk's nest. He reached the shore, and began gazing upward. He was looking for the enemy. His keen eyes soon detected it as it soared through the air, looking like a great, black, thunder-cloud.

Suddenly he begins to wave his hands and shout at the top of his voice to attract the bird's attention. The onk sees him and with wings pinioned to its sides is dropping like a stone towards him. Is the boy bereft of his senses to stand thus in the path of certain death and wait for the bird to clutch him? Not an inch has he moved and the monster is within a hundred feet of him. Too late now, for the bird has already seized its prey and is bearing him aloft.

It has now reached a sufficient height

to let its victim drop. Minutes fly by and still the youth does not fall. Instead the bird has begun to act strangely, seemingly trying to seize the youth in its beak. Suddenly it ceases fluttering about and comes slowly earthward, almost falling but managing to keep its balance by means of its great wings, and with the Indian boy still clutched in its talons, but through no will of its own as is plainly seen, for fastened tightly about its feet and the body of the youth are several thongs of deer-skin.

Into the lake they descend, but not near the current that drained the onk's nest, and soon the two are struggling fiercely in the water. As the struggle was at its height, a tiny canoe shot out from the shore and an Indian girl was seen rowing swiftly toward the conflict.

When but a few feet separated the boat from the combatants, she snatched from the bottom of the boat two little steel tipped shafts, and as the onk opened its great beak to seize her, she flung them with all her might straight into the yawning throat.

In a moment the struggle ceased, and the onk floated on the surface of the lake dead. Snatching a knife from her waist the chief's daughter cut the thongs that bound her lover, and clasping her arms about his almost unconscious form cried, "Tahoe, my beloved!"

Rob't McCabe, First Acad.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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"I fear the man of one book," is an old saying, true as far as it goes, but often taken in too wide a sense. The specialist is certainly an antagonist to be feared when the arena is that one book which he has mastered and where he is entirely at home, but we must not hence conclude that he is a foeman unworthy of our steel on any territory alien to his special branch. Not only of the poet but of almost every man of genius may it be said that his eye doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven. The mind is made to see truth, and truth is one and though through our weakness we have to examine it phase by phase, it seems reasonable to suppose that clearness of vision for one aspect means clearness of vision for all. It may be a feeling of envy, then, which makes the generality of people so unwilling to admit that a man can greatly distinguish himself in a line far removed from his own specialty. Another motive for this reluctance, and no doubt the main one is the fact that when a man attains fame in any art, he usually devotes himself to it with all his energy to the exclusion of others for which he may be as well adapted. But whatever be the cause of it, certain it is that this rather invidious law of compensation generally obtains. The mere fact that a man is eminent as a political leader, for instance, or a scientist, is sufficient to throw a shadow on his literary merit, no matter how great it is. We seize upon the most prominent at-

tribute of the man, unless he be a sphere complete of every excellence, to use Dryden's figure, and we are sure to banish all his other attainments to the fringe of our field of vision. Poe is known to us as a poet, and a great poet at that, notwithstanding the Hall of Fame episode, but where would his poetical reputation be even had he written the same poems if he had succeeded as a lawyer and pleader to the extent of a Daniel Webster? Not even the pre-eminent poetical excellence shown in his poems can make the world speak of "the poet Shakespeare"—he is always the dramatist. Had Sir Walter Scott been a lesser novelist, he would be more esteemed a poet. However, perhaps such things must be—when the sun of one highly-developed talent shines in the firmament, the lesser lights are obscured in its glare.

So it is with the poet Newman. We hardly ever hear of him. Yet he has written the finest hymn in the language, "Lead, Kindly Light," while the subject of the present essay is justly regarded as a sublime creation. It should not surprise one to find poetic gifts in a man like Newman, for these, we should suppose, are in great measure the same as those which qualify a man for impressing himself upon the hearts and consciences of his fellows, and to be the founder and leader of a school of religious thought.



One cannot help thinking that if Newman's life had been one of literary leisure he would have devoted much of his attention to poetry. Poetry is the indirect, half-veiled expression of the feelings, longings, desires, and regrets that move noble and sensitive natures. It is an easing of the heart, as one of its devotees has described it. And who was more noble and sensitive than Newman: whose heart more laden than his with yearnings for rest and peace and for the smile of those angel-faces that had haunted him in life's morn, and had not been entirely eclipsed by the troubles of his varied life? Newman, however, never set himself to poetry as a formal task; he had a work to do which was more strenuous than the fair fancying of the poet.

In 1865 a dear friend of Newman's died. The latter put his reflections in the form of a poem, but, dissatisfied with it, flung the manuscript into the waste-basket. Happily, someone who knew a good poem when he saw it, saw this one and rescued it from an unhonored grave. It was the *Dream of Gerontius*.

The *Dream of Gerontius* is a description of the experiences in death of a soul dying in God's grace, and therefrom until its advent into Purgatory. It is a raising of the veil of mystery that renders death so terrible. It is an illumining with the fair light of faith and hope those gloomy arches that bridge the gulf from time to eternity. It is not merely a poem; it is a collection of inspired psalms; it is a sacred chant of the lit-

urgy, worthy of angelic choirs. It is a rigid act of faith and at the same time an allegory. It is a picture of Catholic doctrine drawn in the vivid colors of poesy. It is a sermon in verse—a sublime and most consoling sermon that not only robs death of all its drear terrors, but even invests it with a wondrous charm. After reading it, it seems to require no special sanctity to "long to be dissolved and to be with Christ."

The first feature of the poem to strike the reader is its spirituality and its subjectiveness. Unlike Milton or Dante there is here no cosmography; the soul has no longer any relation with space. Forms and colors are hardly ever presented to our view. Sound as being the most spiritual, is the medium of impressions. The soul sees not but it hears its angel-guardian; it hears the fierce hubbub of the demons that snarl and howl around the judgment seat. There is no machinery in the usual sense of the term, none of those fictions used to startle an audience; everything is matter-of-fact for here truth is stranger than fiction.

The poem begins with the thought of one who feels that he is being dissolved:

. . . . "I know it now  
Not by the token of this faltering breath,  
This chill at heart, this dampness on  
my brow,—  
'Tis this new feeling never felt before  
That I am going, that I am no more  
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment.  
This emptying out of each constituent



And natural force, by which I come  
to be."

Then follow the prayers of the attendants, after which Gerontius rouses up his fainting soul to play the man, and in a free and unembarrassed metre sings aloud a magnificent act of faith, repentance, and hope. His powers are now again eclipsed, and he can no more,

. . . "For now it comes again  
That sense of ruin which is worse than  
pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that made me man; as though I  
bent  
Over the dizzy brink  
Of some sheer infinite descent;  
Or worse, as though  
Down, down for ever I was falling  
through  
The solid framework of created things."

The assistants fall to prayer; and Gerontius passes away:—

"Novissima hora est; and I fain would  
sleep  
The pain has worried me, . . . Into  
Thy hands,  
Oh, Lord, into Thy hands." . . .

The second part of the poem opens with the soul's awakening:—

"I went to sleep; and now I am  
refreshed,  
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself

And ne'er had been before. How still  
it is!

I hear no more the busy beat of time."

He goes on to plain that the silence pours a solitariness into the very essence of his soul, and though soothing, this has in it something of pain, as it drives his thoughts to feed upon themselves. He does not know whether he is alive or dead, but he does know that the world is quitting him in some way. Perhaps he is

. . . Traversing infinity  
By endless subdivision, hurrying back  
From finite towards infinitesimal,  
Thus dying out of the expansive world."

He finds himself borne on his way in a grasp that is all over the surface of his subtle being. At last he hears a melodious voice rehearsing in a lively buoyant manner the joy felt at the soul's final salvation, and he realizes that it is his guardian-angel, who

. . . Never has known sin  
But through those cycles all but infinite,  
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,  
And bore to gaze on the unveiled face of  
God."

The angel breaks out into another and a more majestic strain wherein he recounts the ruin wrought by original sin in man—

"With his whole essence shattered and  
unsound  
And coiled around his heart a demon  
dire"

—and the good offices of the guardian angels.

Summoning up courage, the soul addresses its guide and modestly inquires what "lets it from going to its Lord." The angel replies that it is not let, but that with extremest speed it is hurrying to the Judge. He reminds him that in the immaterial world time is measured by the living thought alone, and grows or wanes with its intensity, and that it is its very energy of thought, which keeps it from its God.

The soul wonders that it feels no fear, although all through life the thought of Judgment had been so terrible, and it is comforted with the reply that it was its past fear that had forestalled the agony and banished all further fear, and that its present peace was as a presage fallen as a ray from the Judge, expressive of his lot.

Here their conversation is interrupted by the sullen howl of the demons who

. . . Throng the vestibule  
Hungry and wild, to claim their property  
And gather souls for hell."

The soul is shocked at the uncouth dissonance, while the angel compares them to

"Beasts of prey, who, caged within their  
bars,  
In a hideous purring have their life."

In his treatment of the fallen angels, Newman brings out the Catholic idea of them to perfection. There is no trans-

formation here into angels of light; they are not for a moment allowed, as in Milton, to pose as heroes; there are here no acts "graceful and humane" or tongues "dropping manna" or "imperial sovereignty, adorned with splendour, armed with power," no "armies bright" leagued to storm the ramparts of Heaven. All is mean, uncouth, low-minded and unlovely. The demons speak in short, jerky verses, the uneasy flow and unmusical jingle of which, joined with a harsh, inelegant choice of words, make very unpleasant reading. We quote a few lines.

Low-born clods  
Of brute earth,  
They aspire  
To become gods,  
By a new birth,  
And an extra grace,  
And a score of merits,  
As if aught  
Could stand in place  
Of the high thought  
And the glance of fire  
Of the great spirits

\* \* \* \*

What's a saint?  
One whose breath  
Does the air taint  
Before his death;  
A bundle of bones,  
Which fools adore,  
Ha! ha!  
When life is o'er;  
Which rattle and stink  
E'en in the flesh.

We cry his pardon!  
 No flesh hath he;  
 Ha! ha!  
 For it hath died  
 'Tis crucified  
 Day by day  
 Afresh, afresh  
 Ha! ha!  
 That holy clay  
 Ha! ha!

The soul marvels at the helplessness of these degraded beings, who, it had always thought, had power to freeze the blood by their very look. The angel informs him that it was through man's "co-natural traitor"—his own passions—that the devil could loom up so majestic, but that before a child of grace they "scud as cowards from the fight." Of course, this is a matter of no rare experience, as we see in the lives of many saints, both ancient and modern. And the Scriptures tell us that the devils driven from the energumen had to get permission before entering the herd of swine.

The soul asks if it may see its dearest Master,—

"It ever was my solace to believe  
 That, ere I plunged amid the avenging  
 flame,  
 I had one sight of Him to strengthen  
 me,"

And it is answered that it shall: that the sight of the Most Fair will gladden it, and pierce it too.

"And yet the memory which it leaves  
 will be  
 A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound  
 And yet withal it will the wound pro-  
 voke,  
 And aggravate and widen it the more.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn  
 for Him."

But the soul fears not; it will gladly pay the penalty of the fatal glance. As they ascend to the Throne through stairways made of immaterial beings, the different choirs of angels sing strains commemorative of the creation, fall of man, reconciliation, the double penance of death and purgatory, the mercies of God, and the sufferings of Christ. The last chant is from the Angel of Our Saviour's Agony, who ever pleads for sinful man.

And now the soul comes face to face with God.

"I come before my Judge. Ah! . . .

And it lies scorched and shrivelled, passive and still before that keen sanctity. Then it pleads with its angel-guide.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
 There let me be.

And there in hope the lone night-watches  
 keep,

Told out for me.  
 There, motionless and happy in my pain  
 Lone, not forlorn,—



There will I sing my sad perpetual  
strain,

Until the morn.

There will I sing and soothe my stricken  
breast,

Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till  
possest

Of its sole Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and  
Love:—

Take me away

That sooner I may rise and go above

And see Him in the truth of everlast-  
ing day."

The golden prison opens its gates, and  
the angel gently and softly lowers the  
soul into the penal waters, where with-  
out sob or struggle, it sinks into the dim  
distance, consoled with the soothing  
words,

"Swiftly shall pass the night of trial  
here,

And I will come and wake thee on the  
morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

Such is the answer Newman received

to his heart-stricken prayer, thirty years  
previously, for the "kindly light" to lead  
him amid the encircling gloom of doubt.  
We lay down the poem with the reflex-  
ion: Oh Grave! where is thy victory?  
Oh Death! where is thy sting?

Three years ago, the *Dream of Geron-  
tius* was made the theme of an oratorio  
by Edward Elgar, of England. It was  
pronounced by critics the world over as  
the greatest musical production of any  
Englishman. Says the *New York Sun*:  
"The effect is profoundly impressive  
and he plays at will on the most varied  
emotions. He gains the mystical at-  
mosphere with an unerring touch; he  
expresses the dying man's fear and trust  
the angel's comforting, the tremulous  
exaltation of the heavenly experience, the  
devotional fervor of the assistants, the  
inalign and mocking wickedness of the  
demons in hell, with equal certainty and  
fulness."

So nothing is wanting to the *Dream  
of Gerontius*—it is a sparkling jewel set  
in a case of gold.

H. G., '08.

---

*ALL that glitters is not gold,  
False the charms by distance given,  
All beneath the sun is old,  
There is nothing bright but Heaven.  
H. P., '09.*

# The Redwood

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

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*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

---

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RODERICK CHISHOLM, S. J.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

An editorial writer in the New York "Evening Post," speaking from first-hand information, says that the majority of college students who read for their own pleasure devote themselves chiefly to newspapers and magazines. He ventures to say that "the average college man, even when not a football specialist (sic), is not as a rule, intellectually gifted, and that "like the true American, he

looks upon things literary and artistic as a casual amusement, an easy way of using up time."

\* \* \*

The immediate cause he assigns for this state of things is the influence of the athletic ideal on the reading of the undergraduate. "He knows his Kipling and he loves his Jack London. 'These fellows are men,' he remarks. 'They can do things. They've got the goods with 'em.' The self-glorification, the brutality, the cynicism, and the sensationalism of a man like London answer exactly the demands of a new race of force worshippers."

\* \* \*

We ourselves raised our little voice two issues ago in protest against this tendency among students to force-worshipping. It is a revival of the old pagan ideas of Greece and Rome. There was some excuse for those nations, sitting, as they were in the darkness and the shadow of death, for making much of bodily accomplishments. Their visible and material surroundings were to them all in all, and they looked to nothing beyond. They were making the best, so to speak, of a bad bargain, and if their ideals were material and earthy, there is at least some excuse for them.

\* \* \*

But this over-rating of physical well-being and of athletic prowess among people enlightened by Christianity—and even our infidels receive its light, in spite of themselves,—is an abomination. And one meets it everywhere. Some time

ago we heard a conversation carried on in a railway car by two portly middle-aged men, probably heads of families (One was exploiting his views on the subject of education. "What made Greece and Rome so great," said he, "was that they took such pains to perfect the physical man. I am firmly convinced that the only sane way of training a boy is to look after his physical development until that is perfected; then the mental and moral training can be attended to." And the other assented, "Oh! there is no doubt of it."

\* \* \*

Of course we do not hold that such pronounced pagan sentiments obtain very largely in our colleges. In our Catholic colleges they are not found at all. But it is a growing tendency in the land, and the over-estimation of college athletics is an eddy of the broad current that sweeps along in the world outside. A victory on the campus with many outshines a victory in the classroom. In their case, intellectual culture is of secondary importance. Athletics is the whole thing. The sporting page takes precedence over the editorial; the magazines over the standard works of fiction. Jack London over Scott, Thackeray Hawthorne, and the rest. The sparkling waters of classic literature are left untasted by the undergraduate, and the muddy streams of cheap writers afford his ordinary beverage. Poetry, of course is not thought of; it is a vain, intangible, unreal, lackadaisical thing anyway, not worth a spirited fellow's bothering his head about.



But even when "the things of the mind" are not relegated to a minor place they are generally debased and despiritualized by the all-pervading spirit of commercialism. Education tends to become a mere mechanical process for turning out money-making machines. Some years ago, a steel magnate tried to persuade us that all literary and artistic studies should be eliminated from our schools, and the energies wasted upon them turned to the more useful channels of book-keeping and such like ennobling pursuits. Probably he has repented since, for he is now strongly addicted to building libraries, which doubtless contain more than book-keeping sets. But alas! he has many irrepentant co-thinkers.

\* \* \*

We may well lament with Burke that "the age of chivalry is gone, and that of economists, statesmen and calculators has succeeded." The lofty, ennobling ideals of the Middle Ages are gone forever. Art for art's sake in the true sense is getting rarer and rarer: art is becoming the handmaid of the purse. Profit and loss is the question with Young America now, and he simply cannot understand the spirit which hurried men cross in one hand and sword in the other to the rescue of the far-distant Holy Land from the Turks, or which kindled into glorious enthusiasm at the thought of bringing heathen nations to the light of faith. "Poor, silly, dreamers," think he, "to chase unsubstantial phantoms." Wealth, solid, real, tangible; gold, yel-

low, glittering—that is his dream, and the lodestone of his ambition.

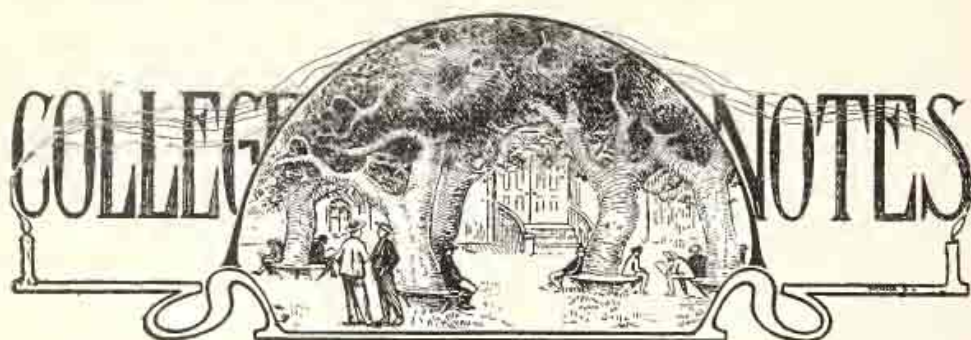
\* \* \*

And so his soul is fired up not at the sight of a crusader who has battled hard and long for the right, but at the sight of the millionaire. It matters very little how the latter made his money, whether he is a Napoleon of finance or has merely patented a crinkle in a hairpin. He is a millionaire, and that's enough,—he is a success. "Rich" and "successful" are getting to mean about the same thing now. This valuing of things by dollars and cents pervades everything, and he is a noble-hearted youth indeed who, without the correcting influence of religion is not penetrated to the marrow with the conviction that man was made to increase and multiply—money—on the face of the earth.

\* \* \*

The Post writer does not give us the cause for this commercialism. It is, however, not far to seek: it is the irreligion so rampant throughout the country. The connection is simple,—when men have discarded all hopes of a future life, they naturally try to get the best they can out of this. They have rejected the service of God, they have set up on high the golden calf of the almighty dollar, they worship Mammon, and the spirit of Mammon—to mention one of its less evil notes—is too narrow and earthy for the high and ennobling sentiments of classic prose or poetry.

Martin V. Merle, '06 Spec'l.



### Return

With a short mid-winter vacation of two weeks over all too soon, we are once again returned and settled down to the six months of—yes, of study, which must pass before the coming of the next vacation, those milestones that mark our progress. We have come back with our New Year good wishes, and our New Year good resolutions. What manner and what variety of “I wills” and “I won’ts” you may have affixed your signatures to on the birthday of 1906, I could not guess, but at least I hope that somewhere among them were those cast-iron College resolutions which make the term seem short and the vacation shorter —“to study harder” and to steer clear of “Letter A.”

### Our Peter's Pence

Shortly before the holidays the students of Santa Clara College expressed a desire to add their mite to the Peter's

Pence collection, and accordingly the little sum of twenty dollars was put together for that purpose, and forwarded to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington. The following is his very kind acknowledgment:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 4, 1906.

Rev. H. P. Gallagher,

Santa Clara College,

Rev. and Dear Father:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of the 26th ult., with which you enclose a check for the sum of twenty dollars, an offering to our Holy Father from the boys of Santa Clara College. In the name of His Holiness, I beg to express my sincere thanks for the kind offering, and I assure you that I will take great pleasure in forwarding the same to Rome.

With sentiments of the highest esteem and with special blessing to the boys of your college, I beg to remain,

Most faithfully, yours in Xto,

--|-- D. FALCONIO,

Apostolic Delegate.



## **Santa Clara County Historical Society**

A decided move in the right direction was taken last month, when on the evening of December 12th a gathering composed of the most prominent people of this county met at Santa Clara College for the purpose of organizing the Santa Clara County Historical Society. The purpose of this society is to collect historical data of its early days, and to promote the preservation of the valuable landmarks in which this county abounds. Prof. C. A. Duniway of Stanford University, the President of the society, welcomed the members, outlining in a few words the aim of the institution and the purpose of the meeting, which took place in the main library of the College. The old adobe walls which form a part of the library building, made an admirable setting for the meeting, being a portion of the original "Mission Santa Clara," the most valuable landmark the county possesses.

Professor Duniway introduced as the speaker of the evening, Rev. Fr. Gleeson, S. J., who read a paper upon the early civilization of Santa Clara Valley, and the foundation and growth of Santa Clara Mission. The paper, rich in local coloring and explanatory data, was an interesting history of the Mission's early days, with graphic pen pictures of the noted men of that day and their struggle to maintain the work they had so well commenced.

A particularly pleasing feature of the evening was the renewal of an old Mission custom. Before the meeting had adjourned, and just after the close of the evening's business, Fr. Gleeson rose and called the attention of the society to the fact that in old Mission days when strangers tarried within its adobe walls, there was always a guest master present to offer such refreshments as the Mission afforded, and so, in commemoration of this ancient custom, he proposed that the Senior Class of the College act as Guest Masters on this occasion. At a given signal the members of the class appeared bearing dainty pastries and steaming hot chocolate, to which those tarrying within the old adobe walls did ample justice.

## **Second Lecture by Mr. Le Breton**

Mr. Albert Le Breton, no longer a stranger to the College boys, delivered another of his interesting lectures in the College Hall on the last evening of the past semester. The illustrations included a number of fine views of the College taken by Mr. Le Breton on the occasion of his former visit. He also exhibited many fine views of Georgetown University, in a series taken along the banks of the Potomac. The lecture was well received, Mr. Le Breton performing the difficult task of interesting his audience in his subject at a time when ordinarily every student would be thinking only of



the morrow's homegoing. Mr. Le Breton will always be a welcome visitor to the College.

### Redwood Banquet

An enjoyable Christmas Tree entertainment, with a banquet attached, wound up the affairs of the staff for the past semester. A monarch of the redwood forest procured by the energetic manager and his assistants, decked in all the tinsel glory the occasion called for and laden down with Christmas reminders, graced one end of the beautifully decorated sanctum. College flags, red and white ribbons and streamers, and wreaths of holly decked the room in an artistic profusion, and hanging from every chandelier, from the ceiling, on the walls, in fact over every accessible spot were large bunches of mistletoe.

As guests of honor were the Rector Rev. Fr. Gleeson, Fr. Foote, Fr. Ford and the members of the Senior Class. After Floyd Allen '07, had impersonated our old friend St. Nicholas and had given out in his name the appreciated and useful tokens of the good wishes of the Redwood for the holiday times, Fr. Gleeson, Fr. Foote and Fr. Ford, each in a few words, congratulated the staff on the successful work during the past year and wished the Redwood an even more successful future.

The spread was of course a huge success. Grouped round the long table, where they had so often sat before grinding out "more copy," the staff did full

justice to this, their present duty. Speeches and jokes made the time,—and other things,—go rapidly and finally when the flowing bowl of cider had gone the rounds and all had pledged the Redwood and the staff to their hearts' content, the meeting broke up after an evening during which the only regret was the absence of the Editor in Chief, who could not be present,—and the banqueters made their ways to their night's rest, wishing the Redwood another, and many more, most prosperous and successful years.

### Literary Congress

As all the students are now engaged in the mid-winter review there have as yet been no meetings of the Senate or the House. The closing meeting of the Senate was a very spirited one, well in keeping with the standard set in the preceding meetings throughout the session. The House followed its closing meeting by a joyful spread, of which an account appears elsewhere in our department.

The ability manifested by both the House and the Senate, as well as the work done by them, have been of an exceptionally good order and a close struggle for the annual Ryland Medal Debate is to be expected.

### New Senior Quarters

Another flight of stairs has been added to the Seniors' daily climb and the

address of the club is now, according to the Students' Directory, Third Floor, Mission Building. Directly over their old location, they are one story higher and a consequent sixteen steps farther away from that mundane college life so detrimental to the Philosophic Mind. "Far from the College's ignoble strife. The studious Seniors ever wish to stay."

The new quarters also combine no small amount of profitable exercise with their high altitude, although there are some who were heard to express their indignation because the hotel did not put in an elevator. The class statistician after much careful research and mathematical labor, calculated that before June 22, '05 the Seniors will have climbed those stairs 12,720 times, taking in all 457,920 steps. He is now, together with the class physicians, Drs. Carter and O'Reilly, busily engaged in figuring out the degree of muscular development to be acquired within that time.

## New Buildings

The ever increasing number of students has necessitated an increase in the accommodations, and several new buildings around the campus are the result. An annex to the Refectory, as well as a new dormitory and several new class rooms have been built and are now ready for the new comers expected in February. The style of architecture conforms to that of the surrounding buildings and the general effect is pleasing.

## Passion Play Rumors

Although it is still somewhat early to be speaking of events so far away as the Passion Play, still the reports circulated by Dame Rumor seem to demand some recognition. That the play will be given this year seems to be an established fact, and the rehearsals for it are to commence as soon as our mid-year examinations are over. As to the date of the performances nothing very definite has yet been settled. The object of this year's renewal is for the benefit of the new Santa Clara College. The cast for this production will be almost entirely changed from that of preceding years. It would be well to state, however, that John Ivancovich, '04, will again play the part of Judas, in which he created such a furore in previous years. Wm. McKagney, Junior '05, has been specially engaged to play Caiaphas, and is expected to create quite a sensation. As for the rest of the cast it will be announced later.

## House

On the evening of December 19th the House of Philhistorians conferred certificates of Honorary Membership upon the members of the House who had gone over to the Senate during the past session,—Senators Aguirre, Allen, Atteridge, Lejeal, Schmitz, Donlon, Shepherd, C. Byrnes, and Fitzgerald. The occasion was celebrated by a highly successful

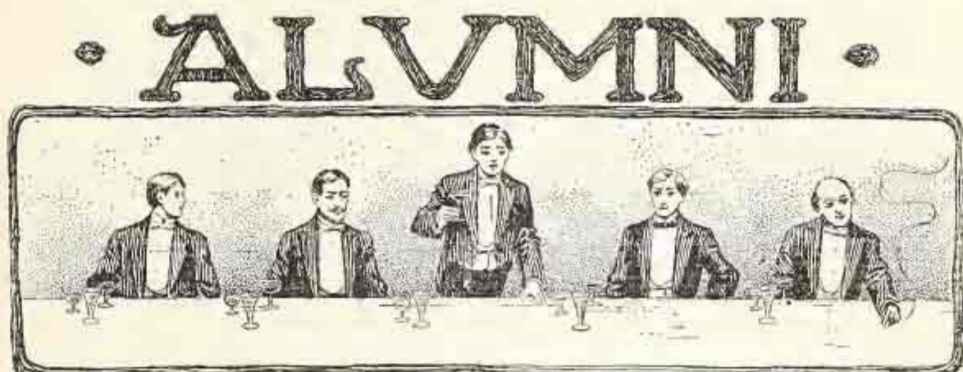
impromptu entertainment. Among the guests of honor were Fr. Rector, Fr. Foote, Fr. Ford, Mr. Morton, President of the Senate, Mr. Brainard, President of the Junior Dramatic Society; several members of the faculty, and the members of the Senate.

After the certificates had been conferred and the House had presented their Speaker, Mr. Fox, S. J., with a handsome gift, the meeting was adjourned and the entertainment began. The music, furnished by the Lejeal Hungarian Or-

chestra, the singing by several of the members of the Glee Club, speeches by the guests, funny stories from all—these and many others were the features of the evening. Representative Doherty, as toast master, directed the spread that followed, and called upon every one indiscriminately for his contribution to the evening's jollification, and at last the "affair" broke up with a toast to "The House," everyone well pleased with the evening.

Robert E. Fitzgerald, '06.





Edward M. Leonard, '00, while being engaged as instructor at the Humboldt High School, is also following a course at the Hastings Law School.

Doctor R. McGettigan, B. S. '88, has recently received a government appointment in conjunction with his extensive practice in Honolulu.

John O'Gara, '92, has been appointed District Attorney under William H. Langdon of San Francisco.

L. E. Carter, a member of the '02 Junior Class, is now a Junior in the Dental Department of the University of California.

Lawrence V. Degnan, '03, is engaged as a professor at St. Mary's College Oakland. The "Redwood" wishes him every success.

Louis O. Normandin, '03, has recently become a member of the firm of Normandin, Campden Co. of San Jose.

Francis D. Ryan, a member of the Junior Class of '05, paid a visit to his

Alma Mater during the last month. "Mike" is studying law in his father's office, preparatory to his going to Hastings' Law School next semester.

Frederick Gerlach, M. S. '91, attending physician at the College, is once more around and able to attend to his duties after recovering from what was nigh unto a fatal illness. Even the doctors must suffer the sick room.

The sympathy of the "Redwood" is extended to the Hon. James H. Campbell, '71, whose mother died in San Jose on January 10 last.

Our sympathy is likewise extended to E. J. and John Connell, Com. '86, of Marin County, whose mother died last month.

Dr. George Chismore, A. M. '01, of San Francisco, was called to rest, and most peacefully answered the summons on January 11th last. The interment took place at the Catholic graveyard in Santa Clara on the 13th inst. Besides the friends and acquaint-

ances of the deceased, there were also present many of the clergy, together with the Sanctuary boys from the College, which added greatly to the solemnity of the ceremony. A more complete account of Dr. Chismore will be given in a later number of the "Redwood."

Mr. William Boland, S. J., who has for the last two years been studying his theology at St. Ignatius College, Ona Spain, has on account of ill health been transferred to the Jesuit College at Naples. His many friends at Santa

Clara hope that the sunny clime of Naples may benefit his health, that he may complete his studies.

Mr. Clay M. Greene, the well-known author of the "Passion Play," wired us his Christmas greetings all the way from New York, as follows:—

"New York, Dec. 25th.

"Rev. R. E. Kenna, S. J., Santa Clara.

"Merry Christmas and happy New Year to old Alma Mater.

(Signed) "Clay M. Greene."

R. H. Shepherd, '07.



**"IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS  
OF CALIFORNIA**

B George Wharton James.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.00.

Within the quarter century past, the Franciscan Missions of Alta California have been one of the most frequented fields of historic research in North America. Witness the works of Englehardt, Carter, Bride Powers, Hudson, Armitage Forbes, Hunt Jackson, Stoddard, Clinch,—not to mention the numerous newspaper and magazine articles issued on both continents. But this marked zeal for investigation and research was only the legitimate continuation of devotion to a subject that had earlier claimed the attention of a Da Mofras, Vancouver, La Perouse, Bryant, and numerous others. Nor is it likely that the coming years will show any wane of interest; for those venerable Missions form in truth an in-

exhaustible mine of interest and instruction.

Mr. James, in his lately published volume on this subject (which issued from the press at the close of 1905), has specially essayed to treat of the art and architecture of the Mission period; and in this it is fair to say that his work will be universally recognized as masterly, and therefore monumental. Having made his volume the outcome of devout personal research and untiring industry, both as to the text and the illustrations—these numbering over 100—he deserves the fullest credit of a labor of accuracy as well as love, and he should receive a most generous patronage at the hands of an appreciative public.

In conclusion of our brief notice of the work, we venture to subjoin the scope and contents of the volume, as given by the publishers:

Of the California Missions much has been written, but in this volume the author has sought to show several things



which it is believed have never before been presented. These are: I. The Direct Origin of the Mission Architecture. II. An Analysis of the Details of the Mission Style of Architecture. III. The Influence of the Mission Style upon the Modern Architecture of the United States, and especially California. IV. The Condition of the Indians prior to, during, and immediately after the Mission Epoch, with a Brief Account of their Present State. V. A Careful Survey of the Mural Decorations of the Missions. VI. A Pictorial Account of the Furniture, Pulpits, Doors, and Other Woodwork of the Missions. VII. A Pictorial Account of the Crosses, Candlesticks, and Other Silver and Brass Ware of the Missions. VIII. The Story of Ramona as Related to the Missions. IX. A Pictorial Account of the Various Figures of the Saints at the Missions.

#### THE SENIOR LIEUTENANT'S WAGER AND OTHER STORIES

Thirty Stories by Thirty Authors. Benziger Bros.—\$1.25.

These thirty short stories vary in merit, but the most inferior of them is good. In fact they are all interesting, some of them very much so, though in a few of them the chief merit is the excellence of the style, the subject being commonplace enough. The different styles are all sprightly and entertaining, but a little

more of the humorous would not hurt the book, especially in the estimation of youthful readers. "The Ghost Chest of Knockmaroon" is especially well told, and it has in it the elements of a great novel. "In Passing" is a very touching story. "Father James Snuff-box" is a much more adventurous tale than the name would indicate. On the whole, the volume is full of good things for old and young.

#### FOR THE WHITE ROSE

Benziger Bros.—45c Each.

"For the White Rose" is a very charming story by Katherine Tynan Hinkson. The scene is laid principally in Scotland in the sad and troublous times of the second "Pretender." We get a glimpse of French convent life; of Scotch home-life among the higher class, a little idealized, we fear; and of two or three tender and ennobling *affaires-de-couer*, and we are introduced to some of the celebrated figures in Highland history in the dark days of '45, above all to the beloved hero of so much legend and song, "Bonnie Prince Charlie." As one would expect, the story breathes an atmosphere of romance and generous daring, and altogether it is one of the best short stories we know of. A very strange anachronism occurs in it; "Rasselas" is spoken of as if existing before 1745, though it was not written until 1759.

Ivo. G. Bogan, '08.



## ATHLETICS



Before entering upon our subject we feel called upon to apologize for our appearing this month without our "head-piece." Our football head-dress is gone quite out of fashion, and our spring baseball bonnet is now in the hands of the artists, and we shall make our debut in it in our next issue. In the meantime we plant a common cap on our head and get along with it as best we may.

Now that our ever welcome vacation is over and Father Time is fairly on the road of 1906, we look forward with great pleasure to the clarion voice of the umpire, who will start the ball of the national pastime a-rolling once more.

Santa Clara's reputation in the collegiate baseball world will, from the present outlook, be kept up, for Happy Hogan (Wallace Bray), the well-known big leaguer, who piloted the 1905 team through such a successful season, has again been selected as coach.

Harry Wolter, who made such an enviable record last year as a twirler, will captain the team, and do most of the pitching, while old reliable Joe Collins, who handles the willow with such dexterity, will do the receiving. For the other places the coach has an abundance of good material. Charley Russell, a star of last season, has again donned his suit along with Charley Byrnes and C. Kilburn, also of the 1905 champions.

Of the new material Broderick, Lapin, Freine, Shafer and Joe Brown are putting up gilt edge ball just now.

Floyd Allen, the energetic manager, has already arranged games with Stanford, Berkeley, San Francisco, San Jose and St. Mary's.

### Basket Ball

S. C. C. 32, Y. M. C. A. 2.

The college team inaugurated the basket-ball season in a very auspicious manner by defeating the junior team of the San Jose Y. M. C. A. on December 12, 1905, by the overwhelming score of 32 to 2. Our opponents were much too small for our boys, but nevertheless they played hard throughout. Aguirre, at center for the college, played a very steady game and had his man guessing at all times, while Captain Schmitz and Murphy, at guards, held their men down to no score. The following was the order of the line-up:

|                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| S. C. C.                 | San Jose.             |
| Aguirre                  | Center..... Stammer   |
|                          | (Capt)                |
| McKenzie                 | R. F. L. .... Bolton  |
| Schmitz (Capt)           | R. G. L. .... Steward |
| Twohy                    | L. F. R. .... Warden  |
| Murphy                   | L. G. R. .... Hayes   |
| Referee—F. Belz,         | S. C. C.              |
| Umpire—L. Crawford,      | San Jose.             |
| Scorer—R. Fitzgerald,    | S. C. C.              |
| Time Keeper—R. Shepherd, | S. C. C.              |
|                          | S. C. C. 7, U. P. 6.  |

After the defeat at the hands of the U. P. boys last year, the college determined to regain the lost laurels this sea-



son, if possible, and this they did after a hard fought game of twenty minutes.

Although much smaller than the U. P. our boys excelled in passing. Their all-round playing was a great improvement over the first game. The team played as a unit, and that is scientific basket-ball.

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| S. C. C.          | U. of P.         |
| Aguirre . . . . . | Center . . . . . |
|                   | H. Smith         |
|                   | (Capt.)          |

|                    |                  |          |
|--------------------|------------------|----------|
| McKenzie . . . . . | R. F. L. . . . . | Lanyon   |
| Twohy . . . . .    | L. F. R. . . . . | Flanders |
| Schmitz (Capt)     | R. G. L. . . . . | J. Smith |
| Murphy . . . . .   | L. G. R. . . . . | McClish  |

Referee—F. Belz, S. C. C.

Umpire—McClish, U. P.

Timer—Clancy, S. C. C.

Scorer—R. Fitzgerald, S. C. C.

Manager Collins promises the team numerous games this spring, having San Jose, U. P. and probably San Francisco already on the schedule.

A handsome new basket-ball court is now being erected on the football field directly in front of the bleachers, under the supervision of Aguirre and Schmitz.

## Track

Now that the spring months are coming on, the aspiring athletes for glory and exercise can be seen running, jumping, hurdling, vaulting and throwing weights on the college field and cinder path, with Captain Sage Donlon giving the novices and veterans alike the same advice.

The following stars and lesser lights reported for practice on December 12, '05: Sprints—Leibert, Brazell, H. Wol-

ters, Doherty, McHenry. Distance—Burns, Wagner, Graff, Maltman, Fisher, Caverly, Wood. McKay. Weights—Donlon, Doherty, Schmitz, Aguirre, Murphy, Jacobs, McKenzie. Jumps—Leibert, Faulkenburg, McLane, R. McHenry, Gray, F. Plank, Thompson. Hurdles—Faulkenburg, Belz, R. McHenry.

Manager Joe Brown, of baseball fame, will handle the business end of this branch of college sport and will, no doubt, provide the track team with some interesting meets before the season is brought to a close.

## Baseball in the Second Division

Much interest in this year's leagues has been evinced by the younger baseball enthusiasts ever since their return from the Xmas holidays. As far as they were concerned they would have had the season open with a rattling game weeks ago, but the weather and other circumstances prevented. There has been not a little difficulty in arranging three evenly matched teams, owing in part to the transfer of Eddie McFadden, one of our clever catchers, to the senior division.

In the Midget League there was such a rush for positions that a tryout was deemed necessary. It consisted in an exhibition of skill both at bat and in the field; masters in the art of handling the leather sphere passed judgment on the respective merits of the eager contestants.

H. A. J. McKenzie, '08.



## FIRST HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1905

|                     | SENIOR      | JUNIOR           |
|---------------------|-------------|------------------|
| Moral Philosophy    | M. V. Merle |                  |
| Mental Philosophy   |             | J. Twohy         |
| Mathematics         | M. Carter   | T. Donlon        |
| Physics             | M. O'Reilly | R. Shepherd      |
| Chemistry           | F. Mulcahy  | H. de la Guardia |
| Advanced Literature | F. Mulcahy  | J. Twohy         |

|   | SOPHOMORE                  | FRESHMAN               |
|---|----------------------------|------------------------|
| Philosophy of Religion                                  | Anth. Diepenbrock          | R. Archibald, J. Shea  |
| English Precepts, Author,<br>Literature and Composition | R. O'Connor                | M. Shafer              |
| Latin   | E. Ivancovich              | R. Archibald           |
| Greek   | E. Ivancovich              | R. Archibald           |
| Mathematics   | G. Hall, R. O'Connor       | W. Gianera, J. Maltman |
| History and Geography                                   | J. Farragher, J. D. Peters | R. Archibald           |
| Elocution   | L. Bogan                   | J. Daly                |

|   | 1st ACADEMIC                     | 2nd ACADEMIC                       |
|---|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Christian Doctrine                          | A. Ivancovich                    | E. McGovern                        |
| English Precepts, Author and<br>Composition | F. Chandler, B. Watson           | R. Birmingham                      |
| Latin                                       | A. Ivancovich                    | C. Brazell                         |
| Greek                                       | A. Ivancovich                    | A. Quevedo                         |
| Mathematics                                 | F. Chaudler, C. Mullen, Schriber | W. Barry                           |
| History and Geography                       | W. Hirst                         | W. Barry                           |
| Civil Government                            |                                  | W. Barry, R. Browne, C. McLaughlin |
| Elementary Science                          | W. Hirst                         |                                    |
| Elocution                                   | F. Chandler                      | M. Detels                          |
| Penmanship                                  | A. Dolcini                       | H. Gallagher                       |

|                                      | 3rd Academic                       | 4th Acad. Div. A | 4th Acad. Div. B |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Christian Doct                       | W. Sweeny                          | H. Gambee        | W. Preshe        |
| Eng. Prec., Auth. and<br>Composition | J. Whiting                         | G. Mayerle       | R. Flood         |
| Latin                                | J. Sassenrath                      | H. Gambee        | R. Jeffress      |
| Greek                                | J. Sassenrath                      |                  |                  |
| Mathematics                          | J. Whiting                         | W. Webber        | W. Preshe        |
| History and Geog.                    | H. Hogan                           | C. Castruccio    | L. Cahape        |
| Orthography                          |                                    | A. Maderas       |                  |
| Civil Government                     | S. Heney                           |                  | W. E. Wilson     |
| Elocution                            | D. Rucker                          | C. Mayerle       | M. Stenz         |
| Penmanship                           | L. Ruth, O. Willoughby, O. Pezzola |                  | C. Pezzola       |

## Special Classes

|               | 1st Special  | 2nd Special     | 3rd Special                              |
|---------------|--------------|-----------------|--|
| Latin         | H. Farragher | F. Acquistapace | H. Burns, L. Bowie                       |
| Greek         | M. Brown     | F. Chandler     | E. Wood, W. Barry                        |
| English Comp. | Sophomore    | Freshman        | 1st Academic, 2nd Academic, 3rd Academic |
|               | L. Murphy    | A. Bunsow       | L. Callaway, H. Hayes, J. Foley          |

### Commercial Branches

| 1st Book-keeping                         | 2nd Book-keeping | 3rd Book-keeping |
|--|------------------|------------------|
| L. Peency                                | S. Gillilan      | J. Raffetto      |
| Stenography                              | Typewriting      |                  |
| A. Lamm                                  | A. Bunsow        |                  |
| 1st Pre-Academic                         |                  | 2nd Pre-Academic |
| Christian Doctrine                       | N. Jacobs        | F. Brophy        |
| English Precepts, Author and Composition | J. Hughes        | F. Brophy        |
| Mathematics                              | C. Kennedy       | F. Brophy        |
| History and Geography                    | L. Goldstein     | F. Brophy        |
| Orthography                              | H. Houser        | F. Brophy        |
| Elocution                                | J. Hughes        | F. Brophy        |

### First Honors For October, 1905

|                        | SENIOR               | JUNIOR           |
|------------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| Philosophy of Religion | R. Fitzgerald        | J. Twohy         |
| Ethics                 |                      |                  |
| Mental Philosophy      | R. Fitzgerald        | J. Twohy         |
| Mathematics            | F. Mulcahy           | J. Twohy         |
| Physics                | F. Lejeal            | R. Shepherd      |
| Chemistry              | R. Fitzgerald        | H. de la Guardia |
| Political Economy      | L. Atteridge         | F. Sigwart       |
| Advanced Literature    | R. Fitzgerald        | J. Twohy         |
| Advanced History       | R. Fitzgerald        | J. Twohy         |
|                        | SOPHOMORE            | FRESHMAN         |
| Philosophy of Religion | P. Dunne             | A. Bunsow        |
| Latin                  | E. Ivancovich        | A. Bunsow        |
| Greek                  | E. Ivancovich        | R. Archbold      |
| Mathematics            | G. Hall, R. O'Connor | J. Maltman       |
| English Precepts, etc  | R. O'Connor          | M. Shafer        |
| History and Geography  | P. Dunne             | M. Shafer        |
| Elocution              | L. Bogan             | I. Shea          |
|                        | 1st Academic         | 2nd Academic     |
| Christian Doctrine     | E. Watson            | M. Detels        |
| Latin                  | A. Ivancovich        | C. Brazell       |
| Greek                  | A. Ivancovich        | C. Brazell       |
| Mathematics            | R. Dalton            | Robert Browne    |
| English Precepts, etc  | F. Chandler          | W. Barry         |
| History and Geography  | C. McClatchy         | M. Detels        |
| Civil Government       |                      | M. Detels        |
| Elocution              | F. Chandler          | J. Barton        |
| Elementary Science     | W. Hirst             | Robert Browne    |
| Penmanship             | A. Dolcini           | H. Gallagher     |

## 3rd Academic

4th Academic  
Div. A4th Academic  
Div. B.

|                            |                           |                     |                  |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Christian Doctrine.....    | L. Rogers .....           | H. Gambee.....      | C. Clinton.....  |
| Latin .....                | A. Elser.....             | C. Castruccio.....  | L. Canhape.....  |
| Greek.....                 | J. Sassenrath.....        |                     |                  |
| Mathematics.....           | W. Sweeny.....            | F. Warren.....      | P. McAuliff..... |
| English Precepts, etc..... | J. Sheean.....            | L. Gambee.....      | R. Jeffress..... |
| History and Geography..... | J. Sheean.....            | W. Whitney.....     | L. Canhape.....  |
| Civil Government.....      | S. Heney.....             |                     |                  |
| Elocution and Reading..... | D. Rucker, J. Sheean..... | A. Prindiville..... | L. Canhape.....  |
| Orthography.....           |                           | L. Gambee.....      | J. Curry.....    |
| Penmanship.....            | L. Ruth.....              | C. Pezzola.....     |                  |

## Special Classes

## 1st

## 2nd

## 3rd

|                              |                           |                      |                               |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Latin .....                  | G. Hall.....              | P. Acquistepace..... | C. Downey, Robert Browne..... |
| Greek.....                   | M. Brown.....             | F. Chandler.....     | H. Escudero, E. Wood.....     |
| English.....                 | J. Leibert.....           | N. Spencer.....      |                               |
| English Comp. Sophomore..... | Freshman.....             | 1st Academic.....    | 2nd Academic.....             |
|                              | L. Murphy, N. Bunsow..... | C. McClatchy.....    | R. Murphy, J. Foley.....      |

## Commercial Branches

## 1st BOOKKEEPING

## 2nd BOOKKEEPING

## 3d BOOKKEEPING

|                   |                  |              |
|-------------------|------------------|--------------|
| S. Gilfillan..... | F. Chandler..... | H. Lyng..... |
| Stenography.....  | H. Wormly.....   |              |
| Typewriting.....  | A. Bunsow.....   |              |

## Pre-Academic Course

## 1st Pre-Academic

## 2nd Pre-Academic

|                            |                                |                           |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Christian Doctrine.....    | F. Brophy, A. Fitzpatrick..... | G. Ivancovich.....        |
| English Precepts, etc..... | F. Brophy.....                 | G. Ivancovich.....        |
| History and Geography..... | L. Brophy, N. Jacobs.....      | G. Ivancovich.....        |
| Mathematics.....           | F. Fitzpatrick, J. Lidky.....  | G. Ivancovich.....        |
| Elocution and Reading..... | A. Goldstein.....              | G. Ivancovich.....        |
| Penmanship.....            | L. Goldstein.....              | J. Kelley, T. Parker..... |

## First Honors For November, 1905

## SENIOR

## JUNIOR

|                             |                    |                  |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Philosophy of Religion..... | R. Fitzgerald..... | C. Byrnes.....   |
| Moral Philosophy.....       | R. Fitzgerald..... |                  |
| Mental Philosophy.....      |                    | C. Byrnes.....   |
| Mathematics.....            | R. Fitzgerald..... | J. McKay.....    |
| Physics.....                | F. Lejeal.....     | G. Fisher.....   |
| Chemistry.....              | F. Belz.....       | M. Moraghan..... |
| Political Economy.....      | M. Carter.....     | F. Sigwart.....  |
| Advanced Literature.....    | L. Atteridge.....  | T. Donlon.....   |
| Advanced History.....       | F. Mulcahy.....    | C. Byrnes.....   |



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## SOPHOMORE

## FRESHMAN

|                              |               |              |
|------------------------------|---------------|--------------|
| Philosophy of Religion       | P. Dunne      | A. Bunsow    |
| Latin                        | E. Ivancovich | A. Bunsow    |
| Greek                        | E. Ivancovich | R. Archibald |
| English Precepts, Comp. etc. | R. O'Connor   | J. Maltman   |
| Mathematics                  | J. Lappin     | J. Maltman   |
| History and Geography        | J. Bogan      | A. Bunsow    |
| Elocution                    | L. Bogan      | J. Daly      |

## 1st Academic

## 2nd Academic

## 3rd Academic

|                            |             |               |            |
|----------------------------|-------------|---------------|------------|
| Christian Doctrine         | L. Wagner   | R. Browne     | C. Downey  |
| Latin                      | A. Oyarzo   | J. Trilarry   | A. Elsner  |
| Greek                      | E. Watson   | F. McGrath    | A. Thuer   |
| English Prec., Comp., etc. | F. Chandler | R. Birmingham | S. Whiting |
| Mathematics                | R. Daulton  | H. McLane     | A. Watson  |
| History and Geography      | W. Hirst    | H. Gallagher  | S. Heney   |
| Civil Government           |             | W. Barry      | S. Heney   |
| Elocution                  | C. Mullen   | W. McAuliff   | D. Rucker  |
| Elementary Science         | F. Chandler | W. Barry      |            |
| Penmanship                 | C. Mullen   | H. Gallagher  | W. Mudgett |

## 4th Academic, Div. A

## 4th Academic, Div. B

|                              |               |                   |
|------------------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| Christian Doctrine           | L. Gambee     | R. Jeffress       |
| Latin                        | L. Gambee     | L. Canhope        |
| English Precepts Comp., etc. | C. Castruccio | C. Clinton        |
| Mathematics                  | L. Gambee     | R. Jeffress       |
| History and Geography        | W. Whiting    | J. de la Montanya |
| Elocution                    | G. Koehle     | R. Flood          |
| Orthography                  | C. Castruccio | R. Jeffress       |
| Penmanship                   | A. Perasso    | W. Wilson         |

## Special Classes

## 1st

## 2nd

## 3rd A

## 3rd B

|                          |              |              |              |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Latin                    | E. Wood      | F. Chandler  | L. Wagner    | W. Barry     |
| Greek                    | H. Broderick | F. Chandler  | R. Browne    | S. McKinney  |
| English                  | C. McClatchy |              | N. Spencer   |              |
| English Comp., Sophomore | Freshman     | 1st Academic | 2nd Academic | 3rd Academic |
|                          | H. McKenzie  | A. Bunsow    | L. Calloway  | R. Murphy    |
|                          |              |              |              | J. Foley     |

## Commercial Branches

## 1st BOOKKEEPING

## 2nd BOOKKEEPING

## 3rd BOOKKEEPING

|              |             |        |
|--------------|-------------|--------|
| S. Gilfillan | F. Chandler | J. Lee |
| Stenography  | A. Lamm     |        |
| Typewriting  | A. Bunsow   |        |

## 1st Pre-Academic

## 2nd Pre-Academic

|                            |                |               |
|----------------------------|----------------|---------------|
| Christian Doctrine         | A. Fitzpatrick | G. Ivancovich |
| English Prec., Comp., etc. | F. Brophy      | G. Ivancovich |
| Mathematics                | A. Fitzpatrick | G. Ivancovich |
| History and Geography      | N. Jacobs      | G. Ivancovich |
| Elocution                  | L. Goldstein   | G. Ivancovich |
| Orthography                | F. Brophy      | G. Ivancovich |
| Penmanship                 | L. Goldstein   | J. Franjuti   |

## First Honors For December 1905

|                             | SENIOR             | JUNIOR                     |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Philosophy of Religion..... | R. Fitzgerald..... | C. Byrnes.....             |
| Moral Philosophy.....       | F. Belz.....       |                            |
| Mental Philosophy.....      |                    | T. Donlon.....             |
| Mathematics.....            | R. Fitzgerald..... | T. Donlon.....             |
| Physics.....                | F. Lejeal.....     | F. Plank.....              |
| Chemistry.....              | F. Lejeal.....     | M. Moraghan, J. McKay..... |

|                            | SOPHOMORE                       | FRESHMAN        |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Phil. of Religion.....     | P. Dunne.....                   | A. Bunsow.....  |
| Latin.....                 | E. Ivancovich.....              | A. Bunsow.....  |
| Greek.....                 | E. Ivancovich.....              | H. Lyng.....    |
| Mathematics.....           | E. Ivancovich, R. O'Connor..... | J. Maltman..... |
| English Precepts, etc..... | R. O'Connor.....                | H. Patrick..... |
| History and Geography..... | R. O'Connor.....                | M. Shafer.....  |
| Elocution.....             | L. Murphy.....                  | J. Daly.....    |

|                            | 1st ACADEMIC       | 2nd ACADEMIC         |
|----------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Christian Doctrine.....    | L. Putman.....     | J. Rogers.....       |
| Latin.....                 | E. Watson.....     | J. Acquistapace..... |
| Greek.....                 | A. Ivancovich..... | H. Gallagher.....    |
| Mathematics.....           | R. Daulton.....    | W. Barry.....        |
| English Precepts, etc..... | E. Watson.....     | R. Birmingham.....   |
| History and Geography..... | W. Hirst.....      | W. McAuliffe.....    |
| Civil Government.....      |                    | J. Rogers.....       |
| Elocution.....             | F. Chandler.....   | W. McAuliffe.....    |
| Elementary Science.....    | W. Hirst.....      | G. Jumper.....       |
| Penmanship.....            | C. Mullen.....     | R. Browne.....       |

|                            | 3rd ACADEMIC       | 4th ACADEMIC Div. A | 4th ACADEMIC Div. B |
|----------------------------|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Christian Doctrine.....    | M. Leahy.....      | A. Perasso.....     | J. Curry.....       |
| Latin.....                 | A. Elsner.....     | A. Perasso.....     | J. Curry.....       |
| Greek.....                 | A. Elsner.....     |                     |                     |
| Mathematics.....           | J. Lopez.....      | A. Perasso.....     | J. Curry.....       |
| English Precepts, etc..... | S. Heney.....      | F. Warren.....      | C. Clinton.....     |
| History and Geography..... | S. Heney.....      | A. Perasso.....     | R. Flood.....       |
| Civil Government.....      | S. Heney.....      |                     |                     |
| Elocution and Reading..... | J. Sassenrath..... | F. Warren.....      | R. Flood.....       |
| Orthography.....           |                    | C. Castruccio.....  | R. Jeffries.....    |
| Penmanship.....            | W. Sweeny.....     | L. Rogers.....      | C. Clinton.....     |

### Special Classes

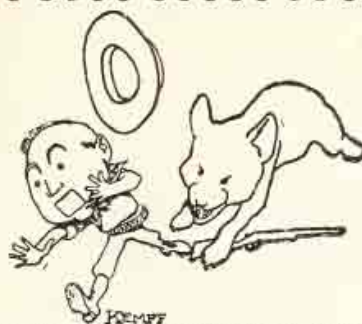
|                              | 1st               | 2nd               | 3rd A             | 6rd B                    |
|------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Latin.....                   | H. Broderick..... | C. Mullen.....    | R. Browne.....    | W. Barry.....            |
| Greek.....                   | H. Broderick..... | F. Chandler.....  | L. Wagner.....    | W. I. Talbott.....       |
| English.....                 | C. McClatchy..... | R. Murphy.....    |                   |                          |
| English Comp. Sophomore..... | Freshman.....     | 1st Academic..... | 2nd Academic..... | 3rd Academic.....        |
|                              | R. Caverly.....   | A. Bunsow.....    | L. Callaway.....  | R. Murphy, J. Foley..... |

## Commercial Branches

| 1st Bookkeeping             |                       | 2nd Bookkeeping            | 3rd Bookkeeping |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| S. Gilfillan, .....         | J. Raffetto .....     | H. Wormley .....           |                 |
| W. Whealen, .....           |                       |                            |                 |
| Stenography                 |                       | Typewriting                |                 |
| A. Lamm, .....              | A. Bunow .....        |                            |                 |
| 1st Pre-Academic            |                       | 2nd Pre-Academic           |                 |
| Christian Doctrine, .....   | A. Fitzpatrick .....  | G. Ivancovich .....        |                 |
| Eng. Prec, etc .....        | F. Brophy, .....      | C. McCarthy, .....         |                 |
| Mathematics, .....          | F. Brophy .....       | G. Ivancovich .....        |                 |
| History and Geography ..... | F. Brophy .....       | G. Ivancovich .....        |                 |
| Elocution and Reading ..... | A. Fitzpatrick .....  | G. Ivancovich .....        |                 |
| Orthography .....           | F. Brophy .....       | G. Ivancovich .....        |                 |
| Penmanship .....            | Antonio Cortina ..... | C. Brecht, E. Brecht ..... |                 |



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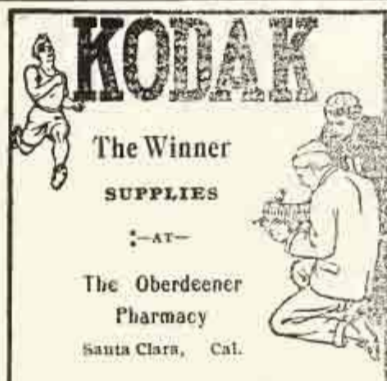
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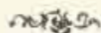
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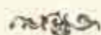
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THE LATE JOHN T. MALONE, ESQ.  
(From an old photograph)

# The Redwood.

*Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

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VOL. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., MARCH, 1906.

No. 6

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## THE DRAMA OF ME AND YOU

[An excerpt from a poem on the semi-centenary year of Santa Clara College, by the late John T. Malone.]

*To honor these dear walks, these fostering walls,  
This song goes up whenever duty calls:  
The drama of me and you, my friend,  
Is a story of love and strife,  
Where the work of the single will  
Wins merit of good or ill  
In the strenuous lists of life.  
It first began  
With the primal man,  
Is told in each baby breath;  
And maketh an end  
Not ever until,  
Like the weary child  
Asleep on the breast of a mother mild,  
The soul goes out through the gates of death.*

## THE JESUIT PEARL FISHERIES IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA

Mr. O. C. Ellison in last December's "Sunset" tells of the Sea of Pearls and of the Jesuit pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California. He says, p. 169, "Historians fail to go into detail as to what were the practical returns to Cortez and his pearl fishers, but they must have been of some consequence, for not a long time elapsed before the church and its emissaries were found to take cognizance of this new source of wealth. So far as known, Cortez' expeditions did not extend their search north of San Blas, starting from Acapulco. But Father Salvatierra's men included the whole gulf, especially the mainland or eastern shore. Their converts here included the Yaqui and other Indians of Sonora. These they compelled to dive for the precious gems, for they would not trust their soldiers to handle their possible wealth. This state of affairs continued till 1768, when the Jesuits suffered one of their many expulsions, probably one of the causes leading thereto in these parts being the assumption that the various missions on the gulf coast contained great treasures of pearls. Whether the expellers of the Jesuits absorbed what they found for themselves, or whether there existed no such wealth as the confiscators had been told to anticipate, it is certain that they reported to the viceroy that the decree of expul-

sion had been complied with, but "the pearls were missing."

It is false that Fr. Salvatierra's men, i. e., the Jesuits, searched the gulf or compelled their converts to dive for pearls; false that the Jesuit missionaries employed any one, freely or for hire, to dive for the gems; false that they were in any sense pearl merchants or attempted to monopolize the fisheries. There is not a shred of evidence to support this assertion. Nor does Mr. Ellison bring forward any; but with the airy flippancy peculiar to a certain school of modern writers, he blackens the character of the most exemplary men, utterly unconscious apparently that such charges must not be made unless they are substantiated.

To refute them we shall merely give the real facts from trustworthy sources. But first we shall call attention to several gross inaccuracies that will enable us to take Mr. Ellison's historical knowledge at its true value.

First—He says, p. 167, that Cortes, having found where Montezuma's pearls came from "considered the matter of sufficient importance to leave his post of viceroy of Mexico and start off for the west coast of his realm in person."

Now Cortes never had any "realm," and he was never viceroy of Mexico;



that office was not created till 1535, and ten years before, he had been deprived of all share in the government, together with the title of Governor, Chief Justice and Captain General bestowed on him by the Emperor in 1522, in virtue of which he exercised the supreme authority till 1526. This authority he never again recovered; although in 1529 Charles V. reappointed him Captain General—a purely military office,—and made him besides Discoverer and Settler of the Coasts and Islands of the South Sea. Therefore, in undertaking his expedition to California in 1536 he neither abandoned his post of viceroy, nor pursued merely private ambition, but was acting strictly within the rights and duties of the office which he did hold.

Second—Historians do tell us that Cortes reaped nothing but failure and pecuniary loss from his California enterprises. I can find no evidence of pearl fishing in any of the four voyages undertaken at his expense, and his pearl fishers must, I fear, be relegated to the realm of myth. The phrase "They (the returns) must have been of some consequence" is quite instructive, as it describes perfectly the lines on which Mr. Ellison deals with historical fact; those namely of conjecture and fanciful assertion, not of investigation of testimony and weighing of evidence.

Cortes' personal expedition took place in 1536, and it was only in 1697 that Fr. Salvatierra succeeded in

founding the first California mission. One hundred and sixty years elapsed between the two events. Still, Mr. Ellison says "not a long time elapsed before the church and its emissaries took cognizance" of the new source of wealth. He may think 160 years a short time in human affairs; but very few will agree with him.

Third—Only two of the expeditions started from Acapulco; the first and fourth. The other two sailed from Tehautepec, about 300 miles further east. The third, however, put in at Chametla, and taking on board Cortes and his colonists, crossed the gulf to the bay of Santa Cruz, the present La Paz. It is certainly surprising to be told that "Cortez" (sic) expeditions did not extend their search north of San Blas," which lies at the mouth of the Santiago River, lat. 21 deg. 32 min. They all did so, and what is more, all except the first reached California, and the fourth explored the whole gulf to its head and then sailed clear around the peninsula. One marvels how Mr. Ellison could make such a glaring mistake.

The next statement brings up directly to our subject. Our historian tells us that though Cortes and his expeditions did not extend their search—for pearls, of course—north of San Blas, "Fr. Salvatierra's men included the whole of the Gulf, especially the mainland or eastern shore. Their converts here included the Yaqui and other Indians of Sonora."

Who were "Salvatierra's men"? Were they the missionaries in California, or those in Sonora, or both? or neither? And what is the date of the maritime adventure here attributed to Fr. Salvatierra? If it be soon after Cortes' voyage of 1536, there were no Jesuits in California, nor in Sonora, nor even in Sinalva. Gonzalo de Tapia was the first Jesuit to enter Sinaloa in 1591, and Pedro Mendez the first to set foot in Sonora in 1613. So that Fr. Salvatierra would remain without "men" to perform his sea exploits. But if his fleets "searched" the Gulf in 1697, when he first came to California, or even in 1680 when he began his missionary career in Sonora, what becomes of the nice promptness with which the "church and its emissaries" took up the search for pearls as soon as Cortes dropped it? One hundred and sixty years is a sad gap to contemplate. And, alas! how could Fr. Salvatierra have any "men" in Sonora in 1697 when he was no longer connected with that mission? Or must we say that Fr. Eusebio Kino, the Superior of Sonora, ordered his subjects to aid his friend in those pearl searches? Fr. Kino had the reputation of not caring much for pearls, or for anything, in fact, except Indians. And so had Fr. Salvatierra. But reputation is no shield, it would seem, against Mr. Ellison's arrows. Hubert Howe Bancroft, anything but partial to the Jesuits, says (Vol. 15, p. 254) "Salvatierra in his tour as visitador met Kino at Dolores

in the spring of 1691, and these two kindred spirits fairly revelled in their apostolic castle-building and plans for spiritual conquest on both sides of the gulf, up to the latitude of Monterey; if not to the strait of Anian or the North Pole."

The passage, in spite of its scoffing flavor, or even because of it, reveals to us the hearts of the two men. Apostolic castle-building, spiritual conquests, in a word, the conversion of the Indians to Christianity, in Sonora, and California, up to Monterey, up to Anian, up to the North Pole; that was Salvatierra's sole ambition, the one longing of his heart, not pearls nor filthy gold. Any one honestly seeking to know the man, even through the pages of the Voltairian Bancroft, will come to that conclusion.

The truth is the pearl search described by our historian is wholly the product of his imagination. There is not a trace of it in the many records of voyages and pearl searches that have come down to our time. Bancroft with all his amazing knowledge of the originals nowhere mentions it; nay, it is an impossibility from a political and ecclesiastical point of view.

Cortes' unfortunate attempts did not diminish the fascination of the magic name of California. Expedition succeeded expedition in exploring its coasts, meeting nothing but parched deserts and frowning, bare, stony mountains; yet they followed on in pursuit of elusive gold mines and fer-



tile fields rivalling those of Paradise. We have the records of all these voyages, and the one thing that serves to relieve the dreary monotony of failure and disappointment, are the rich hauls of lustrous pearls. But who undertook these perilous ventures? Seventeen or eighteen voyages to the Pearl Sea are recorded from the year 1540 to 1697. Not one of them sailed under the auspices of the Jesuits.

It would be too long to enter into detail upon all these voyages; we can barely mention some of the more important ones.

Sebastian Vizcaino entered the Gulf and again settled La Paz. On one occasion a detachment of his men were out exploring the coast and looking for pearl beds. They had landed and were soon surrounded by friendly natives; but one of the Spaniards, a wicked man, snatched a large pearl from the bosom of an Indian maiden. This was their undoing; for the enraged natives fell upon them as they were getting into their boat, and this capsizing, nineteen were drowned and only five reached the ship. The colony was abandoned soon after for want of provisions. Vizcaino's men secured many pearls, until he forced them to show their gains, to set apart the King's fifth (the royal tax), after which they refused to search further.

Nicolas Cardona sailed in March, 1615, with three vessels and a long boat, taking with him a crew of negro divers to engage in pearl fishing. He

was quite successful in his search; but fortune deserted him on his return; for he fell in with the Dutch buccaneer Spilberg and his little pearl laden caravel, armed with but six guns, became an easy prey to the latter's superior strength.

Iturbe, either in this trip as Cardona's partner, or in a subsequent one, secured a great store of pearls, which he succeeded in bringing to Mexico. The whole city rung with the event. Most of them, it is true, had been injured by roasting; for the Indians used to throw the precious oysters into the fire, and roast them to eat. But many were of excellent quality, and one of great size and beauty, valued at (4500) forty-five hundred pesos.

Finally, not to mention Ortega, in 1633, nor Isidro Otondo in 1683, Bernardo Bernal de Pinadero in 1664 agreed to undertake the reduction of California. He sailed from Banderas with two small vessels; but on arriving in California turned all his attention to diving for pearls, contrary to his engagement, forcing the Indians by violence to do it. All attempt at settlement was frustrated by such conduct. Quarrels and dissensions arose among his men, owing no doubt to the division of the spoils. So that Pinadero thought it better to return to Mexico, not however without a goodly quantity of pearls. He was not well received by the Government; the Council of the Indies was informed of his misdoings, and the Queen Regent, in the minority



of Charles II, ordered Pinadero should be made to fulfill his contract. Accordingly he fitted out two vessels, and with these made a new attempt to settle the country, but without success. (Vene-gas, Vol. I, p. 219). Bancroft says that Pinadero's misdeeds were probably exaggerated by the Jesuits, between whom and the explorer there was trouble. How much trouble there was between them may be gathered from the fact, recorded by Bancroft himself, that Pinadero in 1671 petitioned for authority to found two Jesuit missions, surely not the act of one who was either troubling the Jesuits or troubled by them. And how much his misdeeds have been exaggerated by them may be gathered from the fact, also recorded by Bancroft on the same page (Vol. 15, p. 186) that the Audiencia found, in investigations made in 1574 or later, that "he deserved punishment for past irregularities that had now come to light." Unless we assert the Audiencia to have been in the hands of the Jesuits, it is evident they did not exaggerate.

One thing common to all these expeditions was that they were carried out under the royal license and with the

full consent of public authority. "The Governemnt," says Bancroft, p. 185, "required each would-be conqueror to fit out his fleet at his own cost, and imposed such conditions in connection with settlement, survey and treatment of natives that the venture was deemed risky. The Jesuits therefore could not have carried out so extensive a search as that mentioned by Mr. Ellison without Government intervention, and of this there is absolutely no record.

Neither could they have undertaken any private venture, unknown to the Government. For leaving aside the consideration that such a venture was unlawful, and unbecoming any ecclesiastic, records of them are totally wanting. Mr. Bancroft expressly tells us so, Vol. 15, p. 185, and p. 195. By what right then can they be attributed to the Jesuits?

We must now take leave of Mr. Ellison. Lack of space forbids our pursuing him any further into his unfounded charges against the Jesuit Missionaries. His further statements are cut from the same cloth as those we have analysed, and are equally misleading and equally alien to the truth. J. B. V.

## PRAYER OF ST. IGNATIUS

ONE grace I've sought unceasingly,  
Dear Lord, one favor grant Thou me;  
I pray not that my life may be  
Blest in the eyes of earth;  
Vast wealth of gold and fruitful land  
I crave not at Thy bounteous hand,  
Nor high in worldly fame to stand—  
Frail gifts, of trifling worth!

But grant, my mind no lusts turmoil;  
From naught my coward heart recoil;  
My sweetest rest, with painful toil  
To spend myself for Thee;  
One only joy, Thy holy will  
In all things faithful to fulfill;  
One only burning passion, still  
To serve more worthily.

Lord, make me artful in device  
Of daily greater sacrifice,  
That I may give, and spurn the price  
It costs proud self to give;  
I would Thy glory's cause maintain  
Be wounded oft, nor heed the pain;  
For Thee thus die, and dying gain  
The boon with Thee to live!

F. J., '08.

NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS

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A small village in Scotland, a few years ago, is the scene of the following actually truthful narrative.

Back from a quiet lane and surrounded by lofty pines, which shut out the welcome sunshine and cast a deep shadow over the place stood an old-fashioned mansion. Its stones wore the mildew of age, and great cracks could be seen here and there in the mortar.

This venerable looking mansion was known by the very unattractive name of "The Haunted House." It was said to be the resort of evil spirits who held their midnight orgies within its gloomy walls. Many families had moved into it, and as many had moved out again in a very short time.

My parents were not superstitious, and as the house was up for a very small rent to anyone who would live in it, they decided to take the chance.

It was on a chill September afternoon that we moved in. We partook of our supper in a large room hung in dark tapestry, with armor of the sixteenth century standing around the room, and old family portraits looking at us from the walls. The oaken furniture was black with age. Everything was dismal and gloomy enough, and its dreariness seemed to be brought out only the more strongly by the flickering light of one wax candle that was stuck in the long-untenanted bronze candlestick suspended from the ceil-

ing. Fantastic shadows played upon the walls, and in the more darksome corners of the room, the armor of days bygone seemed to stiffen, and the helmets blinked at us in a ghostly manner.

Supper had long since been disposed of, and we sat talking about our new abode and planning for the future. In the distance the chimes of the church clock struck clearly and distinctly the hour of eleven. As the sound died away, all was silent; our conversation had ceased, and we were thinking.

Suddenly, without the least warning, the door-bell commenced to ring furiously. Peal after peal rang out upon the ghostly night air. A cold chill seized me, and drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. The candle flickered and went low, then flared and then burnt steadily. A deathlike hush had fallen upon the group. My father and mother stared at each other blankly. Then again and again the awful peals rang out as if the arch fiend himself were at the bell. The armor on the wall seemed to move as if instinct with life, and the portraits wore a look of unearthly intelligence. All at once a black cat came flying past from no one saw where. His hair was bristling, his eyes were glaring like balls of fire, and his tail was raised on high like the standard of Satan. As it passed me, it gave forth a blood-curdling shriek, and —and—



When I came to my senses I found father and mother and the good old servant around me, cheering me and telling me that I was all right. But my nerves were unstrung and I cried from time to time in terror, "My God, where is that awful black devil that tried to kill me?" After a while I was reassured somewhat, but the day was not an hour old before the whole four of us were at a safe distance from the haunted house.

The following night we stayed at the inn, but my father, along with some friends, went back to watch the house, to sift, if possible, the matter to the bottom. They stationed themselves among the trees around the house and cut off all communication. But in vain! In the late uncanny hours the doorbell rang out as before, try as they might to find the magic hand.

As a last resort, my father sent for the priest of the village. He gladly accepted the invitation, and he and my father went together to await the black cat in the supper room. As the night advanced my father grew more and more nervous, while the venerable old priest went on calmly saying his prayers.

Suddenly there fell upon their ears a low whining wail, which gradually grew louder and louder; then the doorbell began to ring furiously, and almost before they were aware of it, the hor-

rible cat had passed before their fear-stricken gaze. Fear stricken, that is, on my father's part; as for the priest, he seemed more puzzled than fearful. In fact he was quite calm, and as my father looked at his thoughtful, determined face, he felt that the search would not be given up until the whole matter was cleared up.

The bell rang again once or twice, and then kept silence for the rest of the night. The two men watched and waited until the dawn, but not a single clue came to reward them. At last they made ready to depart, and just then my father happened to notice a little mouse running under the table.

He chased it around the room for a moment; then the mouse ran into a hole in the wainscot and disappeared.

Immediately the doorbell commenced to ring. The mystery was solved.

On examination it was found that the insulation had been eaten off the electric wires which passed right beneath the hole in the wainscot so that when the mouse passed over them, it made the wires touch, thus completing the circuit and ringing the bell. And the presence of the cat was also sufficiently explained—who could be surprised that a cat should dance attendance on a mouse?

Clephane Fortune, 3d Acad

## THE BATTLE OF THE CATS

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[Being a rather free translation from the Latin of Father Avesanio, S. J.]

It was the witching time when gentle sleep  
O'er mortals labor-worn begins to creep,  
And when around the cosy bed we see  
The shifting forms of dreamland's tapestry,  
When on my neighbor's roof that cleaves the sky  
A Thomas stalks, and with a long-drawn cry  
Awakes the gruesome echoes far around.  
Sleep flies my spirit, startled at the sound;  
I throw the shutters wide—the silvery moon  
Was riding in her car at highest noon.  
Just then a second Tom there leaps to view  
And whines along the roof its wailing mew.  
The stars are roused and blink with all their might,  
And rub their eyes to see the coming fight.  
Each plaintive cat has gone his rounds unchecked  
But now they meet—eyes glare—hair stands erect,  
Now horrid tails in sinuous curves vibrate,  
Now eyes are fixed on eyes in deadly hate,  
Now supple bodies arch in crescent form,  
And nostrils wide snort out their gathered storm,  
And claws are bared—lo! 'gins the conflict dire.  
All boiling, seething, with infernal ire  
They grapple, kin in hate and power of paw,  
And tear with fanged tooth and rapid claw.

Fast fall their strokes—at last one scuds away;  
They scour the roof—the dastard turns at bay,  
And mustering mettle, will retrieve the day.  
The battle they renew with tenfold rage  
And peers in strength a doubtful combat wage.  
They tear and scratch and screech and flounce and flop,  
Achilles now, now Hector is on top;  
Unsettled Fate blends victory with defeat,  
And they in turn advance, in turn retreat.  
But valor tried on many a moonlit roof  
'Gainst fear of cat or human kind is proof.  
Mars, God of War, looks on with bloodshot eye,  
And gore-athirst, spurs on to do or die.  
Now here the champions are, and there anon!  
Now multiplied to six, now rolled in one.  
One only ear this shapeless cat bedecks,  
One optic blear the other's charge directs,  
What care they for their wounds—the other's ill  
Is balm sufficient for the pains they feel.  
Unto each other's throats they frenzied cling  
And hither, thither, bounce and bound and fling.  
At last they come where falls the gable plump  
Down, down! they whirl to earth with fearful thump!  
The wounded earth resounds and stops the fight,  
And two sore cats sneak off into the night.

J. D., '07.



## NAZARETH

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### The Passion Play at Santa Clara

It is three years since the last revival of "Nazareth," the Passion Play at Santa Clara, and yet should a passerby chance within the college walls these days he might readily believe that the faculty and student body were, from their intense zeal and interest, preparing for the first instead of the third production of the story of the greatest human drama ever written. It was my good fortune to witness the last presentation of the rehearsal to the end of its production. I saw that production develop from a mere drop of inspiration into a great surging torrent of dramatic success, and yet I dare not even hold the thought that my humble pen is by any manner of means capable of describing the mighty scenes which twice have been depicted upon the stage of the old Mission college of Santa Clara.

"Nazareth" has been called a Passion Play, and yet, in the strictest sense of the latter title it is not such.

The sacred drama as a task represents a labor of love on the part of its gifted author, Clay M. Greene, Ph.D., who wrote it as a tribute to his Alma Mater when she celebrated her golden jubilee five years ago. Upon that occasion it was decided, owing to its immediate and overwhelming success that "Nazareth" should forever remain

to be given at intervals in Santa Clara College, and there alone, and placed upon that stage by students whose hearts and souls thrilled with the very love and belief that the great work demands.

I have stated that "Nazareth" is not really a Passion Play, and yet one who has witnessed its production can readily perceive the reason of the sub-title, for it is the story of the Passion prefixed with the birth, and ending with the death and resurrection of the Saviour, without more than the mere suggestion of the central figure of the great tale. Three times, during the progress of the play, a strong flood of clear, white light indicates that He is passing by; and again in the eighth scene the tottering cross, the stones and the gibes of the multitude, which the audience beholds with the Apostles behind the closed gates that lead onto the road to Golgotha, sends out over the stage a shivering, breathing realization of the great tragedy of the March to Calvary.

It would be nigh well impossible to attempt to describe in detail the movement of Greene's sacred drama, from the discovery, in the dim starlight of the first scene, of the shepherds watching on the Plains of Bethlehem, to the light-flooded sepulchre of the ninth and

last picture, where the Angel of the Lord stands within the entrance announcing with but a gesture and no word of mouth, that the Saviour of the world has risen.

Words fail in description of this play; one must see it to realize its power. It is a strong vivid and intense production commanding the respect of all men alike, even the hardened critics of the press who have been, one and all, spell-bound by its reverential beauty and pathos. The play is very ingeniously constructed in as much as it omits none of the vital points in the Passion of our Saviour. Then, too, there are no women in this Passion Play, their place being indicated by the dialogue, in a remarkably clever manner.

"Nazareth" is divided into four epochs, which in turn are subdivided into chapters, nine in all. The play opens on the Plains of Bethlehem, a wonderfully beautiful stage picture. Stars twinkle like meteors, and in their midst is seen, brighter than the rest the lone star of Bethlehem that guides the wise men to the manger. The shepherds are guarding their flocks by the glow of the watchfire, and the sleeping city of Bethlehem is shown down in the deep distance, over the crest of the hill. As they talk of the coming of the Messiah a white robed angel appears to them, and by his words dispels from their minds all doubt as to the miraculous maternity of the Virgin and the divinity of her

Son. Then in the gray of the morning light come the wise men of the East and the emissaries of Herod, King of Judea. The second chapter introduces us to the throne-room in King Herod's palace, where the King, learning from his emissaries the report of the birth of the new King of the Jews, orders the killing of every male child two years old or younger in Bethlehem. Here too, occurs the quarrel between Archelaus, son of Herod, and Athias, son of Jechonias, a wealthy Publican, and Athias' defiance of the King, and his confession of belief in Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

The third scene is in the House of Caiaphas thirty-three years later, and the triumphal entry of the Nazarene into Jerusalem is indicated by a dazzling white light to suggest the presence of Him and by the waving palm tips that are seen in the streets below through the palace windows. Judas appears before the Council of High Priests, and though sorely tempted, refuses to betray his Master. In chapter four we find Athias, now Matthew the Apostle, charging Judas with treachery, as he, Matthew was present, unseen, in the Council Chamber of the High Priests. Judas, however, succeeds in allaying the doubts of his fellow apostles, and with them he awaits the approach of the Master. Scene five is the same, the Mount of Olives. To the gathered Apostles comes Peter, who tells them of the kiss of Judas and the arrest of Jesus in the Garden



of Gethsemane. Then follows the sixth scene, which is laid in the palace of King Herod II. formerly the boy, Archelaus. To the King come Matthew and his aged father Jechonias, now also a believer in the Nazarene. They plead so eloquently for the Master's life that Herod promises that when Jesus is sent to him he will send Him back to Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judea. Then come Caiaphas and his priests who urge that Herod put the Nazarene to death. Herod asks of Caiaphas where the Messiah is to be found, and turning toward the entrance Caiaphas exclaims "Behold Him, standing there!" At this point the great light streams through the arch and Herod sinks back on his throne, overcome. Then, realizing his weakness, he pulls himself together and rising to his feet he commands in a thunderous voice, "Jesus of Nazareth, approach!" Slowly the light moves on toward the stage as the soft tableau curtains quietly descend. This is one of the most thrilling situations in the sacred drama.

In scene seven we have the courtyard of Pilate's Palace with the Merchants of the Temple and the seething populace demanding the release of the robber Barabbas, and the life of Jesus, the Christ. "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" they cry out "His blood be upon us and upon our people!" Again the light indicates His presence, and another great scene is acted, ending with the sentence of Pilate and the famous

washing of the hands. The eighth scene shows the disciples in a walled garden on the road to Golgotha. It is here that the March to Calvary is enacted, the greatest, most human and awful bit of tragedy that has ever been seen on the stage of a theater. In the distance the cries of the mob are heard, and the disciples all fall upon their knees. The shouts grow louder as the multitude approaches and then, high above the walls are seen the spears of the Roman soldiers, the stones and sticks of the rabble and in the midst of it all, the gaunt black arms of the wooden cross moving slowly and hesitatingly, but surely and fearlessly up to the mount of the crucifixion. What could be more enthralling? Not even the actual appearance of the Christ would be of as urgent effect as this feat in dramatic suggestion. It thrills and permeates every sense in the human body. That great black cross, vibrating painfully in the tense, luminous atmosphere, rising and falling, and swinging and swaying above the feebleness of its unseen support, encased in the roar of the invisible multitude, is a masterpiece of dramatic conception and the very acme of art. Nor does this great act end with the passing of the cross. Directly the Apostles leave the scene to follow at a distance to Calvary, Judas enters, torn, dishevelled and maniac-like in appearance, with his crime of the betrayal stamped upon every feature. He meets those who bribed him to the awful



tragedy, but, his appeals to them receive only repulsion, and after an intense scene in which he flings the thirty pieces of blood money into the face of the High Priests, the unfortunate wretch curses his betrayers and in desperation goes forth to hang himself. It is a powerful act, magnificently constructed. The ninth and last chapter carries the climax to utmost heights. We see the interior of the Temple at the third hour of the crucifixion. The fearful multitude are gathered in the darkness that overspreads the earth. The High Priests stand unsteady on the throne, but refuse to give ear to the appeals of the mob. Pilate enters in a frenzy and beseeches Caiaphas to undo, as far as possible, the wrong done the Nazarene, but the latter is hard, firm and relentless. Pilate threatens him, and the High Priest orders his soldiers to hurl the Governor from the Temple's roof. Just at that moment the sins of men are expiated, for on Calvary Christ, the Saviour of the World, has expired. As the command of Caiaphas is uttered, the populace is thrown into a state of awful terror. Lightning flashes and thunder roars. The earth rocks with fearful violence, and the great columns of the temple sway and totter for a moment, then with terrific force the supporting arch of the Temple gives way, and comes shattering down before the eyes of the people. The temple's veil is rent in twain and out through the ruin of it all are seen in the vivid lightning

flashes the three gaunt crosses on the hill of Calvary, the awful testimonial of the Saviour's love. The Apostles rush upon the scene as the High Priests and the frenzied populace flee in fright, and Pilate, falling on his knees at Peter's feet receives the disciple's blessing, and the glory of Christianity is foretold. At this point the lights soften into darkness out of which comes clear and strong the closing picture of the drama, the Sepulchre, with the stone rolled back, and the Angel of the Lord standing in the entrance with hand upraised and finger indicating that He, the Savior of the World, has risen.

"Nazareth," compared with the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, is considered by many critics to be far superior thereto. The reason for this consideration is evident. Nazareth is powerful in its suggestion—the Oberammergau play does not suggest but shows. In handling a delicate subject like a Passion Play there is a deal more strength in the suggestion of the Savior than showing Him. In "Nazareth", albeit Christ is not seen, His presence is ever made apparent by the brilliant light, the verbal references, the waving palms, the tottering cross and the underlying current of the entire production. The author, in making Christ the central figure in "Nazareth" and yet never once allowing His impersonation on the stage: his making of Him the very life and spirit of the play, without once showing Him but always having

the presence tangibly felt from the beginning to the end of the great tragedy, shows an intelligence and power for dramatic construction and practical presentation that has seldom been evidenced by modern playwrights.

In conclusion it is not too much to say that no more fitting environment than the old Mission College could possibly be selected for a play so highly dramatic and intensely sacred. Under no circumstances could it be given upon the professional stage without

having its real spirit so marred by theatrical glamor as to really profane its sacred intention. The coming production at the College in the spring will be in accordance with the spirit of the past revivals. What money is of necessity derived from the production, will be turned over to swell the fund of the new and greater Santa Clara College, than which surely no worthier object could be found.

Martin V. Merle, '06 Special.

SPRING

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Returning Spring with warm embrace  
Wakes Nature from grey-curtained sleep  
And from her acon-storied face  
Its sougning breezes softly sweep  
Her thousand years of joy and ruth,  
Till glows again her primal youth.

The world is young; its varied force,  
Mighty as at Creation's prime,  
Joys like a giant in its course,  
Unrecking of the foregone time;  
For blight and ruin are vital seeds,  
And nature on her ashes feeds.

The fallen leaves are turned to worth,  
In other shape they clothe the trees;  
The perished flowers renew their birth,  
And shine in beauty on the leas;  
The sluggish quagmire floats on high  
A golden islet in the sky.

My heart self-frozen, be thou free !  
Bud forth, O hope of higher things !  
Blow breeze from Truth's vast tropic sea,  
And thaw affections fettered springs !  
And ye, dead faults of bygone years,  
Prove virtue's seed, when moist with tears.

R. S., '07.



## MY RECOLLECTION OF AN OLD MISSION

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A noted writer, who has condescended to do some literary catering to the young, has ventured to say that there comes a period within the lifetime of any well constituted boy, when he is ruled by an invincible passion for searching out hidden treasure.

If I had known at the time wherein the incidents here narrated happened, that this wonderful passion is invariably a key to a great disappointment, I might in the face of the unconquerable have proved my own unsoundness of constitution by remaining comfortably idle.

But Lower California is a land of heated sands and mysterious nights and I, being young and weak, was moved by the mystical something of the deserts, to quest for the heavy hordes of the Padres, who, I was told, —and this only increased my zeal— left their missions hurriedly and in light marching order. Surely they could not have taken away all the candelabra!

It was through the gossip of the lazy natives that I learned of the rich treasure that awaited me, and also of a certain white stone, covered with Greek inscriptions, that gave the exact site of the hoard.

Being weak, as I have already stated, and at the same time somewhat of a sceptic, I doubted the existence of a Greek inscription but rather expected

one in Latin, for well was I aware that the people of these parts knew no difference between the two. In order to put my mind at ease I asked the question of an individual, who showed a little more than ordinary intelligence for a native. He replied that the inscriptions were surely Greek because no one could read them.

I leaped at the truth as sanguine men are wont to do even when they have little to leap from and felt sure that the gold and silver and precious stones of St. Francis Borgia mission were mine only for the trouble of appropriating them, and instinctively, because of my youth, I began to devise ways of spending this wealth in the most enjoyable and easy manner.

So, late one warm morning, we started—a party of four counting the guide, who was a Tarhumari Indian and well deserving the renown that was his as a courier.

I have known no other man who can run fifty miles at the pace of a mule, up hill and down, with only a couple of hours to rest in, and a tin of sardines for his only refreshment. Indeed it was short of marvelous, this work of our guide. Even the sun did not seem to discomfort him, probably because he was well used to it—which solution of the problem is not the only one that could be drawn, because the sun did not discomfort me either. But

this was because my castles were forming and I was debating with myself concerning the wearing qualities of a gray stucco on brick and the beauty of stone. I had come to one conclusion—namely, that the stairs should be of marble, guarded faithfully by a pair of onyx lions. So gladly did I proceed with these fancies before me that when we neared the springs, I was in advance of my companions except, of course, the guide, who was still jogging grotesquely in the fore.

In spite of these high flown imaginings I remained somewhat sensible to actuality, so that when I dismounted I first sought the shade of the grape vines where I removed my hot sombrero and bathed my wrists and ankles in the paved ditch wherein the water for irrigation flowed.

While thus employed, I espied a large white stone, the description of which had already made it familiar to me, standing in a spot where I expected something of the kind. Even through the quivering air I fancied I saw also a Greek delta on it.

Forgetful of sombrero and of shoes, I rushed forward over the hot sands, vowing, in my delightful rapture that certain domes should be plated with expensive gold leaf, and that a certain pair of watchful lions should be, not of onyx, but of ivory, with eyes cut from single opals.

Tremblingly I approached until I could make out the design. When I had well examined it my limbs stiff-

ened and I stood very still and staring hard, yet seeing nothing, till a burning sensation on my bare feet reminded me that old Sol is mighty and no respecter of persons, even of a self-fancied Croesus. Sick at heart and disgusted I returned and donned my shoes mechanically. Then the guide came to ask me if I had success. To this I answered very calmly but with decision as if the truth had been known to me long ago, that the people of this region were a particular and specified brand of unmentionable somethings, who could not distinguish a crude and inartistic design from Greek writing, whereupon the guide thinking that he was included in my description winked at a nearby vine with such vehemence that his eye-brow touched his cheek. This made me more disgusted than ever and I strode off kicking viciously at everything in my path.

At length I wore off my anger, but only at a great expense of tobacco and hearty language. Soon the golden dream of many days had faded from my fond vision before the sternness of facts; my castles in Spain had melted into thin air, leaving not a trace behind, and I was deeply absorbed in the history of the Mission as if its candelabra had never excited my cupidity.



St. Francis Borgia Mission, to the best of my knowledge, was begun by Fr. Retz, S. J., about the year 1759. Although I doubt that the present church was founded by him owing to



the amount of other work he had on hand, still I believe that he designed it because his name is always mentioned in that connection. Two years later Fr. Link of the same society came from Loretto to take charge and also to help Fr. Retz. Between them they opened a road to a port now called "Puerto de Don Juan," opposite the island of Angel de la Guardia, in order to have a water communication with Loretto. The indomitable courage it took to build this forty mile road over the mountains and across parched deserts, can only be appreciated by seeing the work itself.

This finished, Fr. Retz, was removed and Fr. Link remained to continue the work of salvation. Instructions were given in the first chapel which was of adobe and of which only portions of the walls now remain. About fifteen acres of land were cleaned and fenced in, which even now, though many years have passed away, still furnish nearly all the fruit that is consumed in the nearby mining camps. This too from the same trees and vines planted by the Padres, for the natives have been too lazy to plant more.

The larger church was soon after commenced and the beauty of its style is an adornment to that class of architecture—the architecture of necessity—and speaks what volumes cannot speak of the untiring energy of the German Jesuits.

The edifice in question is about one hundred feet long and half as wide,

made entirely of white lime stone, well squared and finished. The design is similar to the old mission Santa Clara, as far as the tower and the front are concerned. Inside it is paved rudely with flags and a few steps of the same lead up to the stone altar and the smashed tabernacle. The Government's minions had indeed done their work well, for they had not only broken statues and torn down pictures but had also burrowed deep under the altar and sanctuary in a vain search for treasure. Maybe they were only proving their soundness of constitution as I had done.

While I was looking about me in this lasting monument of courage and piety and beginning to feel quite spiritual myself, I heard a deep voice as if one in prayers were calling on the saints for help.

"An undiscovered saint; I will proclaim his virtues to the world" thought I, and immediately tiptoed along a corridor towards the voice. But as I was about to peep around a corner to see this angelic creature at his orisons a flag unceremoniously tripped me so that I fell with a great noise. An Indian ceased his snoring and turned in his slumber.

After this I climbed the tower by means of a spiral stairway made entirely out of stone blocks cut in the form of huge keyholes with the rounded parts forming the central pillar, and from this tower I walked on to the choir platform. Two old bells hung



here, green with age and sad-voiced. Once they were new and had sweet voices. They had called many a time to their devotions the fifteen hundred converts, who toiled and prayed with their savior, Fr. Link.

I could almost see as I stood near these bells and looked out over the canyons—out to where the setting sun was kissing the ocean and making the sky blush—a procession of those faithful, humble souls wending their way towards the church to give thanks for their deliverance. Then I wondered,

as better men have wondered before me, if after all I had not found in the relics and memories and monuments of the heroic Christian toil of this old mission, a richer and more lasting treasure than the one I first sought,

While thus thinking the night came and dyed everything darkly, making things seem so dim and ghostly, yet so beautiful, that I could not but feel envious of Fr. Link and the luck of his chosen fifteen hundred.

F. J. PLANK, '07.

## ST. JOSEPH

*Dear Joseph, when to thee I was given  
To espouse the Virgin Queen of Heaven,  
By miracle God showed thy power;  
For Virgin touch made rod to flower.  
What wonder since I was thine to be  
The Virgin spouse of Purity!*

*J. G., 1st Acad.*

## UNIVERSE IMMUTABLE

**E**ARTH was golden with the sun,  
And silver with the moon,  
And stars were fixed in lasting places,  
While tenderly, a gracious God ruled all.  
Thereat there rose with awful faces,  
Cruel foemen witlessly, but strong,  
To challenge Right and champion Wrong.  
Wherefore while some bosoms still were bold,  
Rose other hostiles—crystal souled—  
Buckler-braced to fight—  
To challenge Wrong and champion Right,  
And marshalled first to hesitating beat,  
As if most dreaded they to win defeat.  
And glorious though the victory when they met,  
Wrong e'er will importune the Right; but yet  
Earth is golden with the sun—  
And silver with the moon—  
And stars are fixed in lasting places,  
While tenderly a gracious God rules all.

F. J. Plank, '07.

## MY REVENGE

---

Jack was a donkey. Now I am not in the slightest degree angry or excited, and so there is no need of that shocked look of yours. I repeat it with emphasis—Jack was a donkey and nothing else. He had "four legs, one in each corner," he had a long, lean, rope of a tail, ending in a bushy clump of hair, which he swung about in season and out of season, and he had ears, oh such long ears! Now if these things do not make a donkey, I should like to know what does.

But when I have fixed Jack in his proper class, I have only begun to give you an idea of him. Jack was not one of your ordinary, everyday, nodding, dreaming donkies; no! he was a class all by himself; he was a Donkey with a capital D, and written in italics (if the printer didn't happen to be out of them) and with a very acute accent on both syllables. Jack was, in fine, a pure, genuine, unmixed, concentrated, unmitigated, inexorable donkey—that's what Jack was.

Now having delivered myself of this Philippic, I feel easier; I feel I can take things a little more slowly and go more into details. Jack and I were born enemies. It was a case of hate at first sight. We had nothing in common. When I first saw his ill-favored form, he was peaceably, I mean moodily and sullenly, cropping the toothsome grass in the field of Neighbor

Leonard. I had known donkies before, and had always got along well with them; I used to give them green grass and ears of corn, and even slices of bread, and they invariably accepted the hospitality from my hand with grave and dignified condescension. I thus came gradually to regard myself as a sort of wild-animal tamer, and to think that I had some sort of magnetic power over the whole brute creation. I felt that I was the king of beasts; I lionized myself, and the condescension between myself and my irrational kingdom came gradually to be all on my side. Naturally, therefore, when I saw Jack feeding not far away, I felt I had a right to his allegiance, and that right I was, in my own suave way, going to assert.

So I hied me over to Jack, holding out some grass at arm's length as a token of my peaceable intentions. I did not doubt a moment that the donkey would be thoroughly subdued by my blandishments. When a few yards away, he lifted up his head, and stared at me in undisguised and utterly disrespectful wonderment. His great oblong eyes grew round with surprise, his mighty ears stood forward as if they were saying among themselves, "Well, what do you call this, anyway?"—and his unhandsome physiognomy wore an expression that in the light of after events, I firmly believe



was the result of suppressed laughter. "Soh, now!" said I with royal graciousness, "soh, now, poor old fellow; here's some—" I got no further. The horrible monster had pushed back his ears flat on his neck, and with an unheard-of shriek rushed upon me with open jaws and uncovered teeth. I turned and fled to a nearby tree. The succeeding moments are a blank in my memory. The next thing I can recall is myself, the king of beasts, with skins scratched and clothes torn, enthroned high upon a tree, with the foe snorting murder and destruction below. To add insult to injury, the donkey, satisfied that I had been thoroughly routed, paid me no more heed, but went on quietly continuing his meal right under my nose. This was more than human nature could stand; I broke off the limb of a tree, and flung it with all my might at my contemptuous conqueror. As I did so, I lost my balance, and fell to the ground.

But my shot took effect. The donkey got it on the ribs, which were lean and bare through ill-nature, and he reared, and brayed, and kicked his hind legs into the air, and then he took himself off at a swift gallop.

After having put my remains together, I went off home, weeping, not at the bruises my body suffered from, as much as those my dignity had received. I consoled my convalescence with schemes of revenge.

To get my revenge was not so easy. Of course, I never passed the donkey

—on the other side of the fence—without making the prettiest faces and calling him the most endearing names that my fondness for him suggested, but all this seemed to have no effect upon the donkey's feelings. He treated my grimaces invariably with the silence of contempt. In my despair, I threw stones at him, but few hit the mark, and these had so spent their force as to make no impression on his callous hide. The siege went on in this way for many weeks, the besieger getting altogether the worst of it, and the besieged thriving as never before.

One afternoon, as I was passing by the domain of my wicked foe, I stopped to take a good look at him. He was walking sulkily through a small clump of trees, apparently lost in spiteful reflections. All at once, he began to act queerly; he snorted and sniffed, and swung his tasseled tail, and scratched himself with his teeth. Something was pestering him—perhaps a bad conscience. He kicked viciously; he reared on his hind legs, and at last took to his heels in panic flight. As he emerged from the shade, the situation dawned upon me—he was attacked by a swarm of bees.

Round and round the field he galloped with all his might, but the bees kept pace with him. At intervals he would stop and try to shake off his tormentors, and he would kick and snort and shriek, but the bees only stung him all the more wickedly. Then he would have recourse to flight,

but there was no escape. At last he threw himself on the ground and rolled around with heart-rending symptoms of dreadful agony. Long and convulsively he rolled; once or twice he attempted to rise, only to sink back as if exhausted. His motions were getting less and less vigorous, and at last ceased altogether. "Probably he is tired out and going to sleep," thought I in my youthful ignorance, as I watched his motionless form stretched out on the earth. "He's got a good stinging, anyway, and thank Heaven! I've got my revenge."

I waited for many minutes, until the bees, satisfied with their victory, had

flown away. Then I ventured towards my reposing foe, for I knew he would be too tired to chase me. As I approached he paid me no attention, and emboldened by his silence, I came nearer and nearer. What, was it possible!—I threw a pebble at him, then another, and another, but no response! I went right up to him. Sure enough, he was dead.

So at last I had my revenge. But somehow or other I found no sweetness in it. "Poor Jack," said I, as I turned away with a mist before my eyes, "poor Jack, when I come to think of it, you were not so bad after all."

H. R. H., 3rd Acad.

*Be kind; as sunshine on the heart  
May fall thy kindly word or deed,  
To thaw neglect's cold, killing frost,  
And foster virtue's dormant seed.*

G. H., '08.

## JOHN T. MALONE

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All that was mortal of our late beloved Alumnus, John T. Malone, has been laid away in the depths of the grave, and yet, from the stories that have been told of him by his old teachers and classmates within the college walls, from what we have read of his life and his work, his joys and his sorrows, we can feel the breath of his spirit spreading gently around us, we who are here amongst his old scenes and haunts. "Old John T.," as he was familiarly called, was a man among men. His was a soul that hungered for the deeper things of life, for the higher thoughts of literature. He was a careful student of Shakespeare, his love for the great master finding its seed in his beloved tutor, the late Father Young, S. J. His acquaintance with the works of the bard was intricate, extensive and minute. As a comrade among men of intellect, he was both loved and admired, for his nature was noble, his heart was kind, his taste was pure. With a rich mind and gentle manners, it was a pleasure to know him, an honor to have his confidence.

Mr. Malone was born in 1850 in Massachusetts. His family moved to California when he was still very young, so he always called himself a Californian. His early education was

acquired, first at St. Ignatius College in San Francisco, and then here at the Old Mission College of Santa Clara. There are those here now, who knew him as a student and as a classmate. The old records show us where he cultivated his great love for the stage in such plays as "Saul," "Pizzaro" and the other classic dramas that the students presented. Clay M. Greene, the gifted playwright, shared the honors with him in the leading roles. We find his name also among the distinguished for application to studies. In 1871-2 he was the editor-in-chief of the famous "Owl," which in those days was the literary journal published by the students. That same year he was graduated from the college with the degree of A. B. He then went to the San Jose Law School, being admitted to the bar in 1874. His liking for theatricals was growing stronger in him, and at about that time he gave a performance of "Richelieu," as an amateur, supported by a professional cast in San Francisco, and once having tasted of the sweets of success, he determined to make his career upon the stage. Thereupon, in 1880, he entered the old Baldwin Stock Company in San Francisco, where James O'Neil was leading man, Robert Eberle, the stage manager and David Belasco the prompter.



This was his beginning—the beginning of a career, the service of which was devoted entirely to the stage. From 1880 until 1905, his experiences would run through volumes. His associations were with such noble men and women as John T. Ford, Frank Mayo, James O'Neill, Frederic Warde, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Wheelock Sr., the elder and the younger Salvini, Miss Calhoun and Madame Helena Modjeska. He played many and varied roles. He was the first president of the Actor's Society of America, in the organization of which he was prominent, and he was the librarian of the Players' Club in New York City, where he really made his home.

His death was sudden—from apoplexy. His funeral was a beautiful one, the services at the church of St. Francis Xavier in the metropolis being simple but impressive. The church was thronged with people who went to pay him a last tribute. From out here in the far West, where he first learned his art, where many of us are playing on the same stage that he trod years ago, we send this humble tribute. Our prayers are for his soul—our thoughts are of a gentle, sterling man, the remembrance of whom will linger long and sweet in many hearts.

Martin V. Merle, '06, Spec'l.

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## BROTHER ALBERT WEYRINGER

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There lately passed away one of the most interesting and historic characters connected with interesting and historic Santa Clara,—Bro. Albert Weyringer. His life was so out of the beaten track that we need no apology for giving him a more than usually lengthy notice.

In about the year 1847, a party of Austrian noblemen came out to the Rocky Mountains to hunt the buffalo. Among them was Albert Weyringer.

He was then 26 years of age, of noble parentage, of refined and agree-

able manner, and of an exceptionally thorough liberal education, which he had finished off at one of the German universities where, it is said on good authority, the present Emperor of Austria was his schoolmate. His linguistic attainments were of the rarest, and he spoke German, French, Latin, Italian, English, besides having a more or less passable acquaintance with Spanish, Portuguese and other languages.

So before settling down in life after his splendid preparatory studies, he

came out to relax his mind in the mountains of "wild and woolly" western America, then wild, indeed, and "woolly" with interminable forests. We do not know what success the party had with the bison; probably young Weyringer's ardor in their pursuit soon cooled, for a greater attraction had come to cast its spell over him. In those out-of-the-way regions, among savage and uncouth Indian tribes, far from the haunts of civilization, he found that the Jesuit Missionaries, under the leadership of Fr. De Smet, had established their missions, and were carrying on the saving pursuit of souls with more zeal than he had ever hunted the buffalo. He began to consider within himself the state of affairs—was it more noble, more profitable to hunt souls to their eternal life, or to hunt wild animals to their death. And was not the hunt after money and worldly renown to be put in the same fleeting category with that of the Rocky Mountain game. He returned to Austria with the thought leavening his mind,—*"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world?"* The cry ever haunted his soul, with the result that a year later, he turned his back on all the world offered him, resought the Rocky Mountain wilds, and there offered himself to Fr. De Smet to serve him and his society in the lowly capacity of a lay-brother. His offering was accepted.

One does not realize at first the tre-

mendous sacrifice this means. It means that he forgot "his people and the house of his father," bade a lifelong farewell to every single one of his relatives and friends, that he tore away at one heroic and irrevocable stroke all those fond associations of home and kindred and country that interweave themselves around the fibres of the heart and are separated from it only with the cruellest laceration. It means that he exchanged the culture and refinement of Europe for the dreary solitude and the equally dreary savage companionship of the wild Northwest; the honors and emoluments guaranteed by his birth and education for unrelenting poverty and toil; the privilege of noble rank for the obscurity of the lay-brother's humble state. Like the rich young man of the gospel, he heard the call, *"Go, sell all thou hast, and come, follow Me,"* and unlike him he heeded the invitation.

After a short while spent in the Rocky Mountains, he was, contrary to his expectations, sent to the infant college of St. Ignatius in San Francisco. In 1855 this modest establishment was situated in the midst of sandhills on the outskirts of the young city, on the spot where the Emporium now stands. Fr. Riordan, in his *"History,"* which we have so often referred to of late, has some very interesting reminiscences from Bro. Weyringer.

"One day, in rambling over the hills," related Bro. Albert, "I came



upon a plant whose species was unknown to me. It was of a glossy green and seemed by nature a climber. 'How much it will add to the beauty of the church,' I thought, 'if I train it along the wall, and arch it over doors and windows.' Carefully, then, not to injure its tender roots, I dug it out of the soft sand; and bore it home in all the pride of original discovery. I planted it by the sacristy door. I then waited for Fr. Maraschi's approbation, but it never came, for that plant of the glossy leaves was the common poison oak, and it was soon at a safe distance, withering in the sun."

Bro. Weyringer's chief occupation while at St. Ignatius consisted in cutting a road through the sand behind the house in order to establish communication with Mission street. "My labor was quite successful for a time," he said, "and even the strong winds which at that season prevailed, kindly gave me valuable assistance; for all that was required was to lift the sand with my shovel and toss it in the air, and presently it was scattered far and wide to my intense pleasure."

"I had gotten to like the wind and even to look at it, in a manner, as a partner in my toil, when all of a sudden the rude awakening came. One night this very wind which had dealt with me so kindly, came in great gusts from the ocean . . . And my road? The wind came and went—and my road with it. Morning showed an unbroken hillside beneath which my

planks were buried, and I was out of a job."

In the fall of the same year Bro. Weyringer was sent to Santa Clara College, and here he remained until his death on January 28th of this year, without once leaving it until last October, when at the call of obedience he went to take part in the jubilee celebration of the great college whose infancy he had helped to nourish. In the December Redwood we gave an account of this visit, and of the good brother's mystification at the stupendous changes that had taken place during his half century of absence, not the least strange of which was the disappearance of his old friends, the sandhills.

At Santa Clara, Bro. Albert, as he was usually called, was given charge of the cows, and day after day, for the long stretch of forty years, he trudged with his milk pails to and from the dairy in the old "Orchard." These pails he carried attached to a sort of yoke fitted to his shoulders—the more up-to-date wagon not having been thought of—so that in a very literal sense indeed had the accomplished young university student submitted himself to the yoke of obedience. But a spirit so full of faith and love as his found the burden light and sweet, as he ever testified by the serene cheerfulness of his countenance. His long life here presents nothing outwardly remarkable. Day followed day in the faithful and joyful performance of



every duty; year was added to year and times changed, and the world was not what it had been, but hardly the shadow of change fell upon Bro. Albert—he lived in “the peace that the world cannot give.” He had not a single worldly attachment; there was absolutely nothing in the world that he wanted, all his hopes were fixed on heaven; and as it neared, his peace and joy grew ever greater. His heart never yearned for the past; he could never be surprised into even talking about it; he saw things as they are, he knew that his real life was ahead and he pressed forward to it rejoicing as a giant in his course.

For the last ten years of his life he was freed from any definite employment. But not a moment, however, was sacrificed to idleness—when there was nothing else to do, he went to the chapel to pray. He would never be a burden to anyone; until the last few days of his eighty-four years, he not merely took care of himself—he was

the caretaker and assistant of others. And all his kindly offices were done with the genuine simplicity and unconsciousness of one utterly forgetful of, and dead to, self. His old age with its accompanying infirmities, saw him as tranquil, as courteous, as attentive to little details as his youth had found him. In fine—though this assertion may appear very strong—no one ever saw in Bro. Albert any deliberate fault. An instance of this in one line is that he never offended with his tongue, and such a man, as we all know, is a perfect man. Such a life nevertheless, highest and fairest type of Christianity as it is, is esteemed by the world as madness, and a death such as his is held without honor, but if he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh cities, then rarely do we meet in the pages of profane history a hero so truly great as the lowly Bro. Albert Weyringer.

D. J., '07.

# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

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*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Despite a tendency, prompted by ignorance no doubt, on the part of certain critics to scoff and sneer at the religious drama, which, at present, is gripping a very praiseworthy hold

upon our theater-going public, plays of a sacred nature are calculated to do an amount of good to all thinkers that is positively limitless. The cynics of the Press, for there are some such,

and of the Public, too, for that matter, are rarely lost to the real significance of the religious drama, even though they fail to acknowledge it. Ignorance again, you say? Well, perhaps, but if so, it is hardly excusable.

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Slowly but surely, the drama is returning to its proper domain. It first appeared amongst the ancient Greeks, where it formed a vital part of their temple ceremonies. But its genius was too splendid and spectacular for a service so confined, and it gradually spread itself out through the centuries that followed until it was grasped by the world for the worldly loves and lusts. Fortunately from time to time its career has been punctuated with Miracle and Passion Plays, and other sacred works which have at least kept alive a pure flame in the Temple of the Drama, as witness, "Everyman,"—"The Passion Play at Oberammergau" and our own "Nazareth." These are masterpieces of their kind and they in turn have given birth to like inspirations. Let there come among us more spirits like theirs that one of the noblest and most honorable of professions may be purified by their work.

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"Rooting" at inter-collegiate games is a form of college spirit that has grown with a remarkable degree of rapidity during the last ten years. Of course it has always existed more or less to a certain degree, but "rooting," as it is handled to-day is a comparative-

ly new and valuable acquisition to athletic sports. To the men on the diamond, gridiron and field it is a constant source of "ginger." It spurs them on and builds their efforts up almost unconsciously. It serves to liven up the side-lines and awaken interest in the sport. No one, except him who has been there, can realize the buoyant feeling that possesses a man as he stands at the bat or in the pitcher's box, or tears down across the chalk-lines for the goal beyond or whirls around the winding track with the ringing cheers of his college yell surging fast and furious through his brain, the flare of brass from his college band and the many, many encouraging epithets that come from the bleachers to his welcome ears. Then, too, the good-natured rivalry with which the rooters of one college attempt to outdo the efforts of their opponents, the delight with which they score the members of the opposing team and to be slangy, "try to rattle them;"—these things bring out nothing but good results of themselves, if remember, they are practiced within bounds. Now, this latter, unfortunately, is not always quite the case. Some fellows fail to correctly define the meaning of the word "rooting." They take it to mean the hurling of insults, the requirement of boisterous and unmanly conduct and the free use of cutting and vulgar personalities. Be careful of this—it is nothing short of hoodlumism and re-



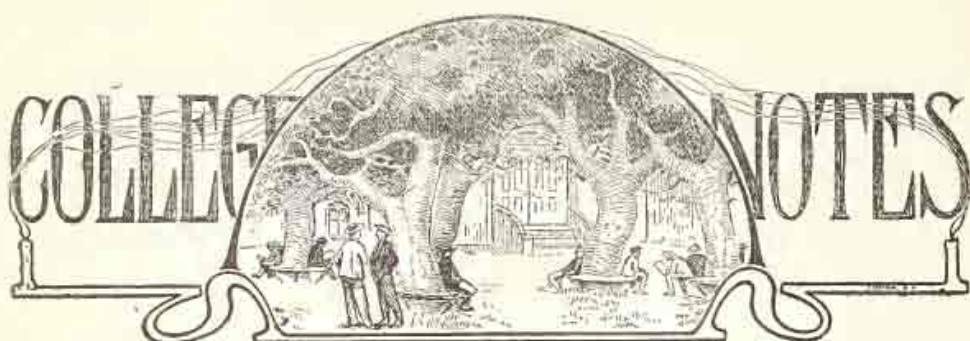
fleets strongly upon your college and upon yourself. Have all the "ginger" you want at a game, yell your heads off if you will and do your very utmost to encourage and incite the players, blow your mightiest through the brass and beat your heaviest on the drum—"root, root, root!" to the last breath that is in your body, but do it all for the honor of your college, for the pride which insures your tribute to your team. Then when all is told—if the victory be yours, swell up with all of the pardonable pride that is in you and place your heroes on the pinnacles they have won; but if, on the contrary, you have lost, recall that memorable line The Virginian spoke, "take your medicine graceful."

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Another evil to be entirely avoided in a college where fellows come continually together is "the college clique." Don't band yourselves together except as one. Treat every man alike until he has given you just

and proven cause to use him otherwise. Cliques in colleges and in college organizations are but stepping stones to greater evils,—they make enemies among yourselves, reflect upon your personal character and absolutely ruin college spirit. Don't organize to defeat one man or one party. Don't go around making trouble with ungrounded truths and a spirit of disturbance. Let each man stand for justice and for right, let him consider the honor of his college and himself, let him dread the crushing disaster of tenfold enmity,—let him stand aloof from all that breathes a shadow of a clique, and if he does,—if each man in a student-body does this thing, then will there be unity for all, happiness and contentment for each and the blessing of friendship manifold. Set up a standard college-men and let your banner read the immortal lines—"Aye! One for All! and All for One!"

Martin V. Merle, '06, Spec'l.



## LITERARY CONGRESS

### Senate

That the ardor of the members of the upper branch of the Literary Congress was far from being dampened by the month of review-study during which there were no meetings, was evinced by the first meeting of the session, which took place on the evening of February 7th. A general spirit of enthusiasm, coupled with a careful regard for a successful session, manifested itself in the retention in office of all of the last semester staff. We said all, but we must mention one exception. Senator Leonard, of Leonard's, whose absence is deeply regretted, has been forced by a severe illness to leave the College for a time, but his office as sergeant-at-arms has been well filled by Senator Schmitz, of Firebaugh, who was Senator Leonard's very capable assistant during the last year.

By the time The Redwood comes

from press, the Senate will have had several meetings with as many debates on current topics. Railroads, railroad rates, rebates, Congressional investigations, etc., are among the many subjects on the programme for future discussion, and careful preparation for the Ryland Annual Debate will soon be under way.

Following are the names of the officers who will handle the affairs of the Senate for the coming five months: Recording Secretary, Martin V. Merle '06; Corresponding Secretary, Michael O'Reilly '06; Treasurer, Francis Belz '06; Sergeant-at-Arms, Walter Schmitz '07; Asst. Sergeant-at-Arms, Floyd Allen '07; Librarian, Martin Carter '06; Asst. Librarian, Francis Lejeal '06; Reporter, Robert Fitzgerald '06. Committee on Ways and Means, Senators J. Byrnes '06, Shepherd '07, and Plank '07. Committee on Resolutions, Senator Riordan '05. Committee on Invitations, Senator Atteridge '06. Library Committee, Senators Carter '06 and Lejeal '06.

## The House

The first meeting of the House of Philhistorians for this semester was held Wednesday, the 7th. All the old members were present, and after a few words of welcome by the Speaker the election of officers took place, with the following result: Clerk, H. Geo. Casey; Corresponding Secretary, Emmett Doherty; Treasurer, Cleon P. Kilburn; Sergeant-at-Arms, John B. Shea; Librarian, Luke Feeney; Assistant Librarian, J. Dan McKay; Assistant Treasurer, Raymond Caverly. Committee on Ways and Means, Representatives James Lappin, Frank Hefernan, Mervyn Shafer; Reporter, H. Geo. Casey.

From now on the members will put forth their best efforts to develop a debating team to represent them in the Annual Ryland Debate against the Senate. The debate is to take place a few months hence, and according to prospects they expect to land the prize. Several good debates are scheduled for this month, on which such men as L. Murphy, J. D. McKay, J. Twohy, L. Feeney and H. McKenzie will speak. The question that has stirred the members recently and on which we expect some fine speaking is the Business College resolution, introduced by J. Dan McKay—Resolved:—"That the student of today is better equipped for a business profession by a college training than by the best business college."

One thing quite noticeable in the House already is the forcible spirit which has always characterized the meetings of the past, and which we hope will continue to form a part of them in the future. "Where there is union there is strength," so keep it up, Congressmen.

## The Junior Dramatics

From the Second Division comes the following report of the first meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society, or as it is more popularly known the J. D. S.

"The Junior Dramatic Society held its first meeting of the new term Wednesday night, February 7th. The meeting as a whole was very successful, much interest and enthusiasm being exhibited on the part of the members as is shown by the well selected group of officers who are to direct the society for the coming five months. Our worthy Director, Mr. Brainard, S. J., opened the meeting by a very practical talk to the members on the advantages of being a fluent and eloquent speaker. After these opening words, the election of officers immediately began, resulting as follows: Vice President, Mr. Peter Dunne; Secretary, Mr. Eugene Ivancovich; Treasurer, Mr. Ernest Watson; Censor, Mr. George J. Hall; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Henry Shields; Prompter, Mr. William Gianera.

With these able and worthy officers



we hope to do some admirable work during the coming five months.

We must not forget to express our regret at the loss of one of our most prominent members, Edwin A. McFadden, who has been in the society for several years, and has during the last term acted as Secretary. We wish him every success in whatever he may undertake and hope that he may ever look upon his career in the J. D. S. as a pleasant and profitable page in his college life.

### Passion Play Rehearsals

Rehearsals for the coming big production of the world-famous Passion Play are finally under way. A few nights ago we dropped in for a few moments to see how things were progressing, but in the excitement and rush attendant upon the breaking in of some hundred or more students into the secrets of the mummer's art we were somewhat lost and succeeded more in getting in the way than in getting information for the curious public. Martin V. Merle, the stage director of the Senior Dramatic Club, seemed to possess the ability of being everywhere at once, a faculty which we, after our long climb, did not enjoy; and from him therefore we could get very little information. We were obliged consequently to rely upon our own imagination, coupled with no small amount of help from a few of the more obliging from among the Thespians

for the following somewhat meager news concerning the leading roles of the play.

The part of Judas, the traitorous Apostle, is again to be taken by John J. Ivancovich '05., who caused such a sensation by his rendering of the same part in the two previous productions of "Nazareth". Wm. McKagney, Junior '06, again appears, this time, however, as Caiaphas, the Chief Priest. Michael Griffith, '98, who was down on the casts in the 1901-03 production as Ammon, now has the part of Herod I. Fred Sigwart, '07, who played the double part of Zoribel, a shepherd, and Abiron, one of the three merchants, now has the role of Jechonias, the father of Matthew, one of the Twelve. John B. Shea '09 again has his old part of Thamar, a captain, in the palace of Herod, and August Aguirre '07 has undertaken the impersonation of Peter, the Apostle. Among the new names in the cast we notice the following, well known in College dramatics; Leander Murphy '08, Gerald P. Beaumont, Junior '05, James Twohy '07, Floyd E. Allen '06, Harry McKenzie '08, Michael O'Reilly '06, and Francis Mulcahy '06. The principal characters of the cast are as follows: Judas, John J. Ivancovich; Caiaphas, Wm. McKagney; Nathaniel, Clarence Lowe; Annas, Raymond Caverly; Athias, afterward the Apostle Matthew, James Twohy; Jechonias, Fred Sigwart; Archelaus, afterward Herod II, Gerald P. Beaumont; Herod I, Michael Grif-

fith; Ammon, Floyd Allen; Dathian, John Riordan; Pilate, Leander Murphy; Peter, August Aguirre; John, Ivo G. Bogan; Thamar, J. B. Shea; Joshua, Joseph Collins; Thomas, Howard Patrick; Boaz, Harry McKenzie; Esrom, Michael O'Reilly; Abiron, Frank Hefernan; Zorabel, Francis Mulcahy; Sadoc, Leon Hagan.

## The Senior Dramatic Club

The Senior Dramatic Club has once more come into prominence, this time with the approaching big production of the well-known Passion Play, "Nazareth." Though presented but twice in its history the play has already gained almost national reputation, and reflects no small amount of credit upon the organization which staged it each time. Already its members are hard at work endeavoring to make this, the third production, equal to, if not better, than either of the past.

Following is the staff of the organization, want of space forbidding further mention in this issue:

Rev. John J. Ford, S. J., . . . . . President  
Martin V. Merle '06 Special . . . . .

..... Stage Director

August M. Aguirre '07, Stage Manager

Walter J. Schmitz '07 . . . . .

..... Assistant Stage Manager

Michael R. O'Reilly '06 . . . . .

..... Business Manager

Leo J. Atteridge '06 . . . . .

Robert E. Fitzgerald '06 . . . . .

..... Press Agents

Prof. August Kauffmann . . . . .

Prof. C. A. V. Fitzgerald '01 . . . . .

Prof. Godfrey Buehrer . . . . .

..... Musical Directors

Rev. Richard Bell, S. J. . . . .

..... Chief Electrician

It would not be amiss to make mention here that several new scenes and elaborate stage settings are being painted by Mr. M. R. O'Sullivan, of San Francisco, one of the most prominent scenic artists on the coast. Several of the scenes are to be partly remodeled, and, among others the last, in which the temple falls, is to be greatly elaborated. Several more falling columns are to be added and new light effects, and the result will be most realistic. Father Bell is working with Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Merle devising new and more spectacular light effects, and it is expected that the coming production will excel either of its predecessors, at least in the point of scenic beauty.

## The Chapel

The hand of improvement has again visited the chapel and with most pleasing results. Several more stained glass windows of exceedingly artistic design and workmanship have been added and the number is now complete. The unknown donor or donors, for they have desired to "let not the right hand know what the other doeth" may be sure that they have the heartfelt

gratitude of all the students for this thoughtful gift to their Alma Mater.

### Other Improvements

While speaking of improvements mention must be made of the many other places within our College walls where the changing hand has been laid with good results. The greatest and most general is the new lighting system. The unreliable and flickering, yet

withal cheery gas flame has gone before the cold white glare of the more modern electric light. The whole College has undergone the change and gas is now a thing of the past except in our laboratories.

The College Hall has also undergone a slight improvement. A new exit from the stage and another from the green room have been added, greatly lessening the danger in case of fire.

Robert E. Fitzgerald '06.





A large majority of the college magazines have entered upon another new journalistic year. The past year, reviewed from the standpoint of the Ex-man, was a year of promise amply realized. But the thinking men of your college, the men who support the college paper, might ask, "Is this all?" "Is this sufficient?" When you have done your level best to maintain and support every aim and purpose of your college magazine which tends toward the welfare and betterment of your college, and constant and earnest effort has realized in your paper, your ideas of what a college magazine should be, then you have an affirmative answer to the question. It is seen that the work and the purpose of a college magazine are permanent, and the question must ever occur and reoccur. The importance of a permanent affirmative answer is also quite evident.

As is our custom we shall in this department continue to express our opinion on the progress of contemporaries toward attaining the results the question requires.

#### THE BOWDOIN QUILL

Always "a thing of beauty" is the Bowdoin Quill in its quaint garb of white and black. It is the beauty of simplicity, always real beauty, and in the case of the Quill, the unique appearance is always bound to win the favor of the reader. But it would be most unjust to say that its excellence is confined merely to its attractive exterior. The Holiday Number was in the nature of a delightful surprise. "Hawthorne at Bowdoin" makes the reader admit that if Bowdoin was fortunate in possessing such a distinguished son, he too, was happy in the selection of his Alma Mater. "Cap'n Lan's Christmas Turkey" is a well told tale of the sea, with a Christmas atmosphere to help us join the author in wishing "Cap'n Lan" a "Merry Christmas." "The Bride's Bouquet," in verse, is not the least of the Quill's offerings.

#### BRUNONIAN

The Christmas Brunonian was up to its usual standard. In story, "Yeoman

Service" relates one man's bravery to save another's life, and is told sufficiently well to make one forget the antiquity of the plot. A number of other stories also proved of interest. "Brownman," styled a modern morality play, has for its scene of acting Brown University, though its incidents are characteristic of any of our American colleges.

#### ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN

The Christmas Collegian was notable for the number of good things which it contained in prose and in verse. In "Reflections" the author not only displays his ability as a prophet, but also a strong sense of humor. "Mason, '06," is a hard luck story of the cinder track. In verse "A Wish" and "Christmas Eve" are meritorious. We noted with interest the announcement of the St. Ignatius College production of the Roman drama, "The Last of the Gladiators." Though we are a little tardy, we wish you a full measure of success.

#### HOLY CROSS PURPLE

We consider the January number of the "Holy Cross Purple" a very creditable bit of college journalism. The essay on "Socialism and Independence" is a careful dissertation upon that subject. It sums up the problem in a manner that is most thorough, yet

it is written in such an attractive way that one reads it in preference to the fiction. "Mr. Lashley's Tragic End" is a modern mystery story in which the telephone and phonograph occupy a most important part in the solution. The only thing we found wanting in the Purple was a sufficient amount of good verse.

#### THE WHITE AND GOLD

We are quite sure that the gold in the composition of the "White and Gold" must be twenty-four karats fine. The January number had its full share, for indeed it is an exceptionally clever number. We would like to mention the entire table of contents, but must content ourselves with a part. The author of "His 'Brother-r'" shows a keen insight into and appreciation of a phrase of boy life. It is a pathetic little dialect story of a poor little chap's unflinching trust in his brother. "White Roses" has four characters; the man who cared, the girl who found out too late how much she cared, the other girl who married the man, and the baby who has principally a thinking part. (The "White Roses" are in the nature of stage effects.) For a safe, sound, and able editorial upon the part of the college woman in the struggle for clean politics, we must commend that of the "White and Gold."

Leo J. Atteridge, '06.



# ALUMNI



Thomas F. Leonard, Com. '98, who has been taking a special course at the College, returned to his home in Santa Cruz last month with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. When last heard from, Tom was most painfully confined to his bed. We tender him our sympathy.

Charles Dillon Perrine, D. S., '05, well known as connected with the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, called at the College a few days ago. Rev. Fr. Ricard, S. J., who is desirous of having a new and more modern camera for his telescope, had an interview with Mr. Perrine on the subject.

Francis X. Farry, '01, dropped in to pay a visit to his Alma Mater and old College friends during the last month. "Fran" is now engaged as traveling salesman for the Laumeister Milling Company.

There were several other old boys among us last month,—Baldo Ivanovich, Com. '04, Orrin F. Anderson, '01, and Francis Moraghan, '04.

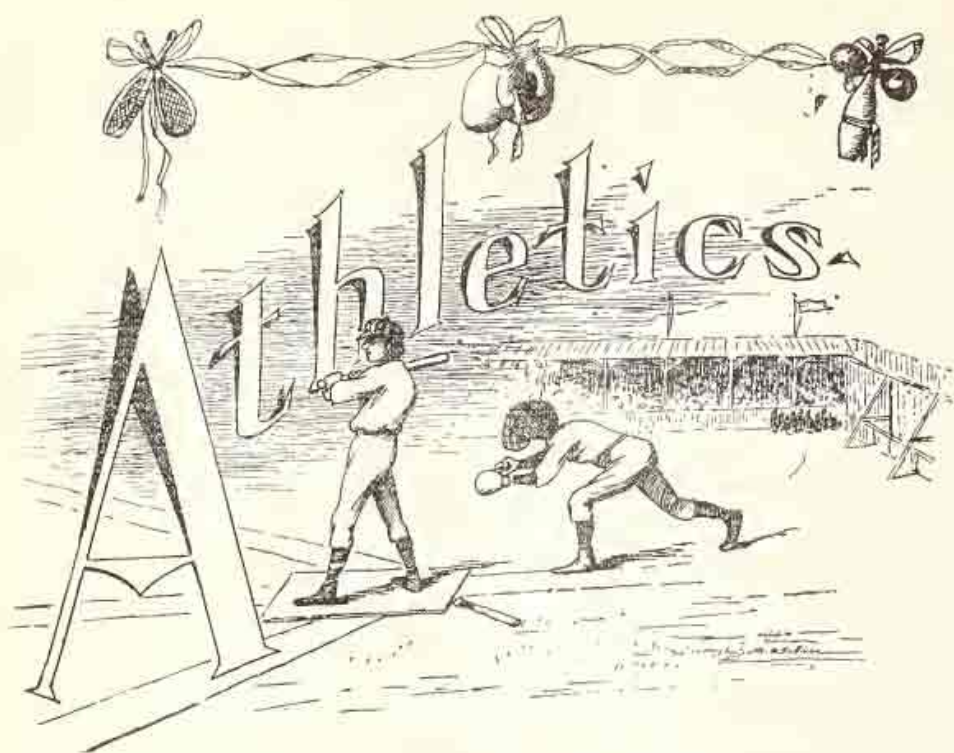
Vincent Durfee, Com. '05, is at present engaged in the engineering department of the Ocean Shore Railroad.

Prof. Godfrey C. Buerher returned last month from an extended visit to Europe. He spent nearly a year in Paris, perfecting himself in music.

In this year's production of the "Passion Play" at the College there will appear among the cast the faces of some of the old boys. John Ivanovich, '05, will again impersonate Judas, which role he filled with great success three years ago. Michael Griffith, '98, and Gerald P. Beaumont of the '07 class will also fill important roles.

Wm V. Regan, '03, and his brother Jack, '04, are both doing splendidly in Boise, Idaho, which is their home. Billie is in the bank and Jack is with his father. Occasional letters from them to the College show that they have not forgotten their Alma Mater or their connections of several years ago with The Redwood, when Jack was editor-in-chief and Billie looked out for College Notes.





### Baseball

### S. C. C. 5, Stanford 3

"Happy" Hogan is certainly rounding the baseball team into a nine of star performers, for what looked to be, at first, only a mediocre lot, are now taking the best of the talent into camp with apparent ease. The team opened the season with an aggregation of big leaguers from San Jose, trimming them easily by a score of seven to three. Hal Chase, the well known first-baseman was the star performer for the visitors. As this was only a practice game the tabulated score will be omitted.

The first game of the regular schedule was played on February 1, when the college faced Jimmie Lanagan's pupils on their own grounds and put them on the short end of the score card, tallying five trips to the cardinals three.

Harry Wolters, our popular captain, was taken ill and had to retire from the game.

The quartet who threw the twisters over the pan all made a credible showing, Kilburn and Brown performing for the college, Sales and Goodell

for Stanford. Little Shafer at short played phenomenal ball for the college both in the field and at the bat. Collins behind the plate, had lots of ginger as usual, while Twohy, Byrnes, and Lappin covered their stations in masterly style.

Out where the grass grows Broderick, Freine and Russell made things hum.

For the cardinals Bell, Fenton and Presley showed up well. The Stanford nine seems to be much better this year than the former teams that wore the big S and will from the present outlook give our boys some exciting games.

The critics can see how it happened from the following:

## SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SH | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 4  | 0 | 2  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Twohy, 2d.....     | 2  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 4  | 5  | 0 |
| Collins, c.....    | 4  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 4  | 1  | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 4  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 12 | 0  | 1 |
| Freine cf.....     | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 1  | 0 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 1  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....    | 1  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 2  | 1 |
| Brown, p.....      | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Totals             | 27 | 5 | 4  | 1  | 27 | 12 | 3 |

## STANFORD UNIVERSITY

|                   | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|-------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Bell, 2b.....     | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 5  | 1  | 0 |
| Stott, c.....     | 5  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 3  | 3  | 0 |
| Fenton, 3b.....   | 4  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Chalmers, lf..... | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Sales, p.....     | 2  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 0 |
| Presley, 1b.....  | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 6  | 2  | 1 |
| Sampson, ss.....  | 2  | 1 | 0  | 2  | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Dudley, rf.....   | 4  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1 |
| Wirt, cf.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 |
| Goodell, p.....   | 0  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Totals            | 29 | 3 | 6  | 3  | 22 | 13 | 4 |

## SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Kilburn. Two-base hits—Fenton, Collins. First base on balls—Off Kilburn 4, off Sales 2, Goodell 2. Struck out—By Sales 1, Kilburn 2. Left on bases—S. C. C. 4, Stanford 5. First base on errors—S. C. C. 2, Stanford, 0. Hit by pitcher—Presley, Bell, Sampson and Twohy.

## Gantner-Mattern 10

## S. C. C. 8

"Stage Fright" eight, Professionals ten, should be the headline of this score, for the college would certainly have beaten these seasoned salaried artists but for nervousness which took hold of them when the umpire yelled "Play Ball", and did not leave them till the last half of the ninth.

The spectators and students who witnessed the game were kept in a fever of excitement from start to finish. Captain Wolter was still on the sick list but his shoes were ably filled by Kilburn and Brown.

"Happy's" class secured six safe bingles off the delivery of McKune, while the Pro's made ten off the college duo. Petite Shafer, our little short stop, was the bright particular star of the day, accepting some difficult chances and using the willow to advantage.

For the leaguers Smiling J. Byrnes and Waldron played gilt edge ball. Nick Williams brought the crowd to their feet in the fifth by a beautiful three sacker to deep left. Our boys

played the leaguers to a stand still and should have won.

Below will show the mistakes and stops made by each team.

## SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 3  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 3  | 1  | 1 |
| Collins, c.....    | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 5  | 2  | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 2  | 1 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 7  | 0  | 3 |
| Friene, cf.....    | 3  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 1  | 0 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 4  | 3 | 2  | 0  | 3  | 0  | 0 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 2  | 2 | 1  | 0  | 3  | 0  | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....    | 1  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 2  | 0 |
| Brown, p.....      | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 |
| Hogan.....         | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
|                    | 27 | 8 | 6  | 0  | 27 | 10 | 6 |

## PROFESSIONALS

|                     | AB | R  | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| Waldron, cf.....    | 6  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 3  | 2  | 0 |
| Eagan, 3b.....      | 4  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 3  | 1  | 0 |
| Heitmuller, 1b..... | 4  | 0  | 0  | 2  | 14 | 0  | 0 |
| Strube, 2b.....     | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1 |
| Williams, lf.....   | 3  | 2  | 2  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| McKune, p.....      | 5  | 2  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 8  | 1 |
| Byrnes, c.....      | 4  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 3  | 2  | 1 |
| Gochbauer, ss.....  | 5  | 2  | 1  | 0  | 2  | 1  | 2 |
| Bliss, rf.....      | 4  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
|                     | 39 | 10 | 10 | 3  | 27 | 15 | 5 |

## RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                    | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Santa Clara.....   | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —8  |
| Base hits.....     | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | —6  |
| Professionals..... | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 0 | —10 |
| Base hits.....     | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0 | —10 |

## SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Kilburn, Collins, Russell, Lappin (2), Shafer (2). Two-base hits—Russell, Eagan. Three-base hit—Williams. First on balls—Off McKune, 2; off Kilburn, 4; off Brown, 3. Left on bases—Santa Clara, 3; Professionals, 9. Wild pitches—Kilburn, 1; Brown, 2; McKune, 1. First base on errors—Santa Clara, 1; Professionals, 4. Struck out—By McKune, 2; Kilburn, 2; Brown, 1. Double play—Kilburn to Collins to Byrnes. Hit by pitcher—Friene. Time of game—1 hour 25 minutes. Umpire—Sogone. Scorer—Shepherd.

## S. C. C. 9, Stanford 8

Inability to bunch their hits on Kilburn and heavy hitting on the part of Santa Clara proved the undoing of Stanford in the second game of the series which took place on the college diamond February 8, 1906.

Up to the fifth, the boys upholding our colors had the cardinals seven to two but went up in the air for the next two innings and allowed Stanford to score six runs.

Our nine put up a very ragged game in the field, having eight errors chalked against them.

Stanford's fielders were kept very busy chasing the drives of Freine Shafer, Collins and Russell.

This is the way it all happened:

## SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 4  | 2 | 2  | 0  | 2  | 4  | 2 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 3  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 5  | 1 |
| Collins, c.....    | 4  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 5  | 3  | 2 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 1 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 4  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 13 | 0  | 0 |
| Friene, cf.....    | 4  | 1 | 4  | 1  | 4  | 0  | 0 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 2  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 4  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....    | 3  | 2 | 1  | 1  | 0  | 3  | 1 |
|                    | 32 | 9 | 14 | 3  | 27 | 15 | 8 |

## STANFORD UNIVERSITY

|                   | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|-------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Dudley, lf.....   | 5  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 |
| Daily, c.....     | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 4  | 2  | 0 |
| Fenton, 3b.....   | 5  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Sales, rf.....    | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Bell, 2b.....     | 4  | 2 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 7  | 2 |
| Presley, 1b.....  | 4  | 2 | 0  | 0  | 11 | 1  | 0 |
| Sampson, ss.....  | 2  | 1 | 1  | 2  | 2  | 3  | 0 |
| Chalmers, cf..... | 2  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Thiele, p.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0 |
| Sloan, rf.....    | 2  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
|                   | 33 | 8 | 7  | 3  | 24 | 15 | 3 |



## RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |      |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Santa Clara.... | 0 | 6 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | *—9  |
| Base hits....   | 0 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | *—14 |
| Stanford.....   | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | —8   |
| Base hits....   | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | —7   |

## SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—Twohy, Lappin (2), Sampson, Chalmers. Three-base hit—Shafer. Two-base hit—Shafer. Struck out—By Kilburn 3, by Thiele 2. First base on balls—Off Kilburn, 5, off Thiele 1. Left on bases—Santa Clara 3, Stanford 6. Wild pitch—Kilburn 2. Hit by pitcher—Presley, Sales. First base on errors—Stanford 3, Santa Clara 1. Double play—Shafer, unassisted, to Twohy. Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes. Umpire—C. Doyle. Scorer—Shepherd.

**S. C. C. 5, Mayer Bros. 3**

If crafty Ulysses, and fierce Achilles, and bright-armored Hector, and dreadful Teucer, and mighty Ajax, and all the rest of the over-rated worthies of the Trojan war, had been present at the game on the S. C. C. diamond on February 11th, they would have learnt a thing or two in the heroic line. It was the fastest and most spectacular game ever played on the college campus. Manager Mayer of San Jose sent a team of celebrities known the country over for their baseball knowledge, to down one of the best nines representing Santa Clara in years. The hero of the game was Cleon Kilburn, who for nine innings baffled the professional stickers, allowing but three scratch hits. Time after time Chase, Stricklett, Emerson and others bit the dust owing to their inability to connect with Kilburn's assortment.

Collins wore the big glove behind

the rubber and did the receiving in excellent style.

Freine drew the plaudits of the large crowd by hitting the sphere hard and often, getting four out of four.

The college team played as a unit throughout and were in the game from start to finish. This was undoubtedly the cause of San Jose's downfall.

For Mayer Bros., Chase, Kent and Stricklett performed in star-like fashion.

Excellent fielding and superb pitching prevented any scoring until the fifth, when San Jose in their half put a man around the circuit on a scratch hit and an error. In the sixth and seventh they squeezed two more runs out of the College and had Santa Clara on the short end of a 3 to 0 score. A total of five hits and five runs in the seventh and eighth mixed with keen headwork on the part of our batsmen changed almost sure defeat into victory and victory it certainly was.

If the college show this form in the coming series with St. Mary's, the intercollegiate championship will go to the wearers of the red and white.

Below will show you what kept you hoarse for a week after the game.

## SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 4  | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 3  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 2  | 1 |
| Collins, c.....    | 2  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 11 | 0  | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 3  | 2 |
| Schmitz, rf.....   | 3  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Freine, 1b.....    | 4  | 2 | 2  | 2  | 10 | 0  | 0 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....    | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Totals             | 28 | 5 | 7  | 2  | 27 | 10 | 3 |

## SAN JOSE

|                     | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|---------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Walters, cf.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 4  | 0 | 0 |
| Chase, 2b.....      | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 3  | 4 | 0 |
| Emerson, ss.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1 | 0 |
| Stricklett, 3b..... | 3  | 1 | 0  | 1  | 4  | 0 | 1 |
| Benson, rf.....     | 3  | 1 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Kent, c.....        | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 6  | 2 | 0 |
| Gabriel, 1b.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 6  | 0 | 1 |
| Goebel, lf.....     | 3  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 1 |
| Petty, p.....       | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 2 | 0 |
| Totals              | 32 | 3 | 3  | 2  | 24 | 9 | 3 |

## RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9   |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Santa Clara..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0-5 |
| Base hits.....   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 2-7 |
| San Jose.....    | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0-3 |
| Base hits.....   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0-3 |

## SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Russell. Two-base hits—Goebel, Friene, Twoby. Struck out by Kilburn—8, by Petty, 5. First base on balls—Off Kilburn 2, off Petty 3. Hit by pitcher—Collins, Russell. Double plays—Kilburn to Shafer to Friene. Left on bases—Santa Clara 3, San Jose 4. First base on errors—Santa Clara 3, San Jose 2. Earned runs—Santa Clara 4, San Jose 1. Time of game one hour and 30 minutes. Umpire—J. Doyle. Scorer—Shepherd.

## Basket Ball

The University of the Pacific turned the tables on the college basketball quintet last month, defeating us in a very listless game of twenty minutes by a score of ten to four. The third game, which will be played shortly, should prove very exciting, as each team has won one and lost one.

Manager Collins is dickering for a game with Stanford.

## Field and Track

Captain Donlon's pupils are getting rapidly into form and will make oppos-

ing schools hump for first places during the coming meets.

## Second Division Baseball

For the athletic news of Second Division we are indebted largely to Devereaux Peters of the Sophomore Class.

\* \* \*

We take the greatest pleasure in presenting in this number an engraving of the "Junior Baseball Team". The Second Division has always had good reason to feel proud of its representatives on the diamond; two years ago the team was, according to competent authorities the fastest of its size in the State, and many other seasons could tell an almost equally marvellous tale. This year will continue the story in the same swinging style. A brief allusion to each member of the team will not be out of place.

Reginald Archbold, the pitcher, is considered the find of the season in the Junior world. He is remarkable for speed and control, never gets cold feet or a hot head, and comes from the Emerald Isle. What more could any team want? Last year, his manly breast was decorated with a handsome medal for having led his team to victory in the college Junior League.

As for Peter Dunne, he originates in San Jose, which fact is in itself a sufficient guarantee of his prowess. He is a second Mertes for sprinting. He does not say much in the game,



but then still waters run deep. Peter attends to left garden in the best horticultural style, and when he gets to the bat he makes the enemy tremble.

Reuben Foster comes from Folsom, but then, this is hardly his fault. Folsom has won for itself a great baseball reputation at Santa Clara, and Reuben, a fast all-around player, is keeping it up creditably. Out in centre-field he catches everything, having grabbed some hot ones, especially near the tamale stand. He won last year's medal for outfielding. As a batter he is over the average.

Chalmers Gray holds down the initial sack with both feet, which is no small thing—for the sack. Chalmers' buoyancy of spirits is apt to make him a little frisky at times, whereat his colleagues wax a trifle wroth, but when there is need for steady work, he is just what and where he ought to be. He usually finds a couple of hits to his credit after the game is over.

Eugene Ivancovich, the catcher, is of course the captain of the team. The ruling propensity of the family is shared by him to the utmost, and Gene combines the firm and the sweet in about the right proportions. Perhaps he is not the slowest man on the team—perhaps; but the fact is that he got out on his first hit this season. But then Gene gets a good many hits.

John Lopes exhibits all the symptoms of a great comer in the pitcher's box. Next year will see our prognostications verified. In the meantime

John is satisfied with doing fancy catches in right field, and keeping up to the average at the bat, which he wields after the fashion of the Texas Leaguers.

Devereaux Peters, the ever popular "Nig", must be related, distantly at least, to La Joie, if similarity of work on second means anything. He is full of ginger in the game, and always manages to keep his five wits about him, even at the most critical moment. He is one of the most effective performers with the bat.

Joseph Raffetto is the utility man of the team. He has not had as yet this season a chance to show his ability, but he has a good past to point to. Joe is not merely a deft wielder of the willow, but he is also scientific in his way of doing it. Even when he faus out—not often—he does it according to mathematical laws.

Concerning Victor Salberg, we can only say that his record at the bat this season is five out of five, one of these being a homer. As short-stop he is equally efficient. It is however in the natural course of things Vic should play, for he comes all the way from the town of Santa Clara.

Last but not least comes Ernest Watson, who, though hailing from Quincy, is not a quince, but a peach. He would rival Salberg at short, but on third he stands alone, without a shadow or a rival. His batting-average is growing very corpulent.



**S. C. C. Juniors 11,  
S. H. C. Juniors 5**

Manager Geo. Casey journeyed to San Francisco on the first of February with his nine Junior pets and defeated the second team of Sacred Heart College by a score of eleven to five.

The Juniors pounded the opposing pitcher for fourteen safeties, while the S. C. boys secured but three off the delivery of Archbold. Vic Salberg was the star, getting a homer and four singles out of five times up. The rest of the team played exceptionally good

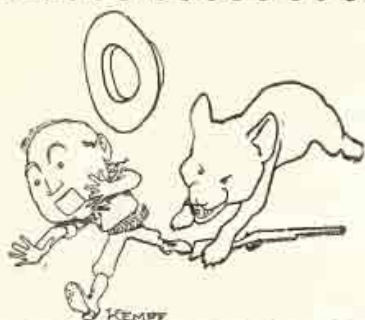
ball during the entire period and surprised the large crowd by clever stops and pick-ups.

The following is the authentic line-up of the team: Ivancovich (Capt.), catcher; Archbold, pitcher; Gray, first base; Peters, second base; Watson, third base; Salberg, shortstop; Dunne, left field; Foster, center field; Lopes, right field; Raffetto, extra.

The boys were loud in their praises of the hospitality and gentlemanly treatment they received from the Sacred Heart College team.

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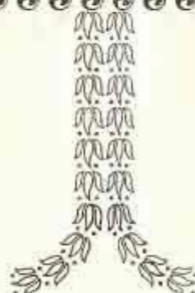
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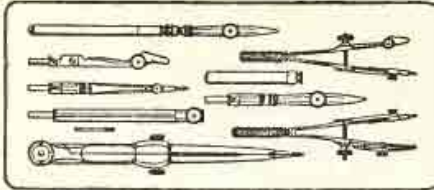


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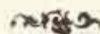
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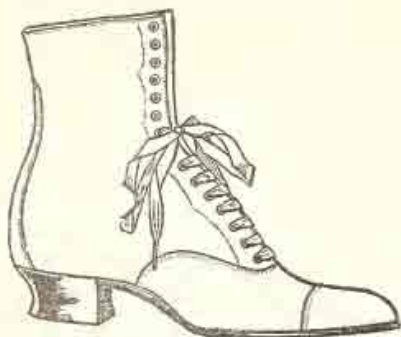
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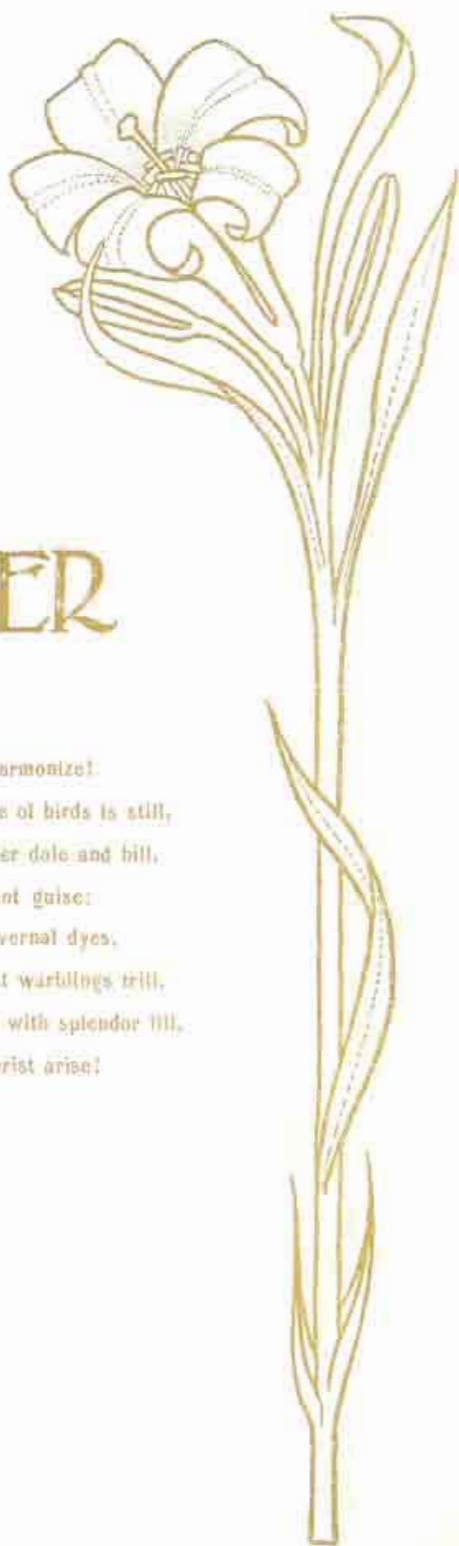
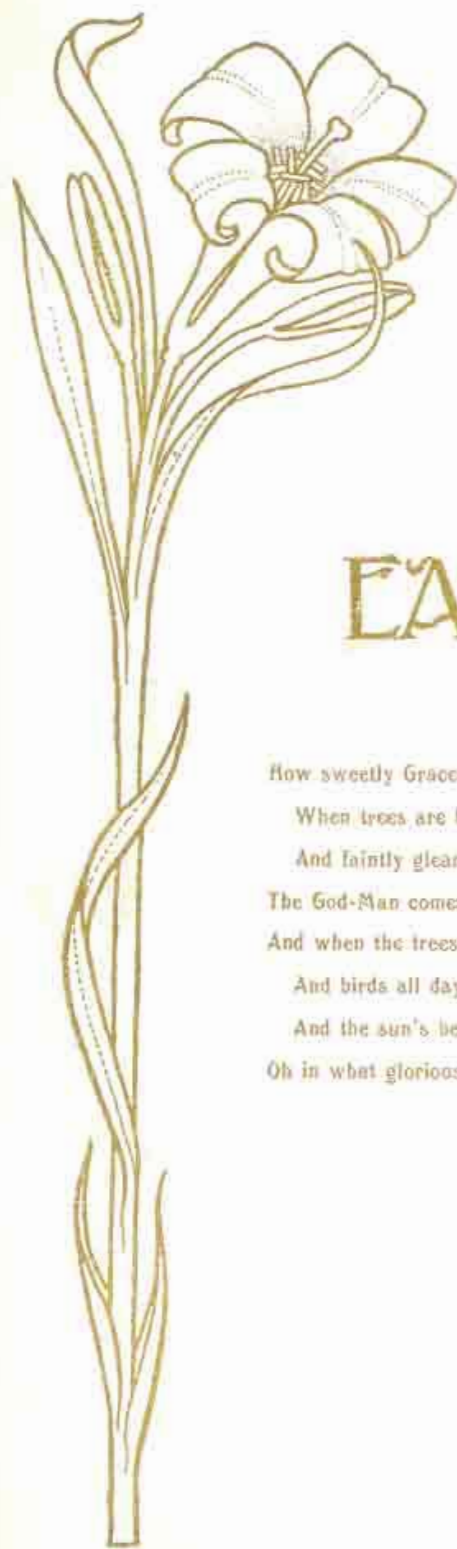


SANTA CLARA

Delivered in Santa Clara and All Parts of San Jose

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# EASTER

How sweetly Grace and Nature harmonize!

When trees are bare, and voice of birds is still,

And faintly gleams the light o'er dale and hill,

The God-Man comes to us in infant guise:

And when the trees put on their vernal dyes,

And birds all day their gladdest warblings trill,

And the sun's beams the earth with splendor fill,

Oh in what glorious form doth Christ arise!





# The Redwood.

*Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

VOL. V.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., APRIL, 1906.

No. 7

## PROPTER NOS HOMINES

**T**his noon; but what a noon! The regal sun,  
That e'er at noontide poured serenest light  
Now blanches horror-struck, while ebon night  
Untimely spreads her wings all dank and dour,  
As once 'er chaos' depths, ere was begun  
This universal frame by Him whose might  
And wisdom pass conceit. What gruesome sight,  
Fair, startled nature, seekest thou to shun!  
Behold upon yon ragged mountain-crest  
Thy God in anguish on the cruel tree:  
A thorny crown is on His head, His breast  
Convulsive heaves in direst agony.  
Yet though unnumbered woes His great Heart wring  
It breaks in love! O Death, where is thy sting?  
J. F., '08 Sp'd'l.

## MISLEADING "SIGNS OF THE TIMES"

The "Signs of the Times," of Mountain View, is not a paper devoted to agriculture, not to foretelling the weather; it does not deal directly with politics, nor the future prosperity or ruin of the country: its scope is to prophesy the time of the second coming of Christ, and to examine the signs whereby His advent is known to be near. It is forever falling foul of the Catholic Church which to it is the Beast of Apocalypse, the Antichrist whose reign is to be the opening scene in the great drama of the end of the world, the coming of Christ to judgment, and the thousand years reign of the just upon the new earth, a dream so dear to the Adventist imagination.

It is not surprising therefore, seeing its honest hostility to the Catholic Church, that in its issue for January 31st last, the "Signs" should ride its hobby in an article entitled "A Bogus Saint." Bogus saints are convenient weapons with which to attack the Catholic Church. St. Filomena was in vogue in that role about half a century ago. But now she has yielded her place to St. Expeditus. The infidel and liberal press of Europe howl that he is counterfeit: decrees of the Pope are invented ordering his removal from the churches: riots among the people are reported in several places in consequence of the Pope's action. Whereupon the Roman correspondent of the "Signs" with commendable zeal and business tact hastens

to inform its readers of this skeleton in the Catholic closet. But we wish he had made sure of his facts, as he was in duty bound, before publishing anything disparaging of the largest and most ancient body of Christians. No doubt he intended to safeguard the opinions of his coreligionists and strengthen them in their bias against Rome. But the end does not justify the means.

The truth is that St. Expeditus, far from being bogus is one of the oldest saints known in the Church. His name occurs under the 19th of April, in all the oldest martyrologies, and the Bollandists, Vol. II for April, 19th day, p. 616, bear witness to that fact. And they wrote in the year 1675. His devotion has been spread for a century and a half in Sicily, Naples and Germany. Any one wishing to satisfy himself on these points can read the *Civiltà Cattolica* for December 2nd and December 16th last, where it is shown with invincible arguments, both historical and theological, that the cultus of St. Expeditus is every way legitimate.

Had Mr. C. E. Milton, the Roman correspondent referred to, taken the trouble to read those articles, which appeared in Rome itself, he might have refrained, to say the least, from writing his own very curious and amusing epistle to his brethren that are in Mountain View. It may be divided into two parts: in the first he gives the usual Reformed



errors about the worship of Saints, errors which may be refuted by any student in the Sophomore or Freshman classes; in the second, with which we are more immediately concerned, he gives his version about the devotion to St. Expeditus. He says: "There is an image of a Roman soldier that has been found until recently in a number of churches in Rome and elsewhere, which is worshipped under the name of 'Santo Expedito.'" This saint is said to have worked many miracles, and as a consequence, his image has a large number of silver hearts hung on its shrine as presents from its faithful devotees for favors bestowed. But now it appears that this saint never existed, but was made through a mistake."

"Some French nuns about fifty years ago asked the Pope that he might send them a bone from the martyrs, disinterred from the Catacombs. The Pope complied with the request, and the bone was sent in a box upon which was written the Latin word 'Expedit,' which means 'sent,' and by which expression the Pope intended to indicate that the bone had been sent according to the request. But the nuns, ignorant of the meaning of the term, took it for the name of the saint, and therefore called him St. Expedit, and as the bone was supposed to be from the Catacombs, they decided that the person to whom the bone pertained was a Roman hero, and consequently made an image of a soldier to represent the saint. But now the mistake has been discovered, and

the church authorities have asked that the saint be removed from the churches. But the people of Naples are so fond of the "saint" that they say they will not give him up, be he true or false, and are prepared to defend him, even to the using of force."

"This fact in itself ought to convince one that this saint-worship is not founded on reality, but on sentiment and superstition. And if to a bogus saint so many miracles have been attributed, surely the many so called miracles of other saints do not argue anything in favor of their being living working agencies. O how much these Catholic idolators need to know the truth."

Such is Mr. Milton's account of the origin of the devotion to St. Expeditus. The relic of an unknown martyr from the Catacombs is sent by the Pope to some French nuns, who ignorantly mistaking the inscription on the box for the name of the Saint call him Expedit—French for Expeditus. Hence a statue of St. Expeditus, in the attire of a soldier, which we must suppose to be the first statue of the Saint ever made. And all this is no longer than 50 years ago, that is in 1850 or perhaps in 1855.

Now this account is altogether at variance with the truth.

1st. Throughout the length and breadth of France there is no relic of St. Expeditus. We are willing to cut wood and draw water for Mr. Milton the rest of our natural life if he will specify the convent that boasts of possessing a relic of St. Expeditus, alleged to

have been sent by Pius IX. or by any other Pope, from St. Peter down. There are no relics of St. Expeditus in Rome or anywhere in Europe, or as far as known even in the town of Militana in Armenia or Cappadocia, where he underwent martyrdom, and may be supposed to have been buried.

2d. It is false that the first statue of St. Expeditus was made in an anonymous convent belonging to an anonymous order in an anonymous place in France, toward the year 1850. Both statues and paintings of the Saint in a military garb existed in Sicily much prior to that date. Thus in the city of Acireale in Sicily, in the Church of Jesus and Mary, there is a beautiful statue of him carved by Ignatius Castorina, who died in 1822. It is probable that this statue was put up in 1781, when the city chose St. Expeditus for its patron. But long before that the feast of the Saint, on the 19th of April, was celebrated by the people of Acireale. Let Mr. Milton open for himself the *Civiltà Cattolica* for December 16, 1905, p. 720, and he will there see the very portrait of this statue, and read the irrefragable documents that accompany it. And turning to pp. 724 and 725 he will see two paintings of the Saint that are even older than the statue, and date prior to 1781. But the devotion to our Saint was still more ancient in Messina, for the Acirealians received it from that town. And let him take note that this Expeditus so honored in Acireale is the same as that men-

tioned by the Roman Martyrology for April 19th. Such are the express words of Conrad Deodati, bishop of Catana, who raising St. Expeditus to the dignity of patron of Acireale, in 1781, says: "We assign for the festivity of the said holy martyr Expeditus the nineteenth of April, on which the Roman Martyrology commemorates his blessed suffering and coronation."—*Civiltà*, p. 721. In what sense then can St. Expeditus be said never to have existed and to have been made through a mistake? Mistake there is, but all on the side of Mr. Milton & Co. In Naples, too, as the *Civiltà* for December 2, 1905, p. 574, shows, existing monuments, such as books, pictures, and engravings, carry back the devotion to St. Expeditus over a century ago.

3d. It is false that the cultus originated in France, 50 years ago: from the beginning of the 19th century it was spread over Germany, and from the middle, not to say beginning of the 18th, over Naples and Sicily. Nay, if Mr. Milton would investigate, he would find that St. Expeditus has been venerated for ages even in Russia.

4th. The whole story about the nuns' mistake is a crude and clumsy fabrication. It betrays the most infantine ignorance of the Latin language, and of Roman procedure in granting relics. Mr. Milton says that the Latin word *Expedit*, meaning "sent", written on the box, misled the nuns. That is, the Pope, sending the box with the sacred bones, would have written: "Sent", or, "This



box is sent." That reminds us of a story. It is said that the aldermen of Cuneo, a town in Piedmont, built a bridge over one of the rivers on which the city is situated, and then caused an inscription to be placed, "This bridge was made here." Mr. Milton's inscription on the relic box is on a par with that of the aldermen of Cuneo.

It will be news to most Latin scholars that "Expedit" means "sent"; we must confess that our Latinity did not reach so far until enlightened by Mr. Milton, and we hope to see this discovery of his perpetuated in some future edition of Harper's Latin Lexion. Mr. Milton ought however to enlighten us further on the subject, and tell us whether "Expedit," "sent", is a participle, in which case radical changes must be introduced into our present Latin grammars, since not one of them gives *it* or *t* as the termination of any participle. If however "sent" be not a participle, but the imperfect indicative of the verb "send," then it would be interesting to know what pronoun ought to be joined to the verb, since such pronouns we understand to be indispensable adjuncts to the imperfect tense in English. Another little difficulty we hope Mr. Milton will settle is about the grammatical tense of Expedit. Is it present, or imp. or pf. ind.? To our poor judgment it looks very much like the 3 p. sing. of the pres. ind., but that is generally translated *he*, or *she*, or *it sends*. Or could it be some new and unheard of form of the imperfect? Hitherto Latin imperfects had

ended in *abat* or *ebat*; but they may have progressed to *it* or simple *t*, for we live in an age of progress. Latin superstition is fast disappearing by the efforts of such men as Mr. C. E. Milton.

On Roman procedure in sending relics to places outside the Holy City, suffice it to say here that letters patent addressed to the bishops of the diocese, for which the sacred remains are destined, are always drawn up, stating the name of the Saint to whom they pertain and other important particulars, and such relics are not offered to public veneration, until the bishop, having read the letters patent, and examined the seals upon the relics to see they have not been tampered with, ascertains their authenticity beyond reasonable doubt. So that the poor French nuns, submissive to their bishop as they are in all things, could no more have mistaken "Expedit" for the name of the martyr, than they could mistake it for their own.

5th. It is false that St. Expeditus was first given military garb 50 years ago by the French nuns of that nameless convent. The representations of that Saint current in Germany prior to that date, as well as those in Naples and Sicily spoken of by the Civiltà Cattolica, which go back to the middle of the 18th century, all dress him as a soldier. And if it be asked why that should be so, seeing we know nothing about St. Expeditus except his name and the day and place of his martyrdom, we answer that even a saint must wear some kind of apparel, and none better than that of a



soldier, since he is a soldier of Christ, and even St. Paul clothes us all in a soldier's uniform. More particular, though not more solid reasons may be brought to light by the investigations now going on about St. Expeditus.

The reason, according to Mr. Milton, why the nameless French nuns "made an image of a soldier to represent the saint," was that "the bone was supposed to be from the Catacombs," and therefore "they decided that the person to whom the bone pertained was a Roman hero." The nameless nuns deserve our pity for being such poor reasoners. It is unnecessary to point out that there were in the Catacombs bones which belonged neither to soldiers nor to saints, for Christians of all conditions in life were buried there. This way of arguing, however, has a close resemblance to that used by the clear-sighted Mr. Milton himself a little further on. We allude to the following argument,—"This fact (of St. Expeditus being bogus) ought to convince one that this saint worship is not founded on reality, but on sentiment and superstition." Your conclusion, my dear Mr. Milton, is too wide for your premises. How would it do to argue,—The steamship *Valencia* foundered at sea. Therefore the principles on which steamships are built are not founded on reality? To argue from a fact to a principle you must have a complete induction. Perhaps if you were to examine all the Saints in the calendar, and show historically that every one of them was bogus, you might bring in

your conclusion that saint-worship is foolish. If you had proved that St. Expeditus did not exist, which you have in no wise done, all you could deduce therefrom would be, We must not reverence St. Expeditus; but the principles of saint-worship would remain as sound as ever. Neither would the miracles attributed to a bogus saint impair in the least, either the possibility or reality of other miracles, nor the arguments deduced from them to show the power and intercession of the Saints. If you wish to attack Catholic miracles the only way is to deny the possibility of a miracle; but then what becomes of the Bible and of Christianity itself? We have never been able to understand why non-Catholic Christians are so anxious to disprove our miracles. In the blindness of a zeal, dictated neither by charity nor wisdom, they fail to see that they are playing into the hands of infidels and agnostics. Every argument that tells against miracles today, tells against the miracles of the Apostles. But what do those self-constituted prophets from Mountain View care? Like Samson of old, they would bring down the Catholic Temple upon their heads, but unlike Samson, they have not the strength.

6th. It is false that the Bishops have asked the Pope, or that the Pope has ordered, that the Saint should be removed from the churches. If Mr. Milton will take the trouble to visit the churches where the sacred image was before, he will find it there still.

7th. The people of Naples have not

declared, by word or act, they would not give up the Saint, be he true or fake. Such a manner of acting is too absurd even for cannibals. If St. Expeditus were proved to be false, the Neapolitans would be the first to give him up. Mr. Milton means that the Neapolitans were not to be cowed by the senseless howls of the infidel crowd, but answered them back with indignant, manly defiance.

8th. Supposing the story about the anonymous nuns were true and that they did mistake the word *Expedit* for the name of the Saint, it would not follow that the Saint was bogus. He would simply have acquired a new name, but would be as real and true under that as he had been under his former appellation. The case is not a new one, for in the Catacombs lies buried numberless martyrs whose names are unknown. The immortal poet Prudentius, who lived in the Fourth century, testifies to it in his beautiful hymn to St. Hippolytus, which we were just going to quote, until we reflected that, as we have already put Mr. Milton to study the conjugations, he has his hands sufficiently full, without any Latin poetry. Here is a case of "*non expedit*." Please translate, Mr. Milton.

When, therefore, the body of an unknown martyr is taken from the Catacombs, it is the custom for the Cardinal Vicar of Rome to bestow a name on him, such as Felix, Justus, Candidus, epithets

that contain no falsity, as they are true of all the Saints. In this manner the devotion of the faithful is increased, and the martyr better individualized. No more than this would have been done for *Expeditus*.

"O how much these Catholic idolators need to know the truth," exclaims the shocked correspondent. If Catholics need to know the truth, it is not the "Signs" Roman correspondent any sensible man would advise them to choose for a teacher. And if they are idolators because they honor the Saints, invoke their intercession and venerate their relics, then Prudentius was an idolator; then Augustine and Ambrose were idolators; then the Christians of the First and Second century were idolators, for the images of the Saints they honored and the altars they built over their sacred bodies remain in the Catacombs to this day; then the apostolic Christians were idolators, for they treasured as relics the handkerchiefs of St. Paul; then the Apostles were idolators, for in their letters they asked the prayers and intercession of the Saints. We are in good company. We are satisfied to be called idolators with the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, with the Christians of the Catacombs, with the Apostles Peter and Paul, rather than with the sapient Mr. Milton to hate the Saints and dishonor their relics. J. B. V.

## A FRIENDLESS SPRING

THE year's glad morn is here again!  
Dear friend, its laughing youthful voice  
Would bid my piercing heart rejoice,  
Would soothe away its aching pain.

The woods are vocal with the bird,  
That trills its lay in merriest glee;  
It wakes no merry chord in me,  
For never never more is heard

The song that thou alone could'st sing,  
The music of thy voice so kind,  
The words that balm'd the suffering mind,  
The laugh that made my life a spring.

The brook still babbles down its slope  
Just as it did a year ago;  
When we so fondly, by its flow,  
Exchanged our aim, our fear, our hope.

No sob I hear amid its play,  
No sad inquiry in its tone,  
Why come I thus to muse alone?  
Why stays my friend so long away?

Once more I see in verdant show  
The hills our feet had nimbly pressed,  
No heaving in their iron breast  
That thou'rt laid low, that thou'rt laid low.



Gay nature holds my grief in scorn,  
It looks through eyes undimmed by tears,  
It will not brood o'er bygone years,  
It will not mourn with me who mourn.

And spring is last spring's counterpart  
Thy passing wrought no outward change  
But through the varying seasons' range  
Shall winter rule in my sad heart.

R. S., '07

## NOCTURNE

*Not mine to trace the stars and proudly scan  
Each mystery that marks their secret ways;  
Enough for love untaught the simpler plan  
Of wondering praise!*

*Yet when thick, racking storm-clouds round me sweep,  
I bid defiance, for I hold a charm:  
Who guides the stars aright, can He not keep  
My soul from harm?*

J. F., '08.

## "THE CASE OF THE SUIT-CASE"

A DETECTIVE STORY—TRUE AND OTHERWISE

### CHAPTER I.

In looking over some stray papers during a recent clean-up of my desk, I came across the manuscript of a certain collection of notes relative to an adventure I had had six months ago. I was really about to destroy them, as I considered them of little or no use to any one, and had merely jotted them down for my own amusement, but, the editor of the college paper chanced to ask me for a story for the magazine, so I am sending him the following to use it as he will. Bear in mind, please, that it is—a story, only.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months ago, or to be more precise, last September, I had occasion to run up to San Francisco on some business connected with the manuscript of a story which I had just about completed and for which I had obtained a prospective publisher. In fact my main business was to place the script in the hands of a stenographer to have it typewritten that it might be made clearer reading for the eye. I had slipped the manuscript along with some wearing apparel, toilet articles, and a borrowed razor and shaving mug, into my suit-case, which was rather a large affair, almost too

cumbersome for hand travel. It was a heavy leather case with the initials O. C. O on one end and with straps and buckles, designed for express baggage, but I always prided myself on having the strength to carry it.

My trip to the metropolis was uneventful except that I was pestered to death by an annoying peanut butcher, a small, square-looking creature, with a face that betrayed his profession and a voice that would do justice to the over-worked records of a phonograph. He insisted in loading my lap and the surrounding seat with a lot of last year's magazines, and once he hit me in the eye with a sample of his stale peanut-taffy. Otherwise my journey was quite pleasant.

Arriving in San Francisco, I went direct to the stenographer with whom I had made a previous arrangement for copying my manuscript. She took the script, with the assurance that I should have the finished work presented to me within a week.

As I entered the elevator which was to carry me to the ground floor of the building in which the stenographer's office was, a man rather seedy in appearance, and strongly redolent of John Barleycorn, brushed against me. I

turned, and he lifted his battered hat and asked my pardon. I nodded and passed into the cage, he following. When we came to the ground floor, he stooped down and took hold of my suit-case, allowing me to pass out ahead of him. He came out directly after me, and handed me the case which I took, at the same time slipping him a quarter. Again he tipped his hat, but with a muttered "Thank you," and as I emerged onto the sidewalk and turned up Market street, I mused on his unlooked-for courtesy. Then as the shop-windows and the passing throng caught my eye, my mind wandered to other things, and I soon forgot the incident.

## CHAPTER II.

My week's stay in San Francisco was a pleasant one, especially as I received some very encouraging news from my prospective publishers. They assured me that they were very anxious to read my book, which was short, but allowable of much illustrating, decorative design and elaborateness of type and cover. There is a feeling, a certain something that defies description, that creeps into a young author's heart, when his first born work is on the verge of acceptance. I had already begun to spend the income from my book—in my mind.

"A Legend of Light," was the title of my work.

A coincidence of no small importance, as you will realize later, occurred during my week in the city. On Tuesday night I went with a party of friends to

dinner in a down-town restaurant, from which, after a pleasant hour and an excellent meal, we drifted into the Orpheum.

One of the party had secured the tickets in advance, so we went in directly we arrived, and found that the curtain was up, and the show already in progress. One of the most tiresome and uninteresting acts ever invented for vaudeville, namely, trained dogs, occupied the stage. A society should be organized to disparage this unnecessary evil. To add to the general enjoyment of the affair, the inane canines were followed by a creature who styled himself as "the only black-faced monologist, who sings his own songs." Had he been called "the only living ancient in captivity," his jokes would not have once belied his title. As to his "own songs," I am quite positive that no other living composer possessed the nerve to claim them. The curtain came down on his act, and in that alone, did the management show their business ability to say nothing of clever headwork.

But, I am getting away from that coincidence.

After the curtain descended without any vestige of applause, we filed out for a smoke, accompanied by the strains of "I Don't Care If You Never Come Back," played by Rosner's Original "Hungarian" Orchestra—the originality lying in Rosner himself, as I am personally acquainted with the Irish Trombonist, and know the German flutist when I see him.



As we struck the lobby, one of my companions touched me on the arm, and remarked, indicating with his head, "I wonder who opened the door, and let him blow in."

I turned, and to my surprise, beheld my friend of the elevator episode, the recipient of my silver quarter. As his gaze met mine, he doffed his hat with the regularity and ill-grace that marked his previous performance, and I returned his recognition with a good-natured nod—minus a repeat on the quarter. I must say that I did think it strange to meet him at the theatre, but at the same time, sort of prided myself on the fact that my quarter might have helped his entrance.

On our way back to our seats, my companion, the one who had first noticed the stranger, remarked that the fellow never once took his eyes off of me.

I accepted this as a compliment, the man's gratitude running to the extent of his following me even to the Orpheum, betokening a sort of pitiable need. I was even tempted to go back to the lobby, search him out and present him with another coin out of gratitude for his gratitude. But, the rising of the curtain prevented this act of philanthropy.

What followed on the program is not for my feeble pen to describe, suffice is it to say that our own Unique in San Jose would turn its back on the trained actors that helped the management to fleece the public gathered in the Orpheum that night.

On my way home, after I had parted

from my companions, the vision of my courteous friend arose before me. I seemed to see him, first, in the elevator, offering me my suit-case, then again, in the lobby of the theatre, standing, a strange weird looking thing of shreds and patches, and for some reason or other, I recalled the fact that the fellow's face was marked with a scar, crescent shape, and deep, just on the cheek, below the left eye.

Even after I turned in, the vision haunted me, and as I was falling asleep it became more guresome even than the Orpheum show, and my eyes closed with the thought of Macbeth's "Avaunt, and quit my sight!"

### CHAPTER III.

Of what happened, as related in the last chapter, I gave no thought to on the next day, weightier things occupying my mind. Thursday came around, and I repaired to the stenographer's, received my script, and a well-made copy and duplicate, and then made ready to return to Santa Clara. According to a previous arrangement with the publishers, I was to read over the typewritten copy before submitting the same to them, in order to rectify any mistakes that the typist might have made. I deposited my precious package in my suit-case and arrived at the depot just in time to catch the 5:30 p. m. train. In fact all of the coaches were quite crowded except for a vacant seat here and there. I entered the third coach and found a vacant place in a seat next to an elderly gentleman.

who seemed in no way inclined to have me occupy it. However, I sat down next to him and placed my suit case upright, between my legs and endeavored to make myself comfortable.

Now my disagreeable looking neighbor was, for a man of his apparent years, no featherweight. In fact he covered enough of the seat to warrant the conductor's claiming two fares from him. I realized that I could not remain long in the position in which I had settled myself, so I looked around for a convenient place wherein to deposit my suit-case. To put it under the seat that I was occupying, was impossible, as my fat friend would have had a fit of apoplexy had I suggested his moving his legs half an inch. So I stood up, threw my coat across the back of the seat to indicate its occupancy, and then started with my suit-case toward the rear end of the coach.

To any one who has ever traveled on the local road, it will be recalled that at either end of each coach is a seat running lengthwise just near the door, instead of crosswise, like the other seats.

I approached the lengthwise seat at the north end of the coach and found one half of it to be occupied. A seed-looking fellow with his head down on his chest, and apparently asleep, was half sitting, half lounging on the seat.

My idea was to slip the suit-case under the seat, and with this intention, I touched him on the shoulder, that he might remove his legs from their sprawl-

ing position, and allow me to lodge the suit-case.

At first he did not respond to my touch. He was, to all appearances, asleep. I shook him slightly, this time catching him lightly by the knee. With a scarcely audible murmur he looked up and opened his eyes. Imagine, then, my intense surprise when I looked into his face and beheld my strange acquaintance of the elevator and the Orpheum encounter.

He may, or may not, have seen me start back. He apparently thought nothing of this, our third meeting. I recovered myself, and noted at the same time that the fellow seemed to be under the influence of liquor.

"I beg your pardon," I ventured. "I was about to slip my suit-case under this seat. Will it be in your way?"

He shifted his legs and attempted to rise, but a lurch of the train threw him back into the seat.

"It'sh all right," he stammered. "It'sh all right. 'Jesh you plashe it here next to me."

I acknowledged his generosity, but declared that it would be entirely out of the way under the seat.

"Je'sh you please," he returned, without betraying any further interest. He moved his legs so that I might better place the case, which I did, well under the seat.

As I stood up and gazed at him for a minute, I noticed that the scar on his cheek was very, very red. Then I attempted a conversation.



"I guess you don't remember me," I said.

"Wa'sh that?" he asked without looking up.

"I guess you don't remember me," I repeated.

This time he raised his head, and took me in.

"I gave you a quarter,—you remember, that day in the Crocker Building, when you carried my suit case."

"Oh, yesh," he replied, "much obliged." And his eyes closed drowsily again.

Realizing that there was to be no duet in conversation, I turned and went back to my seat, much to the evident discomfort of my friend of the ample proportions.

You will remember that it was at the north end of the coach that I had left my suit-case, so that when I sat down my back was turned to it.

I secured a weekly from the newsboy, and was soon deep in an account of Miss Roosevelt's trip to the Orient. Every now and then my avordupois companion would displace one of my ribs with his elbow to assure me of his infinite pleasure in my company, and when that method of approval failed, he would stick his newspaper up into my face, regardless of the fact that I had no desire to read it. Just before we arrived at Palo Alto, he began some very elaborate preparations to go. He stood up, and all but smothered me in his attempt to get into his overcoat. His own hat, a derby, fell off in his effort to apparel

himself, and when I most gracefully stooped down, picked it up and handed it to him, he muttered a very audible and not overpolite "Damn it!"

As the train came to a halt, I arose, and he struggled past me, treading heavily on my right foot as a token of his sorrow at parting with me. I sat down, this time spreading out over the seat, and was deep in my weekly even before the train was on its way again.

\* \* \* \* \*

We had passed Lawrence, a small town to the north of Santa Clara, possibly two or three miles from the latter place. I then prepared to get off, and got into my overcoat and put on my gloves. Then I went up to the end of the car, and I saw, much to my satisfaction that scarf-face had already left the train. I had not noticed at which station he alighted.

I bent down on one knee and reached under the seat for the suit-case. The suit-case was not there.

#### CHAPTER IV.

For a moment my senses seemed to desert me. I could not think—I could not believe. My suit-case, the case containing the precious manuscript and the copies, the only ones I had—the work of several years? No! there was some mistake—I would look again!—I did, this time getting down on my hands and knees regardless of the gaze of the several passengers who still occupied the coach. But, in vain, the suit-case was gone. I turned hot and cold in succession. My knees trembled and moment-



arily tears started to my eyes. In the midst of my despair the conductor came into the coach. He saw my condition and asked me what the trouble was.

"The trouble?" I cried, "The trouble? Why it's gone—gone do you hear? Gone!"

The conductor did not seem to be suffering from any great enlightenment.

"What's gone?" he asked, half disconcertedly.

"Why," I fairly yelled, "my suit-case! My manuscript! The only one I have! Don't you understand, it's gone!"

He became interested.

"Where did you leave it?" He inquired.

"Here! right here under this seat," I answered, growing more calm.

"Well," he asked, "Were you occupying the seat?"

"No, no," I replied, and hurriedly I told him how I had placed the suit-case under the seat and how I myself sat several seats ahead of it, with my back turned to it!

"Who was sitting here?" was his next question.

"Why a tramp-looking fellow," I said, "one whom I knew by sight. I have seen him before in the city several times, and he was sitting here—here in this seat when I shoved the suit-case under it."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"Most assuredly I would," I replied, noting at the same time that we were nearing Santa Clara.

The conductor was pensive for a mo-

ment, then he asked, "What did he look like?"

I was quick to answer.

"He wore a very shabby suit, was unshaved, and apparently drunk. He looked more like a tramp than anything else."

The train was drawing to a standstill. The conductor was silent for a second or two. Then he questioned, "Did he have a scar on his cheek—on the ——?"

"Yes, yes!" I cried excitedly before he finished his question.

"I know the man," he said quietly, and the train stopped with a jerk.

"You know him?" I shouted, expectant of the return of my belongings.

"Yes. He got off at Palo Alto. I remember checking his ticket to there. He rides up and down on this train a great deal. He went up last—I think it was Friday. Here—" and he wrote on a piece of yellow paper, "here is my name and number, and the number of this coach and train. Report your loss to the Passenger Agent in San Jose and they will look up your suit-case."

He handed me the slip of paper which I took nervously, and thanked him in a like manner. The train was beginning to move, and I rushed to the platform and jumped off just in time. The conductor followed me to the platform and leaned out, remembering that he had not signalled the engineer. He called back to me in a most encouraging tone. "Don't worry, you'll get it all right!"

I waved my hand to him, and then turned up towards the college. It all

seemed like a dream. I couldn't understand it. I could not realize that the suit case, and the manuscripts were gone; and the borrowed cup and razor too, although the razor cuts no figure in the story. Then, the mystery of it all. My strange meeting twice with the same suspicious looking character in the city—his never taking his eyes off of me in the Orpheum. Then meeting him again on the train. His indifferent treatment of me the latter time. His leaving the train unnoticed by me—my suit-case and the precious manuscript gone!—Oh! no! no! I would surely awake! It could not be!

My arrival at the college quickly dispelled any doubts as to my being awake. I went first to my room, and then to the Rector's office. The latter treated me with the kindness that is inborn in him and assured me of whatever aid the college could render me in recovering my loss.

Needless to say, I slept little that night. I went to bed early as nothing could be done until morning. I was up with the sun, and after breakfast I started over to San Jose. Arriving at the Railroad office, I had no difficulty in seeing the Passenger Agent, as I had a letter to him from the Rector of the college. The letter explained my errand and the agent became interested at once in the affair. He asked me several questions, then told me to go to the baggage depot, enquire if the suit-case were there, as it might have been restored by some one who had taken it by mistake,

and if this investigation failed of results, I was to return and he would dispatch a detective on the next train.

To be brief, the suit-case was not at the depot, so on the 9:20 a. m. train I left for Palo Alto, accompanied by the detective. We arrived at our destination in due time and went at once to the office of the town constable. The case (but alas! not the suit case) was laid before him, and to our surprise he knew the man whom I suspected, in fact he had seen him that very morning.

"Why, yes," he told us, "I know him well. He is a painter by trade and a crook by profession. He does odd jobs around town and has been landed twice for burglarizing. Now, I'll tell you what I will do," and he turned to me. "You remain here in my office and your detective here and myself will look up our man. Wait until we return. We will not be gone long and may bring back some good news for you."

"I only hope you bring back the suit-case," I laughed, and they left me to settle down and try to interest myself in the morning paper. I was in no mood, however, for papers, and tossed several over on the desk until I came across a copy of the "Daily Palo Alto," where my mind became absorbed in some interesting college items.

It was eleven-thirty when I looked at my watch; then, I arose, and paced up and down the room. It was close and stuffy, so I went toward the one window facing on the main street and opened it. As I did so I chanced to look down to



the opposite sidewalk, and there, in the glow of the morning sun, I saw a man, a tramp hurrying along the street in the direction of the University. It did not need a second look to tell me that it was my suspected friend. With a bound I leaped toward the door, and I was down on the sidewalk like a flash.

Quickly I gazed to the opposite side of the street, but, to my dismay, the tramp was nowhere to be seen. Undaunted I crossed over and hurried to the next corner which I turned stealthily, and there, but a few yards in front of me, I beheld the man of my search, standing in front of a very respectable looking cottage.

He turned toward the corner where I stood, and I withdrew into the shadow of a convenient doorway. I remained there for a few moments, and then slowly emerged. Just as I did so, I saw the tramp enter the cottage.

I had a clew at last.

Now what to do? That was the confronting question. No doubt I had got ahead of the constable and the detective, else the thief would not have been at large. To enter the cottage after him, unarmed as I was, would have been a bit of a dangerous proposition. Should I return to the constable's room, my prisoner might escape. Then a thought struck me. Why persecute the man at all, so long as I got my suit-case? I had it. I would wait until he came out again, then I would enter the cottage, investigate for myself, and in all proba-

bility secure my prize. It was dead easy,—at least I thought so.

As if to aid my scheme, Providence stretched out a hand, for while I stood gazing in the direction of the cottage, the suspect appeared in the doorway, and I barely got under cover in time. While I was tremblingly wondering if he had seen me, he passed hurriedly by my hiding-place, and I thankfully breathed a sigh of relief.

In—say possibly five minutes—I stepped out on the sidewalk and found that the street was empty. Fearfully, but determinedly, I approached the cottage and went inside of the gate. I walked up the steps to the front door and rapped lightly. I waited a moment, but there was no answer. I rapped again, and yet no answer. I softly turned the door-knob, and the door opened easily. Cautiously I stepped inside and peered around me. I was in a room that was about fourteen by twenty feet. It was plainly but neatly furnished. I coughed to attract the attention of anyone who might be in the house. Silence alone followed my effort. Then I went toward a door to the right, which was half opened. I swung it full before me. The room within was dark and dirty. It was peculiarly spooky in its atmosphere. A trap door in the floor stood wide open and as I approached it I noticed that a pair of stairs led down quite a few feet into a cellar.

I was beginning to creep and



tremble. Then something caught my eye, that made my heart leap for joy, for there in a heap of dirt gathered carelessly on the floor just near the trap door, was a white package, half torn open, and from which bulged the manuscript of my story. I bent down, picked it up, and with quick scanning found it to be intact, the original, the copy and the duplicate.

I entirely forgot the suit-case in my frenzy of joy. I opened my vest, and slipped the package inside. After I buttoned up my vest, the thought of the suit-case came to me, and I started around the half-lighted room to look for it.

Suddenly I heard a sound outside. It came from the direction of the street. It was the closing of a gate, then followed a heavy, hurried footstep. My heart came up into my mouth, and I could feel it beating there.

Someone was coming up the front stairs.

## CHAPTER V.

For a moment I was positively bewildered. To one unused to an emergency like this, and unarmed, too, though, comes slow and stupidly. I saw only one chance. The trap-door. Like a flash I was down the steps, dragging the trap door after me, and instantly I was plunged into darkness. There were in all, nine steps. The cellar was deeper than I had thought.

When I reached the ground I felt the cold and the damp. I could easily stand

upright, and my first thought was to strike a match. I felt for my match safe. It was empty. I quickly went through all my pockets, but this, too, was in vain. Now I was up against it surely.

A heavy footstep on the floor above made me stand still and listen. Then I heard muffled voices, and I knew that whoever had entered had not done so alone.

The walking ceased, so I decided that my friends above had seated themselves or entered another room. I groped my way around, and peered about me to see if there was any light at all from outside, but not a ray was visible. I moved ahead, my hand stretched out before me, when suddenly my foot caught in something, a rope it seemed to be, that was stretched across the ground and immediately there followed a performance that I had hardly bargained for.

There was a terrific crash of glass, then a piece of wood, a shelf no doubt, came from above and struck me on the shoulder. I gasped, and ducked, but not in time to avoid a shower of bottles of all sizes and weights. Then there was a stillness and I stood petrified with horror.

But the worst was yet to follow. From the room above came the sound of heavy footsteps. I moved frantically ahead and struck a cold damp wall. There was a silence above for a moment, and in that moment I had time to think.

I pulled myself together, and decided to face whatever followed, if needs be even death.

Slowly the trap door began to open. I could see a faint streak of light which grew larger as the opening widened. I turned and faced it, my back against the wall. I held my breath, and I could feel my heart thumping against the manuscripts inside of my vest. Gradually I saw a pair of feet, then legs appear in the opening. Slowly the body of a man appeared—then the head, but I could not recognize the features in the dark. As he peered down into the cellar the silence was frightful, and a sickening something clutched me inside, and I weakened at the thought of my unprotected condition. My head grew dizzy and the breath I was holding in was choking me. My knees knocked together, and my hands grew stiff and clammy. As I stared at my enemy, crouched there in the open stairway, I could feel my eyes dilating and my lips swell. In quick succession my senses seemed to go and come. I realized that the man could not see me as he was in

some light at least while I was in total darkness. My tongue stuck in the roof of my mouth as I saw shining there in that awful dim light the barrel of a pistol held in the hand of the crouching figure. I concluded that the end had come, and yet with all my fear I did not move an inch and scarcely drew a breath.

The man came slowly down the steps and was half hidden in the surrounding darkness. I could indistinctly see him looking from right to left and peering straight ahead. Then the climax of it all was reached. He groped in his pockets, found a match, and struck it. I could hear the crackling, spluttering sound as the sulphur came in contact with his shoe. There was a little puff of light, then a blaze, and directly the man lifted the lighted bit of wood and held it high above his head.

"Quis?", 'O—

(To Be Continued.)

## SPRING

Young Spring, hoar Winter's roughness gone,  
Now hastes his mantle green to don  
On upland, slope, and lea;  
While mellow Autumn's promise fair  
Bursts on the eye, perfumes the air,  
From every fruiting tree.  
While teems with life each wakening sod,  
Green-tufted to the zephyrs, nod  
The graceful fir and pine,  
Where clear they stand 'gainst morning's sky,  
Or in the gloaming towering high,  
They look on day's decline.  
Now courses swift the swollen brook,  
Where hidden deep in cosy nook  
The glancing troutlets lie;  
Whilst heard from flowering shrub or tree  
In varied note of sportive glee  
The feathered songsters vie.  
See how, ere in the deeper vale  
The shadows dark begin to pale,  
The ploughman briskly fares,  
To chide his patient team along  
The furrowed field, the while with song  
He scouts at brooding cares.  
There thrills upon the ocean wave,  
Or where the gentle ripples lave  
In mountain lake or stream,  
The quick pulse of the youthful year.  
Be up, O Man! his bidding hear,  
And quit the idle dream!

J. M., '08



## MORAL OBLIGATION

As the foundation, and we might say the excuse for all law, both human and divine, the subject of moral obligation is, not only to the student of Ethics, but to all those who were created with a free will and a consequent need of restricting laws, of prime importance. Man, the creature to whom our subject applies, is composed in his intelligence of an intellect and a free will, the one obtaining knowledge, and the other acting on this knowledge and placing an act which may be either good or bad, since the will, the determining faculty, is essentially free. If we reflect upon the nature of our intellect we find that it cannot but submit to many truths supported by sufficient evidence. Such axioms as "The whole is greater than any of its parts," or "An effect has a proportionate cause," bind the mind, leaving it incapable of dissent. The will, however, though it is intimately connected with the mind, may or may not accept and proclaim this knowledge; for more than the mere truth is necessary to enslave it. Let us present our intelligent creature with happiness, or let some happiness or pleasure be connected with the knowledge which the mind presents to the will; the latter will then be influenced toward accepting it since it is physically compelled to seek always for happiness; but it may see more advantages in refusing this particular form of it, and hence it is not as yet bound. But let us

present it with absolute happiness, that is, its own proper object, the pure form of the good or the good simply, with no admixture of evil. Not only will there then be no refusal but such refusal would be impossible. The will is wholly taken captive by the thought of happiness or the pure form of the good.

So far we may be approaching happiness, but it is evident that we are as yet far from it, or rather, keeping in touch with our present subject, we should say we may be on the road to moral obligation, so far, however, having seen nothing of the kind. Neither the compulsoriness of the assent given by the mind to evident truth nor the compelled "elan" of the whole being toward happiness, answers to our idea of moral obligation. Acts that are compelled by the nature that is in us belong to the realm of physics, or rather, psychology; not to morality. Since, however, we have begun with happiness, and the irresistible impulse of our whole being toward happiness, the point to be made must be to exploit this idea and the relations it involves, so as to deduce moral obligation and the nexus the latter has with happiness.

One clear, trenchant way of showing moral obligation might be this;—On the admission that God exists, and has created us we understand that He owns and has full power over us. Being Lord and Master and following the dictates of

His infinite wisdom. He necessarily wishes us to behave according to the requirements of the nature He has given us, acting in this respect as any one would who had built a machine, say an Aeroplane. Having had a certain end in view when we made it, we would not tolerate for an instant that it should act to its own destruction and the forfeiture of the object had in view in its construction.

Hence it is clearly understood that God is fully in earnest about our living up to the dictates of our specific nature. This wish of His manifested to us by the light of our reason is nothing more or less than what is termed by jurists, a law, the supreme law, the whole natural code in a nutshell, the source and foundation of every other law, human or divine. It is the knowledge of this law that "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world", every man in normal conditions and under fair moral development. By knowing this law our free will has put upon it the necessity of acting agreeably to its precepts, under pain of offending, or at least displeasing the Supreme Law-giver according to the gravity of the matter under question.

One must not think here, however, that we have in one short leap, jumped up to the full height of the concept of moral obligation, and so define our subject as "the need to obey the Creator's law in order to please Him." It may indeed be granted that this is the substance of moral obligation, that thereby we have reached a clear idea, accessible

to all, how among all the good that can be done some part of it becomes bounden duty, while all evil is advanced to sin: how the latter is extremely hateful and to be avoided to escape the wrath of the Almighty: how a moral obligation is something sacred, and when violated in any line of human conduct becomes an outrage that calls to Heaven for reparation.

But there is a fear entertained that, even so, the picture that has been drawn of the subject in hand is a mere sketch "au crayon" requiring a number of additional finishing touches. Even heterodox Kant would join with us so far, in fact he might even say, "Your view is just my doctrine of the Categorical Imperative. You say, without any further ado, moral obligation originates with the Creator's primordial law, I say it originates with the Categorical Imperative: your law and my imperative are identical, in either case the natural reason must operate to manifest it. Whether the reason is an originator or a mere manifestor is a point over which we will not quarrel now? You say obedience is due the categorical imperative for its own sake. You preach a noble morality, so do I, we are in complete accord."

It follows from this short interview with the philosopher of Königsberg, that the view we have so far presented, though vastly different from his, to say worthy people, the high minded spirituality and lofty perfection of doing duty for duty's sake alone, to the utter forget-



fulness of self and disregard of consequences affecting self, we are not at liberty to think it forbidden to do otherwise. Because it is noble and generous to a degree to do all we do for the pure love of God, or, as others would say, for the simple beauty with which all virtue is resplendent it does not follow that nature would restrict us to these pure and holy motives.

While we entertain the profoundest respect for our Creator, and we admire the loving soul that will do all things just to please Him, we hope no one will think it profane if we should have a thought of ourselves and hence tried to go deeper into our subject of moral obligation. After all it must be conceded we were made for happiness and if moral obligation has no relation to happiness we are pulled and distraught in different directions, "quod est inconveniens". Whence we perceive that the law ordaining moral obligation is the law ordaining happiness, and the fulfilling of moral obligation is not only a foretaste of, but even an entering into happiness. Law, moral obligation, happiness are indissolubly intertwined. But the question may be asked, "by what instrumentality is the law able to fasten moral obligation on our free wills?" I hear you say "by the authority of the law maker." Well and good, but is the authority of the lawmaker so far-reaching as to dare overlook the constitution and the essential aspirations of our rational nature? How is the highest authority in the universe to bind our free

will when we know it recognizes no other bond but the one which an infinite good, seen with all the vividness of intuition, or at least by ratiocination, places on it. Manifestly therefore, no man can consider himself bound who does not clearly understand that obedience to law is such an absolute requisite to the fruition of all good, that without it such a fruition, or happiness as we call it, would be a forlorn hope.

Hence moral obligation should be explained as follows: The primary idea we form is that of being in general, wherein we see all good and no evil, so that we come to will it with all the intensity of desire of which we are capable, and without any freedom whatever to reject it. Next, by an easy process of reasoning we learn that this idea is verified in God alone; and elsewhere happiness would be sought in vain. This knowledge, however, while exceedingly cogent, is yet too weak to enchain the will and suppress freedom, it being ratiocinative, not intuitive. Hence the will can rebel and choose otherwise.

On the other hand the Creator availing Himself, as it were, of our weakness for, and irresistible leaning toward happiness, legislates that we shall follow the dictates of our specific nature, and fortifies His command by attaching Himself to it as the sum total of all good, to be won by obedience, to be lost by disobedience. Thereby is the intelligent creature as strongly bound as it is possible without detriment to his liberty. Therefore we can see how different is



the bond induced on the will by the intellect seeing all good, and the intellect reasoning out the objectivity of all good. The first suppresses liberty, the second saves it; the first is physical, the second moral; in either case there is a super-induced necessity; in the first case simple, in the second disjunctive shutting off all avenues of escape: either obey and win happiness or disobey and forfeit it. Won, it shall be as the mind necessarily working pictured it, and as the heart necessarily yearning, desired it, that is a complete eternal rest in the conscious enjoyment of all good, but with graduations according to the scale of merit; this is Paradise or Heaven. Happiness lost or unhappiness, by an uncompromising pronouncement of reason shall be likewise eternal. Its eternity is demanded by the very nature of obligation, so long as an authority binds you only for a time you remain unbound. Whatever

the amount of good promised or evil threatened, so long as it is finite it makes but little impression on faculties of indefinite capacity. Our liberty is worth more than all that and we are always prepared to stand for happiness. The inebriation of present pleasure weighs more in the balance than years of future distress, so long as possible happiness looms up in the distant scene. The essential dominion of the Creator with the accompanying essential dependence of the creature imperatively demand to remain intact. Make unhappiness finite in duration, the equilibrium cannot be restored. The abolition of eternal unhappiness is the abolition of moral obligation, of law, of authority, and is a reversal of the eternal order of things,—order the Heavens' first law. This were a worse hell than the hell of eternal unhappiness.

Robert E. Fitzgerald. '06.

## GETTING OLD

*How dull and lone has been the day!  
My sky was overcast with grey,  
And on my heart a chill there lay.  
In youth's fond morn, if clouds did lour,  
I took my stand on fancy's tower,  
And looked to noon's enchanting hour.  
The noon is here, the enchantment's flown,  
The hazy azure brown is grown,  
—Henceforth I'll look to Heaven alone.*

J. D., '07

## NON SERVIAM

Go where the crazy-boughed scrub oak is growing  
Faint hearted on brine-sodden soil,  
When the foam-lashing winds from the ocean are blowing,  
And madly tormented seas boil.

And hark to the wash and the rush of the Ocean  
Wild visaged, and gashing the land:  
To the crash as the heavy sea beats in its motion  
With lion-wise fury, the strand.

And list to the hiss of the viper-like water,  
Obeying the strength of the wind,  
Creep cunningly up all devoid of its hauteur,  
Then licking a moist trail behind.

And speak if thou would'st speak, when oak branches nod,  
If thou canst but stifle thy fear,  
(That God is thy devil, the Devil thy god,)  
So none but the lone air may hear.

And holding my hand where the heart beat is strongest  
Calm down the wild throb in thy breast,  
Then seek in the wild storm the counsel thou longest,  
To put thy poor sorrows at rest.

FRANCIS PLANK, '08

NON-PLUSSED

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Whenever in my reading I come across such expressions as, "He was altogether astounded," or "He was absolutely petrified with amazement," or "He was spellbound at the apparition" I think of an episode in which I acted the part of the astounded, petrified, spellbound hero.

I was spending my Christmas holidays at the house of a friend of mine in British Columbia. The household consisted of a father and mother, my chum, Willie, and two older brothers, and one or two servants. Their dwelling was a large, plain, comfortable farm house, situated in a rather lonesome section of the country on a high hill half a mile from the Blue River. They were all honest, homely, country-people, plain and simple in their ways, and I had not been among them half an hour before I felt perfectly at home, and, as it were, one of the family.

As one of the family then did I conduct myself, ranging over the house as I listed, rising in the morning when I felt like it,—which feeling was usually rather slow in coming,—and going to bed to partake of "tired nature's sweet restorer," not till I felt that such a restorative would be "sweet," generally somewhere after ten o'clock. By that time, the whole family would be buried in slumber, excepting sometimes Willie, who ventured to stay up later than the others, when some particularly in-

teresting story had to be finished. But this was not often. As a rule, when the kitchen clock struck ten, its big staring face found me all alone, reading some book by the light of two candles, and oblivious for the nonce of heaven, earth and if all things on earth, bed included. Sometimes I would read stories of a weird fantastic character, and then I would feel creepy. I would get into just the right mood for seeing ghosts, goblins, demons, and all the rest of those nocturnal visitors who go about seeking for some already terrified mortal whom they may terrify still more. On one of these evenings, when I had been indulging in a reading of this nature, an incident occurred which occasioned me so much astonishment, or rather downright amazement, that I doubt if the expressions quoted at the opening of my story, ever applied to anyone more justly than they did to me.

I was reading one of Hawthorne's wild, melancholy, ghostly, legends, and my imagination was getting pretty well worked up. All the ghost stories I had ever read or heard of,—though at other times merely a source of amusement—now impressed themselves upon me as being quite probable, if not actually truthful. There were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy. The rest of the household were in another part of the house, and moreover were dead and bu-



ried in sleep. I called the dog, Rover, who was snoring majestically near the fire place, and when he refused to move from his comfortable position, I employed threats to make him come over and lie at my feet. He was some company anyway. I resumed my book. The tale grew more and more ghastly and I grew more and more nervous. Every little while I would cast an uneasy eye on the entire room, scrutinizing particularly the remote, shadowy corners. One of the windows had the blind up, and the mysterious, elfish night outside looked in at me through it, as though an evil-omened eye. I drew down the blind in trepidation. I noticed that the door leading outwards was not strongly locked. I pushed the lounge against it.

"Now," said I, "I am secure, and I am going to finish this ghost story, although every hair on my head shall stand on end. So I took up the book and read on; after every sentence or two looking quickly over my shoulder to assure myself that there really was nobody advancing on me from behind. In this way, I was about to finish the story, when there fell upon my over-willing ears a noise that brought my reading and my heart-beat to a standstill.

It came from the direction of a pantry or porch that opened off the kitchen. It was of a very peculiar description and I never had heard anything exactly like it before. There was a thud as of something falling, there was a rattling as of some one moving pans and dishes, there was a beating on the floor as of some-

one dancing. What in the name of heaven could it be? The dog and the cat were with me, and it could not be a rat; and there were no other animals prowling about in such dreadfully frosty weather. My first impulse was to run and awaken some of the family, but then this seemed cowardly, and Willie would laugh at me. So there remained nothing to be done but to face the danger alone. Muttering a prayer, I opened the door and in fear and trembling peered out into the darkness. The noise ceased for a moment and I was just going to conclude that it must have been a rat, when something moved at my feet. I looked down and there I beheld—guess!

Well, you might keep on guessing from now until doomsday but you would not come near the truth. What I saw was a trout, a real, live trout, and there he was flip-flopping around on the floor in the liveliest manner.

I was so utterly amazed at the sight that for a moment I altogether lost the power of thinking. For a while I was turned into stone. I stared at the fish with open eyes and open mouth. At the first return of my senses I cried out, "Good God, what is this?" The inexplicable strangeness of the thing passed through my mind in a flash. We were half-a-mile from the river—how could it have come from the river? Trout were unheard of except in the warm summer—this was the bitter frost of winter. Fish were never known to live any time outside of the water—here was

one dancing away on a dry frosty floor, a fifteen-minutes' walk from the water. The thing was marvelous—stunningly, praeternaturally marvelous. "It must be a devil," thought I, and I turned and fled.

I was on the point of arousing the house when my courage overtook me, and I determined to return and investigate the matter a little further. "Now," said I "if this is a natural trout, there must be water near at hand—let's see if there is!" I flashed the candles around—I held the two of them together—and to my unspeakable horror saw not a drop of water. I looked at the trout; it lay still and seemed as if about to spring on me. The candles fell from my nervous hand, and in a paroxysm of terror I rushed through the darkness into the inner part of the house, falling over tables, chairs and furiously barked at by the dogs as if I had been a burglar. At first I was actually unable to find my voice through excess of fear, but at length I found it all of a sudden, and such a blood-curdling shriek as resounded through that peaceful abode can be

better imagined than described. The startled family were around me in a moment, and to their inquiries I could only pant, "the trout, the devil, the devil—oh the trout on the porch floor!" At this Willie bounded out to the place mentioned, and his merry peal of laughter that followed almost immediately fell grateful and reassuring on our ears. "Why, it's the well trout," cried he, as he returned with a pail of water, wherein he showed us my dread visitor dimly outlined against the bottom. "Don't you know that we keep a trout in the well all the year round, and it happened to get into the water-bucket, and then it accidentally jumped out on the floor."

I joined in the general laugh at my expense with all the grace I could.

"I guess he saw that you were all alone," explained Willie, "and he wanted to keep you company, and perhaps tell you a little fish story."

I escaped to bed without more ado and was soon dead to all the troubles and humiliations of this weary world.

Raymond Brown, 2nd Acad.



## "THE MAVERICK MAN"

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Arthur George was a fine specimen of the Western cowboy; tall, strong and handsome. His hair was ebon black and covered a finely shaped head, a high open forehead rose over finely chiseled eyebrows; under which were set eyes full of tenderness, yet reflecting in their depths bravery and determination. The jaw was square but not too much so. All his life Arthur had lived upon a ranch; upon a ranch he had been born. Long before his little legs were long enough to straddle a horse, he had run around the yard astride a broom, swinging above his head a piece of brown cord, his little arms being not yet strong enough to handle a rope. Thus he grew up a cowboy and all men on the range acknowledged his prowess and superiority. His mother had made a good, honest, upright boy of her son, and now she was proud of him, and what better reason could a mother have for being so?

The years passed on; his mother died, and he buried her. He was lonesome now having no brothers or sisters whose love could fill the void space in his heart. Thus he lived for a few years, and then, like Hiawatha, he went on a journey and found a girl whom he loved, wooed and won, and also like Hiawatha, he took her home to his people, his bride.

At the ranch house they were hap-

py for a while, then things began to go wrong. The year was bad and cattle died. It seemed as if Dame Fortune had declared herself an enemy to Arthur George, and had exerted to her utmost her power to crush him. On his small salary as herdsman, he could not live with his bride in luxury. It was then that Arthur George did what no man who knew him would have believed of him. He branded with his own brand other men's cattle. At first he only branded a few, but by degrees he became bolder and many cattle were added to his small herd. As his cattle increased other ranchers became aware of their losses. For a long time no one was suspected and the culprit was sought for in vain, but at last Arthur was suspected.

One night he rode home to his wife and child, as he did every evening. She used to stand in the doorway and watch for his coming, shielding her eyes from the level rays of the setting sun with her hand. The little boy would stand near and ask at intervals as he tugged at his mother's skirt, "Is daddy coming, mamma?"

On this particular evening she stood there and the little boy was near her.

"Is he coming, mamma?" asked the little one.

"Yes, dear," she answered, picking the child up and kissing him. "You



must run out and meet him. Papa is not well, honey."

"Is that why he's so thin and won't talk, mamma, and won't eat supper?"

"Yes, sweetheart, run along now; there he is."

The little boy ran off and soon returned accompanied by his father. Arthur George was considerably changed since last we saw him, when he brought his young bride home not more than four years past. His black hair was streaked with gray, the great broad shoulders were somewhat stooped, his eyes were sunken further under his now shaggy eyebrows and they were no longer bright. The deep lines in his forehead told of care and silent suffering.

He kissed his wife and the three entered the house together. At the table he was silent and ate little. After supper he rolled a cigarette and leaned in every feature of her face.

"What's the matter, Arthur; won't you tell me? Something is wrong; come tell me?"

"Little girl, I've got to go away."

"Go away," she repeated after him, dazed.

"Yes," he said, taking her in his arms and gently kissing her; "I thought I could make you happier but I—Good God! I've killed you!"

"Why, Arthur, what do you mean?"

"Don't, don't, I can't tell you. I just must go or get caught." He unloosed his arm from about her and covered his face with his hands.

Suddenly he looked up, his eyes flashed the old fire; his jaw set, he looked the very picture of defiance.

"But I won't run away. I won't be a coward. When they come after me they can have me—if they can take me," he said and paused. "There'll be a few who start out who won't be in on the taking," he concluded.

The door opened; a man entered unannounced.

"Is Arthur here?" he asked.

"Yes," said Arthur.

"Art, there's a bunch of men after you and they're coming here now. I came ahead to tell you. Take my horse and get out of here. Say good-bye to your wife and child and go on."

"No, I won't," Arthur answered simply.

"Good God, man, don't be a fool; they won't give you a chance; they'll just kill you."

"Arthur, for my sake go," broke in his wife; "don't stay; they'll only kill you and—and—go, please, go."

"For your sake, sweetheart, I'll go, but I'll come back again, sometime, back to you and the child. Wait for me. I've sinned but I'm paying an awful penalty."

He took a rifle from the rack on the wall and buckled on his six-shooter. He lifted the child and kissed him twice, then he turned to his wife, folded her in his arms and gently kissed the pale face that rested on his shoulder. Thus they stood for some seconds unconscious of all save each other.

"You better go, Art," said the visitor.

"Yes, dear, go," his wife whispered.

He slowly broke away from her, grasped his rifle and staggered out the door into the night, followed by his friend.

The little woman who had borne up so well sank into a chair sobbing, the little boy ran to the door calling, "Daddy, daddy!"

The visitor came back, took the little boy by the hand and led him to his mother.

"Daddy's gone away, little man; he'll come back soon. Don't take it so hard, Annie," he continued to the prostrate woman. They can't catch him. I know it's hard. I love him, too, not in the way you do, perhaps, but he's been my chum, and we've lived and grown up together, ate together, slept under the same blankets together, shared each other's secrets, shared each other's joys and sorrows. I wish I could go in his place and leave him here with you. I'd go in a minute if I could, but I can't, he's too well known. Come, don't cry; don't make it harder"—

A knock at the door interrupted him and before either could answer a man stepped into the room a revolver in his hand.

"Are you Arthur George? I have a warrant for your arrest."

The friend hesitated a moment.

"That's me," he answered.

"Well, come along now; I ain't got no time to waste, O Bert!" he called,

"come on, here he is; I got him; he didn't make no fuss at all."

Another man entered the room and gazed around trying to accustom his eyes to the light. Finally his eyes rested on the prisoner.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"There," said the sheriff.

"That ain't him, you fool; come on, let's get out of here before he gets too far away from us."

The sheriff looked at his prisoner.

"Well you sure got lots of gall," he said.

They searched the house and then departed, leaving Arthur's wife thanking, through her tears, the man who had tried unsuccessfully to take his friend's punishment.

Many days passed and no one saw Arthur George; no one heard of him. The sheriff was still after him but had almost given up hope of ever catching him. The days lengthened into weeks and still no one heard of him.

At the ranch house all was changed. Arthur's wife was no longer happy. She had become thin and pale, dreading that each day Arthur would be taken. She longed with all the longing of a loving wife to see him, but feared to have him come lest he be taken. The little boy no longer played around the house upon his wooden horse. At night he missed his father and asked persistently why he did not come home.

One night the mother sat with a book in her lap; she had evidently been reading, but had laid the book down,

and now she sat gazing into space. She was thinking of the first years of her married life and the happiness she had enjoyed with her loving husband. As she gazed, a tear silently trickled down her thin, pale cheek, and a little sob escaped her. The little boy, who back against the wall smoking while his wife cleared away the dishes.

Suddenly, with a peculiar start he arose. His wife came to him and stood near him surprise and anxiety written had been playing at his mother's feet heard the sob and looked up.

"Why are you crying, mamma?" He arose and came to her.

"Nothing, honey." She picked him up and kissed him passionately. "Mamma is unhappy," she said, and a warm tear fell on his little upturned face.

"Where's daddy tonight?" he asked.

"Daddy is here," answered a voice from behind.

"Arthur!" "Daddy!" burst simultaneously from both mother and child.

The next instant they were both pressed close to the breast of Arthur.

Oh! how changed he was. Older he looked by ten years. A rugged

beard covered his face. His clothes were old and ragged. His hair was long and dishevelled. He looked like one who had always lived far from the haunts of men.

To the mother and child he was still "daddy" despite his many alterations, and each clung to him and sobbed. He kissed one then the other. No one spoke, no one could.

Suddenly the boy almost screamed "Daddy!" Instinctively the man turned and his hand sought his gun, but too late. In the open door, a rifle trailed in his left hand, his right resting on the butt of his revolver, stood a man, the same man who once before had stood there and asked for Arthur George. The sheriff did not move; it seemed as if he were glued to the door sill. He did not move, he did not speak.

"You want me?" asked Arthur of the man who had hunted him for months.

"No! I'm durned if I do."

The sheriff turned and vanished into the darkness.

Ivo G. Bogan, '08.



# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

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*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

A remarkable article by the gifted writer, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in the February *Critic*, attracts our attention. It is based upon the relationship of Lit-

erature and Journalism, and is particularly commendable, coming as it does from the pen of one so closely identified with journalistic work. Mr. Hawthorne

wisely characterizes modern journalism as the great destroyer of literature. Too much is attempted in journalism. Its sphere is accepted by men of today as being broader and more unlimited than in the nature of things it should be.

"So long as journalism attends to its own (material) business," writes Mr. Hawthorne, "it is not only harmless, but useful; but as soon as it would usurp what is organically above it, it becomes hurtful; not only because it does not give us what it pretends to give, but because the plausibility of that pretense may lead us to accept it as genuine, and thus atrophy the faculties whereby literature, the true voice of the spiritual, is apprehended."

How many of the vast millions who daily devote an hour's time to the newspaper ever open a book of any real literary worth? All they are looking for is the brisk, active, prompt and up-to-date reading matter that is poured out at flood-rate by the shallow-thinking, mechanical, tireless toilers of the Press, among whom there are no literary geniuses to spare. Geniuses are as rare as ever, and, to quote Mr. Hawthorne, "never before had such difficulty in getting a hearing." And those who do read outside of the newspaper circle patronize only the magazines of next month, which have, by force of circumstances, been compelled to compete with the newspapers of the day for subjects that are timely, story-plots that are topical and editorials that deal only with burning questions. To the minds of

these millions, be it said, literature, in the full, true meaning of the term, is an absolutely unknown quantity. For a lounging afternoon, they will read Jack London or one of his journalistic contemporaries and will scoff even at the mere mention of a Newman or a Macaulay. They will pick out a theater at night where Clyde Fitch's latest non-entity holds the boards, and turn their noses very unbecomingly in the air at the slightest suggestion of Shakespeare better done. Such is the public taste, and such is the rate at which it is running high. We see it everywhere, we meet it on the street-car where the merchant clutches tightest at the very last "edition," we see it at the summer resort where "my lady" raves aloud and most annoyingly over an inane verse of Ella Wheeler Wilcox or a "delicious little story of love and intrigue." The librarian can point it out to you on the shelf upon shelf of dust-covered classics and of empty rows where the best sellers never get a chance to rest or a single moment's peace. Oh, the wheels within wheels of such a state. Mr. Hawthorne optimistically avers that the inevitable swing of the pendulum will revert all this and that we will go back to the days of real literature, "the literature that bears the personal touch, the atmosphere, the deep beneath the deep of feeling, the second sight, the light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream."

We hope that he is right, and that history will repeat itself and re-establish

the love and the yearning for the "Delectable Mountains" that tower aloft in the blue serene of spirituality beyond the mists of commercialism that would hide them from our view.

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"All the world loves a lover," some one has said, and a cynic thus parodies,—"All the world loves a knocker." We will not deny the former assertion, but the latter is unreasonably far-fetched.

A very clever definition of "the knocker" is found in the following lines of a contemporary who has turned his thought out in verse:

"O thou that dwellest in a world apart,  
Pounding the unconscious anvil day by day,

Thou pale-faced knocker with a gangrene heart,—"

It is an interesting fact, and one most worthy of profound consideration that while it is the reverse of truth that "all the world loves a knocker," nevertheless all the world is "a-knocking." It is really a very deplorable state of affairs and one that is most difficult to remedy. How to check it? the question is asked. We, as well as others, hesitate to decide, for it is a question that no man will rashly venture to answer. We only suggest a possible safeguard against the evil,—the remedy lies with the individual. Let every man live his life as he should and the finger of "the knocker" will find no object in him. Shun "the knocker" as you would the fabled dragon, and let him dwell in his

world apart. Respect, honor and love the friends that are given you, for friendship is one of those priceless jewels that in the casket of life will ever hold. Abhor what is called "society," for in the latter sphere does "the knocker" sway his scepter with supremest freedom. Friendship remembers, Society forgets. Happiness is the goal of every man, but "the knocker" never attain to it. He lives his life alone, despised even by those who "knock" with him. Happiness is not to be found in grumbling, or in idly sighing for an impossible Utopia; it lies in doing the best we can, and humbly trusting in God for the rest.

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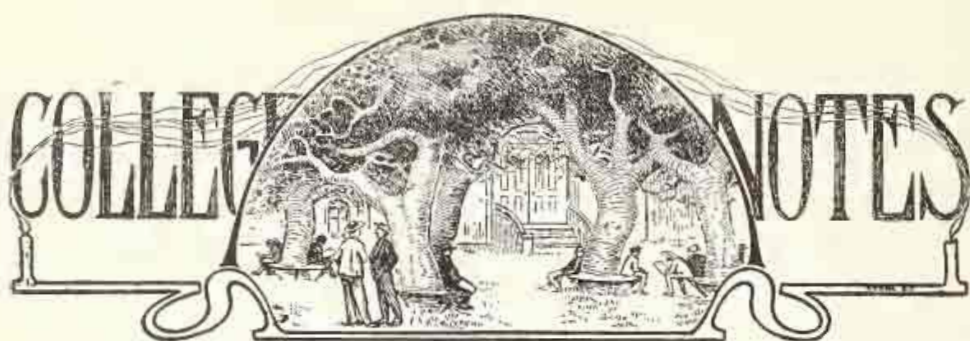
Owing to the amount of matter on hand for the Athletic Department, the detailed account of Santa Clara's splendid victory in the Saint Mary's-Santa Clara second game in San Francisco on March 17th, has been postponed until the May issue, when the result of the third and last game to be played in Oakland on April 5th will also be duly and fully chronicled. The score of the second game was 5-4.

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This issue goes forth while the penitential ashes are on our foreheads. May the spirit of this holy season be the source of great good to all men, that their joy may be manifold and glorious on the morn of the Resurrection.

Martin V. Merle, '06 Spc'l.





### Senate

Somewhat of a departure from the usual routine of Senatorial work was the exceedingly interesting and instructive "mock" trial in which Senator Carter, '06, was tried for assaulting Senator Belz, '06, with a deadly weapon, "to-wit, a stiletto," "wilfully, feloniously and with malice prepense." To enter into a detailed history of the case would be impossible here, but a few of the major points of the affair may be touched upon. It seems that Senator Carter on one occasion, near unto the witching hour of midnight, entered the apartment of the unsuspecting Senator Belz, who lay peacefully dreaming of home and mother, violently awakened him, and brandishing a huge stiletto threatened his life, actuated, as it afterwards developed, by motives of jealousy, professional or—otherwise. Senator Belz pleaded eloquently for his life and promised not to interfere with Senator Carter in the future; whereupon the latter, with a few more threats of dire import,

left the room and returned to his own to sleep the peaceful sleep of the unjust.

But the deed was not without witnesses. Senators Lejeal and Byrnes, who had been burning the midnight oil preparing for their classes on the morrow, had witnessed the entire proceeding from an adjoining apartment and in the morning they swore to a complaint against Senator Carter for an assault with a deadly weapon. A warrant was issued, served by Senator Schmitz, and the trial was on.

Senator Riordan presided as Judge, Senators Merle and O'Reilly, Prosecuting Attorneys; Senators Atteridge and Fitzgerald, Attorneys for the Defense; Senator Schmitz, Court Bailiff; Senator Plank, Court Reporter; jury witnesses, reporters and mob.

Senator Carter having pleaded "not guilty," a jury was impaneled and sworn. Witnesses were examined, cross-examined and dismissed, and the case assumed so many complications and legal technicalities that it ran far into the second night, and when finally

submitted to the jury they returned an almost immediate verdict of "Murder," and fled to bed, and the case was dismissed.

Perhaps the most important event of the month was the announcement of the subject for the Ryland Annual Debate between the Senate and the House. After careful consideration the following subject has been chosen: Resolved, "That the navy of the United States should be placed on a par with that of any other nation." The Senators are already hard at work threshing out the "pros and cons" of the subject and expect to have a debating team that will win a decisive victory over their opponents, the House of Philhistorians.

## The House

The second month of the present semester has passed, and though deprived of one meeting, our debates on the "Business College" and "Asiatic Emigration" Resolutions have been very good, and the new members who spoke certainly did themselves justice.

Our latest contingent of members are Edward A. McFadden, who comes fresh from the Junior Debating Society of the Second Division; Harold Broderick, formerly a member of that society; Robert Brown of Ventura and Mr. Cunningham of Kansas.

A try-out for the team to represent us in the coming Ryland debate was held and after careful consideration Jas.

F. Twohy of San Jose, lately of Gonzaga College, Spokane; James R. Brown of Napa and a member of the House for four years, and George Casey of Sacramento were chosen. The alternatives are Don McKay of Ventura, Harold J. McKenzie of San Francisco and Ivo G. Bogan of Tucson, Ariz.

The House has lost the debate only once, since this annual event was started three years ago; and that was last year. But we have recovered from that defeat, and if we are not victorious the fault will not be ours.

## Holy Angels' Sodality

The following are the new officers-elect of the Holy Angels' Sodality:

Prefect, Peter J. Dunne; First Assistant, Eugene A. Ivancovich; Second Assistant, Ernest Watson; Secretary, Walter Sweeney; Censor, Thomas Lannon; Vestry Prefects, Charles L. Brazzell, James R. Daly; Consultors, George J. Hall, W. C. Gianera, Leon R. Harris, Louis Putman and Eugene Moraghan.

The Redwood wishes to congratulate these younger students of the College, and takes the opportunity of encouraging the noble work in which they have been chosen to be the privileged promoters. A high standard has of late been placed for admission into the Sodality, and at least seventy-five marks in deportment are required for active membership. The result is that the best boys of the Second Division are spurred on to the practice of solid virtues and



tender and practical devotion to the mother of God.

### Junior Debating Society

The past month has witnessed the members of the J. D. S. participating in several very good debates. Among them figures most prominently the immigration question. Though the subject is well nigh worn out, yet, like good wine, the older the better. The interest taken in it and the careful preparation of the debaters gave the subject new life and energy.

The question put was, "Resolved, That immigration is detrimental to the United States." It was warmly contested by Messrs. Watson and Ivancovich for the affirmative and Gianera and Dunne for the negative, the latter winning the victor's laurels.

Mr. Watson, in his usual cool and fluent manner, deftly unfolded his subject. His arguments, strong and convincing, evidenced a thorough mastery of his subject. In his turn followed Mr. Gianera. We congratulate him on this his first appearance, which foretells great things for his future career in this society.

Next, Mr. Ivancovich arose, spending most of his time in refuting his opponent's arguments and emphasizing those of his colleagues. We wonder why Mr. Ivancovich did not appear with his usual eclat? Perhaps he vacated too long in the Infantile Kingdom! The second negative plunged

into the subject with fire and enthusiasm, the eloquence of his speech and whole demeanor riveting the attention of the assembly.

The debate was closed by the first affirmative, who in a few minutes threw down one after another almost every argument his opponents had advanced. However there was one which he had overlooked, and when the debate was decided in favor of the negative the President showed that this was the telling argument for that side.

### Musical Departments

Interest in the musical phase of College life has of late been on the increase. The present band, under the direction of Prof. C. A. V. Fitzgerald, '01, has added to its membership, extra rehearsals have been frequently called, and a corresponding improvement has been noticed. The old standbys—Aguirre, Schmitz, Caverly, Charlie and Frank Plank and Hermosa, are to be especially thanked for their fidelity in contributing to the good cheer of the College. We are glad to notice that Fred Sigwart has returned to the band. After a silence of nearly a year his trombone will add its voice to swell the enthusiasm of the St. Mary's game. We hope that he will be able to continue his able support.

It is unanimously conceded that the orchestra has not been in as fine a shape for years. The director, Prof. August W. Kaufman, after his recent



sojourn in Europe, seems to have imported some of the genuine art of the great masters and communicated some of it to his musicians. Carter, Lejeal, Aguirre, Caverly and Hermosa are all doing better than ever before. A recent addition is Robert Murphy, who patiently "saws wood" throughout each rehearsal. His favorite is the cello.

At the beginning of this semester the Glee Club was thoroughly reorganized. A constitution and by-laws were framed and adopted and they now add an air of permanency to this very popular organization.

## Plans for New Santa Clara

The tentative plans for the new Santa Clara College have been submitted by the architect, and during the past month have been undergoing inspection. Several different schemes for the location and construction of the buildings are being contemplated and it is to be hoped that the actual work will commence in the near future.

## Observatory Notes

Fr. Ricard, the Director of the College Observatory, has lately received from Paris a new and most modern chronograph. The cylinder of this instrument, which is one of the largest in the world, measures 250 millimetres in diameter and 600 in

length. The chronograph was made by Jules Richard & Co. of Paris and cost 1328 francs.

A photoheliograph is now being constructed from plans received from Dr. Chas. Dillon Perrine, D. S., '05, of Lick Observatory, and it will soon be set up at the Observatory.

The lunar eclipse of February 8 was calculated at the Observatory by Fr. Ricard, and a projection made, independently of the American Ephemeris. The eclipse was observed by the Senior class of the College.

## Dr. Douglas Hyde

On St. Patrick's eve we were visited by the eminent scholar whose efforts to revive the Gaelic language and relieve the conditions of his countrymen have enlisted in his favor the respect and admiration of the American people. Dr. Douglas Hyde. His lecture in the College Hall was attended by a large and appreciative audience who enthusiastically endorsed the sentiments of the lecturer.

Preceding the lecture a short program both musical and literary was rendered by the students of the College. The Rev. President, Fr. Gleeson, S. J., with a few words introduced the chairman of the evening, Hon. Frank J. Sullivan. After dwelling somewhat upon the cause of Ireland, the chairman presented Dr. Hyde, who spoke on "The Poetic Literature of Ireland."

We are sorry that it is impossible here

to quote the eminent lecturer's address in full. He explained the origin of the Irish language, and the sort of people who first inhabited Ireland. Following up the formation of the Gaelic tongue, he came to the first literature of Erin, the literature of the Druidic period. Thence he passed to the real subject of the evening, the literature, and especially the poetic literature, of the last three or four centuries.

To say that the audience was enthusiastic would be putting it mildly. They showed that they were heart and soul with the movement which Dr. Hyde represented. If all his audiences are as appreciative, surely his mission will not have been in vain.

### Fr. Robert Sesnon

Fr. Robert Sesnon, Ex. 17, visited the College during the past month and remained several days. He sang High Mass in the Memorial Chapel on St. Joseph's Day, the 19th, and later on, in the Hall, treated us to several vocal selections, executed in his own magnificent style. It is with pleasure that we hear that Fr. Sesnon is again to sing in the Passion Play. It will be remembered that he sang in the first production five years ago. We hope that we shall see and hear him more often, for he will always be a welcome visitor.

### Rooters

Considerable enthusiasm has of late been aroused among the students because of the series of games which have been

arranged with St. Mary's, in the contest for the amateur championship of California. So complete has been the awakening that we are even approaching that college spirit of legendary fame, of which reminiscent alumni are wont to speak. Under the able direction of Yell Leader Atteridge '06 and McKenzie '08, the rooters have been endeavoring to attain a point of unapproachable excellence. In the first game of the series with S. M. C., played on our campus, they excited considerable comment comparing very favorably with the visiting rooters.

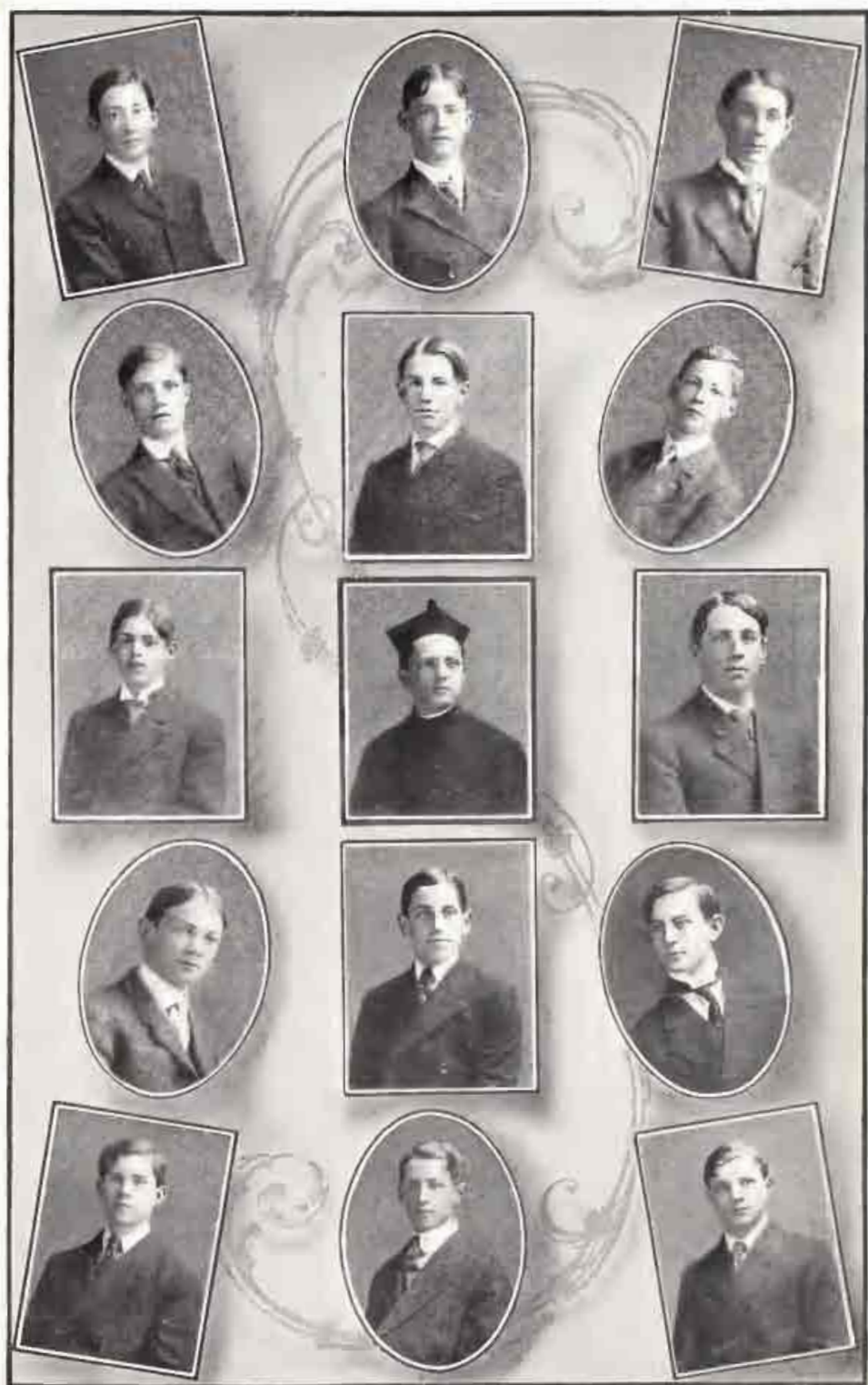
But it was at the second game at Recreation Park in San Francisco on St. Patrick's Day that they especially distinguished themselves.

Although considerably handicapped by lack of recent practice they still did justice to the occasion and cheered on the Red and White to victory.

A feature of the event was the red and white Tam o' Shanter worn by the rooters, a novel and pleasing departure from the usual hackneyed style of college hats. These, together with the red and white megaphones and fluttering of colors and waving pennants made the bleachers a resplendent spectacle.

When the game was over the diamond was the scene of the wildest enthusiasm. Hundreds of excited and happy wearers of the Red and White serpentine around the grounds led by their three banners, the Irish flag, the American flag and the College flag.

Robert Emmet Fitzgerald, '06.



## JUNIOR DRAMATICS

*Photo by Bushnell*

Reading from left to right:—E. Watson, 1st Acad.; T. Heney, 2nd Acad.; H. Shields, '09; A. Bunsow, '09; P. Dunne, '08; J. Daly, '09; D. Peters, '08; H. Brainard, S. J., President; L. Pierce, '08; C. Brazell, 2nd Acad.; E. Ivancovich, '09; F. McGrath, 2nd Acad.; G. Hall, '08; R. Harris, 1st Acad.; W. Gianera, '09





**THE SHIPWRECK**

REV. J. SPILLMANN, S. J.—E. HERDER—  
15 CTS.

This booklet which is translated from the German by Mary Gray, is intended for the young. The plot is sufficiently daring, the characters are very interesting, and the incidents are very thrilling for young people—but the language! We do not know how it goes in the original—German children cannot perhaps be broken in to jawbreakers too early, but English-speaking youth will not long indulge in a story where almost every sentence sends them to Webster's unabridged. To be palatable to the young, the translation will have to be translated.

**HER BLIND FOLLY**

MARION HOLT—BENZIGER BROS.—\$1.25

This is a very interesting novel, founded as the title suggests, on the

proverbial blindness of love. The heroine, who must have read her own share of sentimental novels, is possessed with the idea that some soul-stirring thrill will pass through her being when she will for the first time come face to face with the hero that fate holds in store for her. At last he comes! the long expected emotion fills her heart, which she unservedly bestows upon him, in spite of the remonstrances and pleading of friends and relatives, and the story deals with her gradual disillusionment as the selfish baseness of the man unfolds itself. The wife's fidelity to her duty, even when every feeling of love has long been dead, is very strongly depicted, and makes us forgive her earlier "blind folly."

**THE CHILDREN OF COPA**

Mary E. Mamix is the author of "The Children of Copa," which is in itself a sufficient guarantee of its worth.

Like the preceding it is a short story. The scene is laid not in Misty Scotland, but in Sunny California. It deals with events fully as sad, however—the spoliation of the California Indians by the greedy white man. The cruel injustice perpetrated by the whites upon those children of the forest is illustrated in a very pathetic manner in the case of an Indian tribe, the Cuperios, from which the book derives its name. What makes it of special interest to us is that our friend Mr. Charles Lummis is a somewhat prominent figure in the story, and also the Santa Clara College is referred to here and there.

#### WAYWARD WINIFRED

ANNA T. SADLER—BENZIGER BROS.—

85 cts.

This is one of the most delightful

juvenile stories we have read for many, many weeks. There is an atmosphere about it of freshness, of simplicity and naturalness, and of romance that one associates with the mountain regions of Ireland. While reading it we quit this workaday, dollars-and-cents atmosphere that surrounds us, and we breathe in the healthy air of Ireland's hills and dales, and converse with kind, noble-hearted people that illustrate the characteristics of the Irish in all their pathos. A feature of the book that youthful readers will especially enjoy is the well-described trip that Winifred takes—and of course the reader accompanies her—to New York with its long list of wonderful sights, and then again up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, thence to Washington, and finally back to Erin.



# ALUMNI



Joseph T. Curley, A. B. '05, and a recipient of the Nobili Medal in '04, paid us a visit during the last month. Mr. Curley is at present studying law at Hastings, being in the same class with several other Santa Clara graduates. He is the same old hale and hearty "Joe" as of yore, though alas! minus his rosy cheeks; perhaps he misses his long Sunday afternoon strolls.

Charles Graham, A. B. '98, was among the visitors during the last month. Charlie left for Macon, Georgia, where he will join the Boston American baseball team for which he is to play as catcher.

The Santa Clara-St. Mary's baseball contest brought back to their Alma Mater several old students, among whom were Peter J. Dunne B. S. '81, who is manager of the Catherine Dunne ranch of San Martin; and also Joseph R. Ryland, B. S. '84 of San Jose.

Elmer M. Hyland, Com. '05, dropped in during a baseball game last month. "Bobbie" was quite a star on the Second nine last season.

Charles Warren Stoddard, Ph. D. '01, was a guest at the College during the past month.

William R. Curtin, Com. '04, holds a very prominent position as Book Inspector of Madera County.

D. J. Kavanagh S. J., who was Professor of last year's Sophomore class, and who is now studying Theology at Rome, was recently heard from through a letter to a member of his class. Mr. Kavanagh sends greetings to all the members of the '07 Class as well as to all his old friends of Santa Clara.

Angelo M. Quevedo, A. B. '05, was at the College recently. "Jew" was on one of his semi-annual business trips from Mexico. Jewlike he says that business is prosperous.

On the occasion of Dr. Douglas Hyde's lecture at San Jose last month, many prominent men of San Francisco, San Jose and Santa Clara, figured in the reception. Hon. James D. Phelan, Ph. D., '03, was chairman of the evening, opening the entertainment with

some eloquent introductory remarks. James H. Campbell, A. B. '71, was also among those honored, while his two daughters, rendered beautifully some familiar Irish airs on the violin and piano.

'Bobbie' Keefe, '02, for the past three seasons Tacoma's star twirler in the Pacific Coast League, left for Mobile, Ala., last month, where he goes in training for the slab work with the New York Athletics.

Henry Haack, of the '04 Freshman Class is settled in the Real Estate Business in Los Angeles. "Heinie" writes

that real estate is booming in the City of the Angels, and we can trust him to be in on the 'booms'.

Charles S. Laumeister Jr., '03 Spc'l, and first Editor-in-chief of "The Redwood," has come rapidly to the fore as one of San Francisco's most prominent young business men. His position in his father's great enterprise, The American Milling Company, requires the greatest skill and ability, both of which Charlie very strongly evidenced here at college. Robert H. Shepherd, '07,



## FORDHAM MONTHLY

Most attractive in appearance, the Fordham Monthly at once demands recognition and distinction from the pile of exchanges on our desk. The Monthly is a real college magazine, which should at once find favor with the college men, the alumni, and last, but not least, the Ex-men. Each month it presents verse of an excellent quality, and the prose compares well with that of any of its contemporaries. The departments are ably edited, and the interest never seems to wane. It is altogether a well-rounded magazine which fills all the aims of a college paper. In the February number, "Through the Smoke of a Cigar," in verse, and "The Village Choir," were especially good.

## HAVERFORDIAN

This clever paper presents editorials which are both timely and conclusive. The editorial on "Making College Out of Universities" deserves wide circulation. The February number contained an essay on "Medicine

as a Profession," which thoroughly considers the subject from an experienced point of view. A description of "Undergraduate Life at Oxford" vied with three clever short stories in holding our attention.

## NORMAL PENNANT

After an absence of two years the Pennant again fluttered into our sanctum. In appearance we are as much pleased with the Pennant as of yore, but otherwise there is little difference from the average High School paper, a multitude of paragraphs, each independent of any connection with a first-class article. We think the staff found the pictures of the Basket Ball Club the most popular thing in the paper.

## THE OCCIDENT MAGAZINE

We have come to expect and we usually find an amount of interesting fiction in the Occident. There is not a proportionate amount of good verse. "Skaldra" attempts a number of epigrams weekly, and doesn't always suc-



ceed. The editorials often display earnest thought and effort in behalf of U. of C., but occasionally we not with regret the tendency of the editor to "knock." "The Little Frenchman" in one of the March numbers is a dialect story, with a somewhat humorous impossibility for a plot. "The Ogre" is a little story depicting one of the phantasms of fear which used to haunt our childhood days.

Leo J. Atteridge, '06.



## St. Mary's 1, Santa Clara 0

After five postponements on account of inclement weather, which proved an exceedingly bad omen for us, the fastest and most exciting game ever played on the campus took place Tuesday, March 6.

The day was ideal for baseball, the bleachers resembled an array of mediæval knights flaunting a hundred flaming banners, clanking noisy bells of every description—our sweet-voiced school-bells included—and rooting as if the struggle were for life and death instead of the baseball supremacy of the western collegiate world. Yell Leader Atteridge put Sousa's famous attitudes and movements in the shade, while Austin Morris kept the large crowd in good humor with a well selected melange of music.

The contest was clean and exhilarating, the more so because the well known and honest rivalry that has existed for years between St. Mary's and

Santa Clara. This game clearly showed that these two teams are the amateur baseball leaders of California. The boys from Oakland earned their victory, though our midgets upheld their colors in a brilliant manner, the result being in doubt until the last man had been retired. A timely hit by Feeney, a product of Santa Clara and last year's captain of our nine, followed by a bingle from McGregor's stick, and a costly error lost and won the game, sending the wearers of the pink and purple home in fits of joy.

Bull Perrine, the professional umpire, set the ball a rolling at 2:40 p. m. It was evident at the start that the contest would be a pitcher's battle between Harry Wolter, our crack southpaw captain and McGregor, a twirler of great ability.

It is hard to state which slabster had the best of the argument. Harry certainly twirled gilt-edge ball, pulling himself out of the most difficult holes a pitcher could possibly be in. Joe Col-

lins' receiving and stick work were faultless. McGregor for the Oakland boys, pitched a very heady game and allowed but five hits.

Joyce stepped to the plate at the start for St. Mary's and laid a slow one down to Russell, who made a poor throw to first. Haley binged to Shafer, advancing Joyce to third. Schoefield fouled out to Collins. Brady hit to little Shafer, who made a magnificent throw to the plate, sending Haley to the bench. Poultney flew to Friene, retiring the side.

Shafer popped to pitcher, Harry Wolter fanned, and Collins reached the initial sack on a beautiful hit to deep center. Russell bit the dust.

St. Mary's to the rubber. Henno sat down for the first out. Dunne followed with three juicy swings. Feeney was thrown out at first by Russell. In the third, fourth and fifth both nines played gilt-edge ball, neither pitcher allowing a man to reach first. Haley bowed to the crowd in the sixth and hit an easy grounder to Byrnes. Schoefield fanned. Brady flew to Friene.

The beginning of the end started in the first of the ninth. Henno struck out. Dunne hit to Russell who threw him out at first. Feeney tore off a pretty two sacker to deep right, which brought the crowd to their feet. A moment later he scored on McGregor's hit to Friene making the only run of the game. The college failed to put a man over the rubber in their half

and the game ended in St. Mary's favor.

The following will tell the tale:

#### ST. MARY'S

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Joyce, ss.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 5  | 0 |
| Haley, cf.....     | 3  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Schofield, lf..... | 4  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Brady, 1b.....     | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 8  | 2  | 0 |
| Poultney, c.....   | 4  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 9  | 0  | 0 |
| Henno, 3b.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Dunn, rf.....      | 4  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Feeney, 2b.....    | 3  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 3  | 3  | 0 |
| McGregor, p.....   | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 5  | 0 |
| Totals.....        | 37 | 1 | 8  | 2  | 27 | 14 | 0 |

#### SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 2 | 0 |
| Wolter, p.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 3 | 1 |
| Collins, c.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 12 | 1 | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 2 | 1 |
| Friene, cf.....    | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0 | 1 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 8  | 1 | 1 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Totals.....        | 27 | 0 | 5  | 1  | 27 | 9 | 4 |

#### RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Santa Clara..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Base hits.....   | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| St. Mary's.....  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Base hits.....   | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 |

#### SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Twohy 2, Haley, Henno. Two-base hits—Poultney, Feeney. Hit by pitcher—Broderick, Feeney. Wild pitch—McGregor. Struck out—By Wolter 9, by McGregor 8. First on Balls—Off Wolter 2, off McGregor 1. Double play—Joyce to Brady. First base on errors—St. Mary's 1. Left on bases—Santa Clara 4, St. Mary's 9. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Perrine.

### Santa Clara 5. U. C. 3

Previous to the St. Mary's game the college pets trimmed the heavy hitting





THE JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Photo by Nelson

Reading from left to right—Kranovich, Captain C. H. Geo. Casey (Manager), Archibald, J. J. Mc. Galtz, S. J. (Inventor), Wilson, J. H., Foss, C. F., Solberg, S. S., Veers, J. H., Lopez, R. F., Dunne, L. F., Gray, J. B.



team from the State University by a score of five to three.

Harry Wolter was at his best this day and proved an enigma for the University boys.

Sensational fielding and lightning plays were the order of the day. Newman, the blue and gold twirler, succumbed in the seventh under the heavy stick work of Collins, Twohy and Russell.

It was apparently an easy victory for our boys, although some of the marked features of the game were daring base stealing and excellent pitching on both sides.

The scoring was started by Berkeley in the first, after two men had retired. Causley was walked, Gillis reached first on Shafer's error. Graham was hit by a high ball, filling the sacks. Gunn stepped to the plate and singled to left, scoring two runs. The side was retired by Hiester, who was thrown out at first.

For five innings straight, Captain Wolter blanked the Berkeleyites in one, two, three order, besides retiring nine men by the strike out route. His speed and curves were perfect, while he had his opponents guessing at all times. In the third Jim Twohy made a stop of the grand stand order, which in most games would have been a hit. Chas. Byrnes at first also came into the lime light by picking up a difficult drives from Gillis' stick.

This is what kept the crowd on the bleachers.

| SANTA CLARA         | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|---------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Shafer, ss.....     | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 3  | 2 | 1 |
| Wolter, rf and..... | 3  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 1  | 7 | 0 |
| Collins, c.....     | 4  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 11 | 4 | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 2 |
| Friene, cf.....     | 3  | 2 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....      | 4  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 3  | 3 | 0 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....     | 2  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 7  | 1 | 0 |
| Lappin, lf.....     | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Broderick, rf.....  | 2  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....     | 0  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |

| Totals.....      | 28 | 5 | 9  | 1  | 27 | 3 | 3 |
|------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| BERKELEY         | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
| Reed, lf.....    | 2  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| Schaefer, c..... | 5  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 6  | 3 | 0 |
| Causley, ss..... | 2  | 1 | 0  | 2  | 3  | 2 | 0 |
| Gillis, 2b.....  | 3  | 1 | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 3 |
| Graham, 1b.....  | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 8  | 0 | 0 |
| Gunn, 3b.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 3  | 3 | 0 |
| Hiester, rf..... | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Sweesy, cf.....  | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 2 | 0 |
| Newman, p.....   | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 2 | 1 |
| †Miller.....     | 1  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| †Jordan.....     | 1  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |

Totals.....31 5 6 3 \*23 13 5  
 \*Broderick out, bunted third strike. †Miller batted for Sweesy. †Jordan batted for Newman.

#### RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |    |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Santa Clara..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |   | =5 |
| Base hits.....   | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 2 |   | =9 |
| Berkeley.....    | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | =3 |
| Base hits.....   | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | =3 |

#### SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Lappin. Three-base hits—Collins. Two-base hits—Russell. Innings pitched—By Kilburn 1, by Wolter 8. Struck out—By Kilburn 1, by Wolter 9, by Newman 4. First on balls—Off Kilburn 1, off Wolter 4, off Newman 2. Hit by pitcher—Graham, Byrnes, Reed, Friene. Wild pitch—Newman 2. Passed balls—Collins. First base on errors—Santa Clara 1, Berkeley 2. Left on bases—Santa Clara 4, Berkeley 8. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpire—C. Doyle.

### S. C. C. 3, Stanford 2

For the third time this season our boys took the cardinals into camp, in one of the fiercest struggles ever played on the Stanford diamond.



After playing ten hard innings our midgets came off victorious. The game was characterized by an unusual amount of aggressiveness.

Neither team scored until the eighth, when Shafer and Russell, who had secured clean hits, were enabled to score on a long drive for three stations, by Collins. Stanford tied the score in the ninth by Russell's overthrow. Sales got hit and took a ticket to first. Presley hit through Shafer, moving Sales to third and placed himself on second. Fenton tore off a bingle scoring Sales and Presley, which evened the score. In the tenth Jim Twohy walked and stole second. Russell came to the rubber and got the hit which gave us the victory. Kilburn, our little speed marvel, had the varsity boys guessing from start to finish, keeping his hits well scattered and nailing five at the initial sack.

Sales proved an easy mark for our stickers, being hit very heavily in the last three innings. A fine fielding game was played by Twohy, Collins, Friene and Kilburn. Collins also distinguished himself with the stick. Bell, Dailey and Presley played good ball for the cardinal. Chalmers and Bell were the only ones to find Kilburn's benders for clean hits.

This is the post mortem:

| SANTA CLARA        | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 5  | 1 | 1  | 0  | 3  | 2  | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 5  | 1 | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 2 |
| Collins, c.....    | 5  | 0 | 2  | 1  | 6  | 0  | 0 |
| Friene, cf.....    | 4  | 0 | 2  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 16 | 1  | 1 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 1 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 3  | 1 | 0  | 1  | 3  | 3  | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 11 | 0 |
| Totals.....        | 37 | 3 | 10 | 3  | 30 | 18 | 4 |

| STANFORD          | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|-------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Sampson, ss.....  | 5  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 2  | 3 | 2 |
| Owen, cf.....     | 5  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 5  | 0 | 0 |
| Bell, 2b.....     | 3  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 5  | 3 | 1 |
| Chalmers, lf..... | 4  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Dudley, rf.....   | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Sales, p.....     | 3  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| Presley, 1b.....  | 4  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Dailey, c.....    | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 8  | 4 | 0 |
| Fenton, 3b.....   | 5  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| Woodbury.....     | 1  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Stott, c.....     | 0  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |

Totals.....33 2 4 4 30 14 4  
\*Woodbury batted for Dailey in the ninth.

#### RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS.

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | to   |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Santa Clara..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1-3  |
| Base hits.....   | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1-10 |
| Stanford.....    | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2    |
| Base hits.....   | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1-4  |

#### SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—Byrnes. Three-base hits—Collins. Two-base hits—Friene. Struck out—By Kilburn 5, by Sales 5. First base on balls—Off Kilburn 4, off Sales 1. Hit by pitcher—Dudley, Chalmers, Sales. Left on bases—Santa Clara 6, Stanford 8. First base on errors—Santa Clara 3, Stanford 3. Earned runs—Santa Clara 8. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes. Umpire—Hogan.

## Santa Clara 3, San Jose 2

On Sunday, March 4, the wearers of the S. C. faced the fast semi-professional team from San Jose, known as the "Prune Pickers." This was the third game of a series of five; the College has won two out of three; the others will be played this month for practice.

The score stood two all when we came to the bat in the ninth. Lappin walked, stole second while Broderick died at the plate and came home on Kilburn's long drive to center field, winning a nerve-racking contest. Some heavy stick work was done by both

sides, each team receiving six hits. Our boys showed the pros several tricks in heady baseball during the progress of the game.

Arrellanes twirled for the visitors for three innings, being relieved by Mosher, a wiz from the bushes. Our batters found him for hits which netted three runs, turning apparent victory for San Jose into defeat. Pandemonium reigned when the College tied the score in the eighth.

Long drives, clever catches, and good hitting were some of the features. For the College, Shafer, Wolter, Lappin, Friene, Kilburn and Collins played gilt-edge ball while Stricklett, Kent and Emerson were the bright lights of the visitors.

Owing to the lack of space the account of the two previous games with San Jose will be omitted.

Here is the way Shepherd took it down:

| SANTA CLARA             | AB | R | BH             | PO | A  | E |
|-------------------------|----|---|----------------|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....         | 5  | 0 | 1              | 0  | 2  | 0 |
| Wolter, rf.....         | 3  | 1 | 1              | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Collins, c.....         | 4  | 1 | 1              | 15 | 0  | 0 |
| Russell, 3b.....        | 4  | 0 | 0              | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Friene, cf.....         | 4  | 0 | 1              | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Byrnes, rb.....         | 4  | 0 | 0              | 4  | 0  | 0 |
| Lappin, 2b.....         | 3  | 1 | 1              | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Broderick, lf.....      | 1  | 0 | 0              | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Kilburn, p.....         | 4  | 0 | 1              | 3  | 3  | 0 |
| Schmitz, lf.....        | 1  | 0 | 0              | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Total.....              | 33 | 3 | 6              | 27 | 7  | 0 |
| SAN JOSE                | AB | R | BH             | PO | A  | E |
| Stricklett, 3b.....     | 2  | 0 | 1              | 1  | 2  | 0 |
| Kent, c.....            | 4  | 1 | 1              | 9  | 0  | 0 |
| Emerson, ss and 2b...   | 3  | 0 | 1              | 1  | 3  | 0 |
| Arrellanes, p and ss... | 3  | 0 | 1              | 1  | 3  | 0 |
| Farry, 2d and rf.....   | 4  | 0 | 0              | 2  | 3  | 0 |
| Mosher, rb and p.....   | 4  | 0 | 0              | 4  | 2  | 0 |
| Robles, lf.....         | 4  | 1 | 1              | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Benson, cf.....         | 2  | 0 | 1              | 2  | 0  | 1 |
| Gabriel, lf and rb..... | 3  | 0 | 0              | 4  | 0  | 1 |
| Total.....              | 20 | 2 | 6 <sup>+</sup> | 25 | 12 | 2 |

## SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Gabriel, Broderick. Three base hits—Arrellanes. Struck out—By Kilburn 11, by Arrellanes 4, Mosher 5. First on balls—Off Kilburn 4. First base on errors—S. C. C. 1. Left on bases—Santa Clara 8; San Jose 7. Double plays—Schmitz to Lappin. Time of game—1 hr. 45 min. Umpire—Concannon. Scorer—Shepherd.

## S. C. C. 2d Team vs. Palo Alto

Luke Feeney's young colts startled the baseball fans of Palo Alto and the vicinity last month in the initial game of the season for the second team by playing the crack nine from the Palo Alto High School to a standstill in a fourteen inning struggle. The game ended in the last of the fourteenth with P. A. H. S. at the bat and two men out. A questionable decision on first and a scratch hit won the game for the High School. The brilliant stars of the day were Gilfillian and McFadden. The former struck out nineteen of the opposing batsmen while Mac's pegging to the keystone sack was perfect. Heffernan, Feeney and Manager Attridge made quite a hit with the large throng in attendance.

Owing to Captain Feeney's early departure from the scene of the contest we were unable to get the summary.

In the return game on our own campus a week later, the colts simply walked away with the prep. school lads. The heavy hitting and perfect fielding of the colts were the features. With the exception of the first spasm



the High School boys played well. Our boys, by bunching three hits, one of which was a terrific sap by Feeney for four stations and aided by a couple of errors, obtained four in the first. Three hits in the second netted us two more runs.

Friene was an enigma that the High School could not solve. Tomasini relieved Barnison in the sixth and finished the game without any runs being scored off his benders.

Feeney, Lamm and Wormley committed sensational plays.

This is the way we 'done' it:

#### PALO ALTO HIGH

|                         | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|-------------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Soper, 1b.....          | 3  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 6  | 0 | 0 |
| Gregg, 2b.....          | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 2 | 2 |
| Clark, ss.....          | 4  | 0 | 1  | 2  | 0  | 2 | 0 |
| Tomasini, 3b and p..... | 2  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 2  | 2 | 0 |
| Arnott, 3b.....         | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Jordon, cf.....         | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 1 |
| Lockwood, c.....        | 2  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 14 | 1 | 0 |
| Barnison, p.....        | 2  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 5 | 1 |
| Sheldon, lf.....        | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0 | 0 |
| Fletcher, rf.....       | 1  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |

Totals..... 30 1 3 4 27 13 4

#### SECOND TEAM, SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Lamm, ss.....      | 5  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| McFadden, c.....   | 3  | 2 | 2  | 1  | 13 | 3 | 0 |
| McNally, cf.....   | 5  | 1 | 2  | 3  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Durney, lf.....    | 5  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Feeney, 2b.....    | 5  | 1 | 3  | 1  | 1  | 4 | 1 |
| Wormley, 3b.....   | 5  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 3  | 1 | 0 |
| Friene, p.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1 | 0 |
| Hefferman, rf..... | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Brown 1b.....      | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 7  | 0 | 1 |

Totals..... 39 6 14 5 27 9 2

#### RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS.

|                     | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9  |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Santa Clara.....    | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6  |
| Base hits.....      | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 14 |
| Palo Alto High..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1  |
| Base hits.....      | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1  |

#### SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—McFadden 2, Friene. Two-base hits—Tomasini. Innings pitched—By Barnison 6, by Tomasini 3. Struck out—By Friene 13, by Barnison 4, by Tomasini 7. First base on balls—Off Friene 2. Hit by pitcher—Tomasini. Wild pitch—Friene. First base on errors—Santa Clara 3, Palo Alto 2. Left on bases—Santa Clara 9, Palo Alto 5. Time of game—1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire—Atteridge.

#### Track

Now that the spring months are here there is much interest manifest in the classical sports. McHenry is showing up well in the sprints, and will no doubt make the contestants hump to beat him in the coming interscholastic meet at Stanford. Falkenberg in the high. Fisher and Graff in the distances. Donlon and Doherty in the weights are all showing splendid form for such an early period.

The Redwood wishes to congratulate the Stanford student body for its praiseworthy effort toward furthering pure amateur athletics in California by the organization of the Interscholastic Association.

We will be unable to send a full team to represent the College at this meet, as many of the star track men are ineligible.

Manager Brown is now dickering with the various high schools for meets during the season.



## Basketball

The College basketball team have just procured their new uniforms which will carry them through future victories and perhaps some defeats.

Captain Schmitz will have the quintet working on the new court as soon as the ground is in shape.

## Second Division Notes

(By Devereaux Peters.)

The junior team has had a run of bad luck this season, having been prevented by the rain—which shows a great partiality for Thursdays and other holidays—from playing more than one game.

By the way, the Exchange Editor of the "The Blue and White" made a mathematical error in his account of "our mutual" game. The score was not 10 to 6, but 11 to 5. As to his remarks on the umpire's "mud-eyed" decisions—well, we must beg leave to differ.

Games are in prospect with the St. Mary's second team, and with the second team of St. Ignatius, and now that the rainy season is pretty well over, we expect them to come on schedule time. The heart of Manager Casey will be gladdened thereby; he has worked very hard to secure games, and we are going to win them for him. At least so prophesies Capt. Gene Ivan-

covich, the team's fast man, who says his colts are in the pink of condition.

## Second Division League

The Second Division League has progressed very much since last month and it looks as if it would turn out some star players before the year is over.

Could anyone guess it? When the batting averages were made up, Catcher Gray of the Tacoma team was found to have 427 per cent. A lad from the prune country leads in fielding, Peter Dunne is his name. His batting average is 1000 per cent for eight games, and he has come to be regarded as a wiz on second. Ernest Raffetto is building quite a reputation in right-garden, and if his chubby face did not make it inappropriate, he would be dubbed a demon. "Hap" Gallagher is back again from the mountains, where he was recruiting for some weeks, and is making his presence felt. "Hank" Harris on third is an unmitigated surprise. A very notable addition to the League has been imported from Los Angeles, answering to the name of Dodson. He is very gullible, and gobbles up every ball that finds its way to center field.

## Track Team

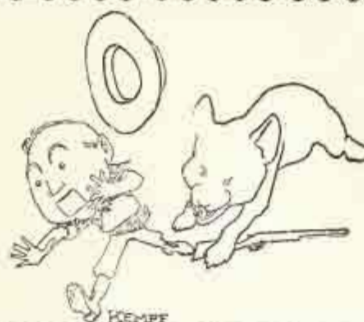
Dame Rumor hath it that in the track meet with the Stanford Fresh-

men, D. Chalmers Gray will represent his Alma Mater in pole vaulting and broad jumping.

Master Whitney, for some reasons which he as yet finds inopportune to give to the press, has retired from the track. Whether his withdrawal is a

permanent arrangement or merely a pro tem. compromise with his other duties, we are unable to say, but if the former is the case, it will be a matter of regret for the whole Second Division, who had built its hopes upon the "Prof." Harry A. McKenzie, '08.

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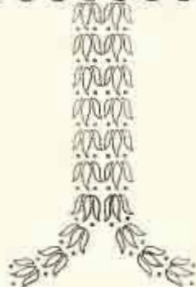
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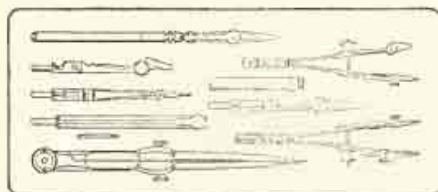
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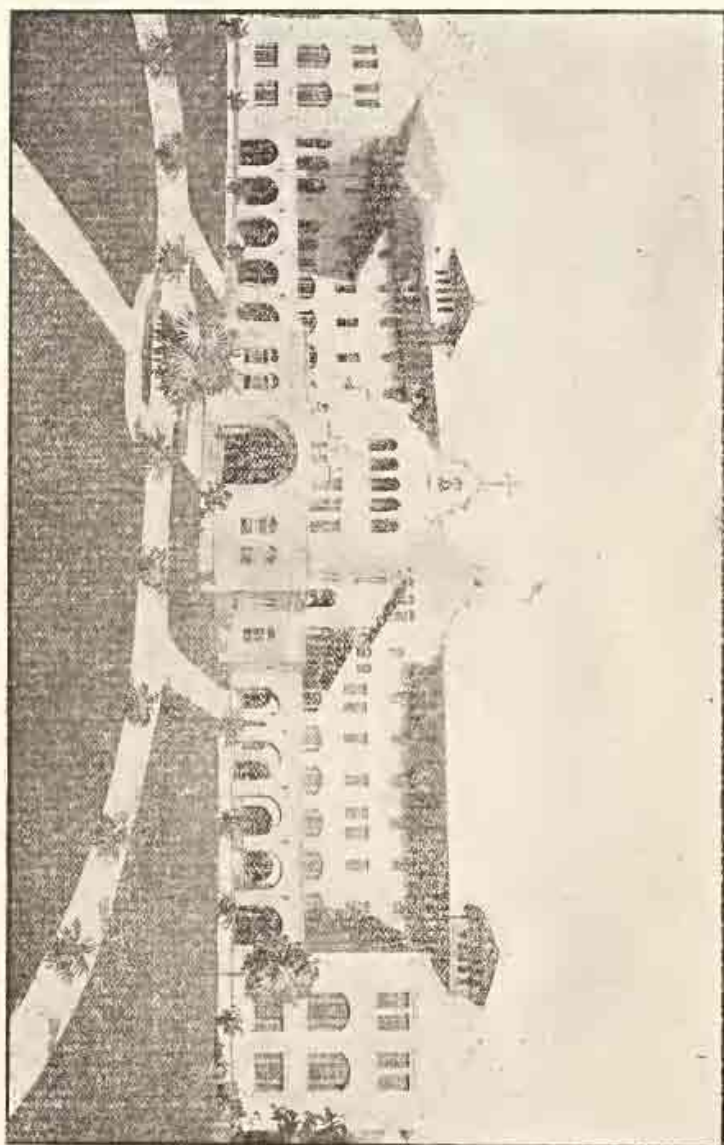


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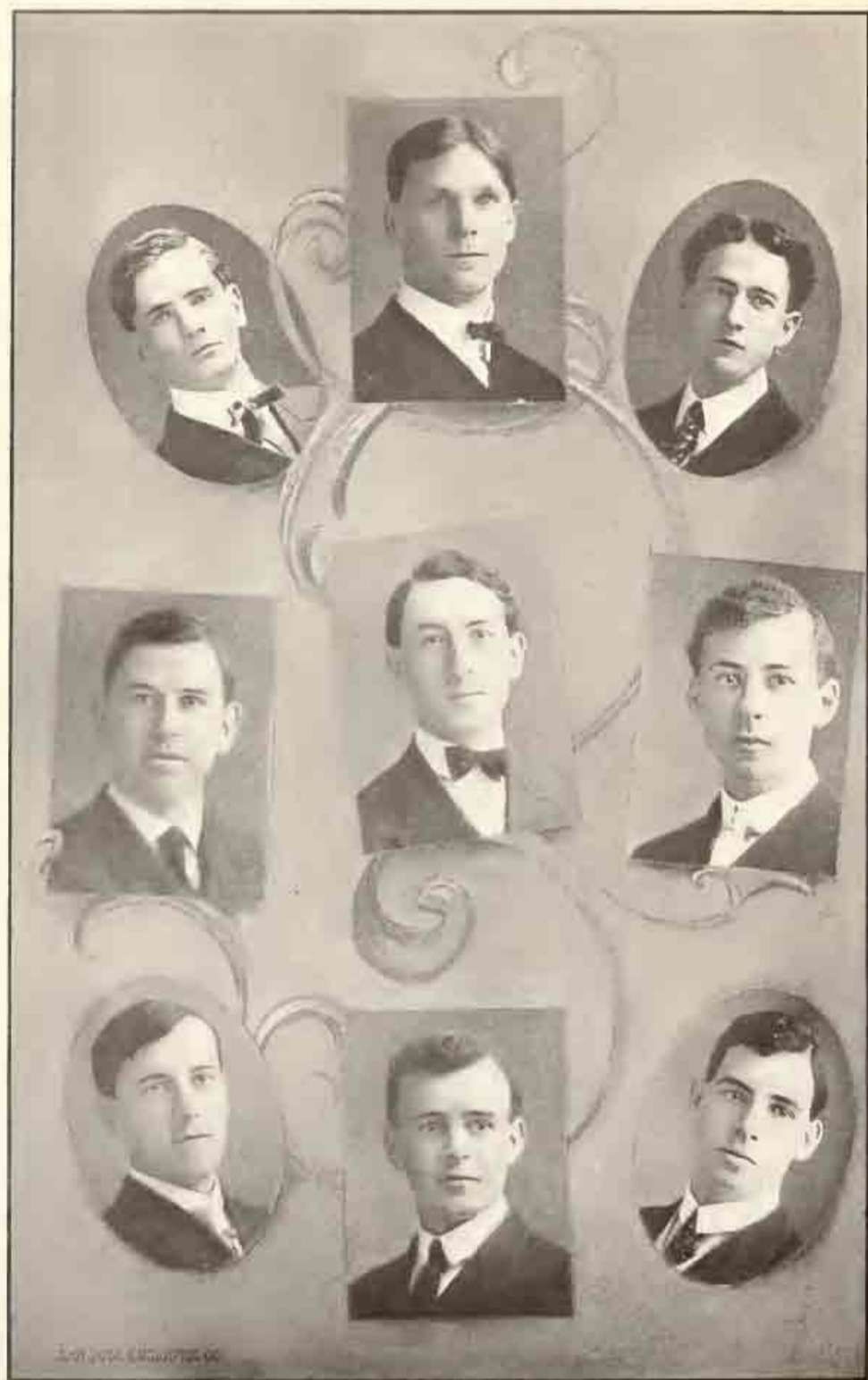


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# SENIOR CLASS 1906

*Photos by Bushnell*

Reading from left to right Francis A. Mulcahy, Francis A. Belz, M. R. O'Reilly, John W. Byrnes, Martin C. Carter, Francis A. Lejeal, Martin V. Merle, Robert E. Fitzgerald and Leo, J. Atteridge.



# The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Calif. as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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SANTA CLARA, CAL., MAY, 1906.

No. 8

## "QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC!"—"CITY OF ASHES!"

(A SONNET)

"*Queen of the Pacific!*" How proudly dost thou stand  
Upon thy everlasting hills! The sea  
Tumbles about thy feet tumultuously,  
And golden suns spread glory o'er thy land.  
Thy palaces of art hath Genius' hand  
Raised to the skies. Thy domes how gloriously  
They swell! Each marvel whispers unto thee,—  
"City of rock art thou: not built on sand!"

"City of ashes!" must I name thee, then,  
Proud Queen, who erstwhile sat upon thy throne  
In grandeur. Fire and earthquake tell to men  
Thy doom. But thou shalt rise indeed. And sown  
In deep humility, thy hopes, more wise,  
Shall lift thee once again unto the skies.

H. B., Spec. Eng.

## THE EARTHQUAKE AT SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

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The history of the earthquake at Santa Clara begins at 5.14 a. m., April 18th. At that eventful moment all the boys were wrapped in the sweet slumbers that a good conscience, combined with hard work, ensures. Our rising hour is 6 o'clock and we are all supposed to be out of the dormitory at 6.08. Usually there is a rather plentiful minority who adhere most loyally to the pillow until the inexorable tones of the prefect are heard announcing the last possible minute of exit, and who then "pile out" and dress with a celerity worthy of a better cause. Hitherto these horizontal gentlemen used to boast that not all the united powers of heaven and earth could arouse them an instant sooner, but now such a claim would be altogether too false for utterance. On April 18th, the unaided powers of Mother earth alone did arouse them, and did it so thoroughly that her first call required no second.

As the dormitories began to tremble, the boys awoke at once to the situation. The first instinct of many was to dress sufficiently for public presentation, but so fearful became the swaying of the floor that this proved impossible. Most of them rushed to the door, but they so crowded around it that the earthquake was pretty well over by the time the foremost had made his escape. Four or five in the Senior dormitory, which is on the first floor, escaped through a window, one of them injuring himself

to the extent of five stitches in his foot. This, joined to a slight facial discoloring in the case of one of the professors who, in his haste to get out, skipped a whole flight of stairs, is the only bodily injury received in college from the earthquake.

Though there was, it must be confessed, a little bit of a panic in the dormitories, there was no rough or cowardly conduct. Many of the boys remained at their beds and knelt down to pray, and all, with the instinct of the Catholic, made an act of contrition, in case the worst should happen. And for some mortal seconds the very worst promised to be the outcome. In the senior dormitory, the creaking and straining of the great beams was terrifying in the extreme; the huge building swayed and rocked as if in the very throes of dissolution, and at every instant its hundred occupants expected to feel its weight crash in upon their heads. One of them told me that thinking it utterly impossible for any building to stand so terrific a jarring, he calmly lay down on his bed and wondered how long it would be before their bodies could be recovered from the debris.

When the shock was over and the boys had calmed down sufficiently to make way for themselves to get out, they swarmed out into the yard in the dishabille of their night dress, but after assuring themselves that the building



was not only standing, but also in very good condition, they ventured back to finish their toilet, which they did with a speed that in the opinion of the prefects was altogether unique.

In the Second Division the scene was much the same. The boys of the northern wing remained quietly at their beds, praying. Those in the main dormitory rushed for the doors. It was very fortunate, however, that these were not opened before the shock was over, as in that event many might have been hurt, for the dormitory is on the third floor, and any scrimmage down the stairways would be attended with danger. Even when the upheaval was over and the doors were opened, one of the youngsters, not satisfied with the gradual descent by the stairway, slid down a drain pipe and by mere good fortune reached the ground in safety.

And now feeling that they were actually alive and even unhurt, the boys went about the yard to inspect the damage done. When the fallen plaster in the study halls met their eyes, and the broken stations and statues in the chapel,—“Gee,”—one little fellow said, “I hope they’ll give us a holiday to-day on the strength of this.” This illustrates the idea we formed at first of the severity of the earthquake—something that might or might not interrupt school on that day. But as the full extent of the ravage wrought in the surroundings broke upon us, when we saw the lumber mill caved in, the tannery smokestack diminished by half, the tower of the Methodist church almost toppling over

on its bare exposed framework, and the streets littered with bricks and beams, then we began to realize that our visitant had meant business. But all this was mere child’s play to the sickening effect of the news that sped to us from Agnew Insane Asylum: “Help wanted—hundreds killed and wounded.”

At the startling announcement, all the large boys set out, some on bicycles, the majority on foot for the scene of disaster three miles away. As we emerged from the tract of wood that screens the asylum from view, the involuntary exclamation was: “Good God, what an awful sight!” There stood the monster edifice lifting up its battered form in deathly silence, like a murderer awed by his deed of blood. The grand clock tower that surmounted the central building had fallen down, telescoped; the roof had caved in in different parts of the wings, bringing down floor upon floor beneath it, and even the private and more securely built sanitariums on the grounds showed sunken roofs and gaping sides.

The scene, harrowing enough from afar, became heart-rending on a near approach. Already the ruins were being searched for the victims, and body after body, mangled and bleeding, was carried out upon the lawns. Many of these had been killed instantly; many were dead before the planks and bricks could be removed from them; some breathed their last in the arms of their rescuers; several were to die in the course of the day. Before long the lawn was dotted over with these poor



unfortunates, presenting the appearance of a battle field at the close of a bloody conflict, and the graceful palm trees threw their shade over many a corpse, so ghastly white in its shroud of dust from the falling plaster, except where the red gore marked the fatal death-wound.

But our duty was not with these. "Let the dead bury the dead"—the living were to be attended to. Long hour after hour the Santa Clara students worked, rescuing one helpless patient after another, and carrying them in endless succession to the southern end of the lawn which was reserved as a hospital, while the Fathers of the college moved hither and thither seeking those who needed spiritual aid or consolation. More than one instance could be cited where boys and Prefects risked limb or life in their heroic work of mercy. One of them had climbed a ladder to the second story of a rickety wall to see if help were needed there. An instant after he had descended, a huge section of tin roofing slid down the ladder with an impetus that boded ill for anyone in its way. A Prefect, to take another instance, had penetrated under a low archway in the basement, when there came one of those after-shocks that follow the main earthquake, and a rent two inches in width yawned in the arch right over the rescuer's head.

Many of the boys were without breakfast, but generosity gave them strength. Those who could not assist in rescuing helped the doctors and nurses in tend-

ing the wounded. Up to noon they worked, when seeing that enough workers arrived on the scene, they returned home, though after a hasty dinner some returned and did yeomen service until nightfall. Before leaving this topic we would offer our tribute to the boys who, when many of the patients had been removed to the O'Connor Sanitarium, so nobly gave themselves to nursing them night after night.

Gruesome as was the work at Agnew, it had its humorous features. On the third floor of the asylum a middle aged lady was found, who, though perfectly unhurt, steadily refused to come down from her dangerous position unless she was carried. With the air of a general she ordered one to bring her a mattress, another blankets, another a pillow. Then arranging herself in due style, she laid herself down upon the bed with the greatest composure, and commanded the boys to proceed with their burden. As she was unusually corpulent, she was a little timid lest her carriers might not prove equal to the occasion, and she remarked to our biggest and huskiest football player, "Little boy, do you think you can carry me?" "I don't know, but I'll try," was the modest reply of the chivalrous athlete. With this gleam of sunshine lighting up the gloom, we will, in obedience to orders to be home at four o'clock, take leave of Agnew and return to Santa Clara.

At the college all was excitement. The air was full of all sorts of rumors of disaster, and we did not know what to

believe. Every means of getting first hand information was sought for with the intensest eagerness. A lady, who paid \$2000 for an automobile to fly from the burning city and come to Santa Clara to see her little son, was the first bearer of news from San Francisco. It was in flames; there was no water to be had, and it appeared as if the business section of the city was doomed. Around 4 o'clock the parents of another little boy arrived in an automobile. How we did crowd around them to hear the news! The main part of the city, they told us, was surely going to be consumed. As they had taken their last look at the dreadful scene they were fleeing, they saw the flames licking the tall spires of the church of St. Ignatius. The church and college of St. Ignatius were gone! And the echoes of their Golden Jubilee had hardly yet died away! It was too bitter to realize. But worse than this, it was thought that Sacramento was one vast conflagration. Rumor was added to rumor, and at last people were ready to believe anything. The boys did not know what had become of their parents, and, to add to the misery of the situation, they knew that their parents were in the same suspense regarding them. The discomfort was intensified when late in the evening it was discovered that a report had gone into circulation throughout the country that Santa Clara was in ruins, with one hundred and fifty of its boys killed.

After nightfall two other heralds of woe arrived, one from Watsonville, the other from San Francisco. The former,

a man who had always been regarded as especially excitement-proof, but who was now too worked-up to talk coherently, brought tidings of the burning of Watsonville convent, and rumors of the disappearance of Santa Cruz under a tidal wave. The other messenger seated himself in a corner of the Father's garden, and the boys were perched on each other's shoulders in their eagerness to hear him, as with his face gleaming haggard in the light of a candle he described the resistless progress of the fire throughout the heights and the hollows of the "City of a Hundred Hills."

There was no sleeping in the dormitories of Santa Clara on that eventful night. Not that the buildings were in bad condition, but there was danger and death in the air. Every little crack left by the earthquake was magnified into a yawning fissure, and nothing made by human hands was deemed safe. Besides was there not a prediction of another terrible shock during the night? It was not known who the prophet was, but however, the slightest word of an ominous nature carried weight with our highly wrought imaginations. Nothing remained to be done, then, but to line up the beds, some two hundred in all, in the center of the yard, there to pass the night under the cooling dews of heaven, and the soft twinkling of the stars. It was a scene never to be forgotten. As the night darkened, the boys lit their wax candles, and in their puny light, gathered in little groups, generally around some prefect or scholastic, discussing the situation in tones



unusually solemn and subdued. Around 10 o'clock night prayers were recited in common, after which the boys all turned in to rest, but not all to sleep, after the weary, nerve-racking day. One by one the candles were extinguished, but the lamps of Heaven shone overhead in their serene eternal light, unheeding the commotion of earth, undimmed by the fierce glow that dyed into crimson the north-western horizon, undisturbed by the dreadful rumbling sound that every few minutes was borne along the stillness of the night from the dynamited city. That crimson glow—how angry it was! It traced for us in letters of blood the desolation of the Queen of the Golden Gate. And that dull, rumbling sound—what a world of pathos was in its ominous boom! It told us of desperate efforts to save the remainder of the city from the flames—of desperate efforts and vain. It told of thousands of fear-blanching and pain-hardened faces watching the ruthless enemy gaining, upon the spot that was their home and their all. It told, as the night wore on in its solemn majesty, of the hopelessness of the contest, and each muffled roar became for us a tolling of the passing knell for the departing metropolis, a dirge for what had been and was now no more.

Yes, the night of April 18th was a memorable one at Santa Clara, and from the minds of many never shall that picture be erased of the boys and perfects sleeping side by side in the open air, the reflection of the burning city against the northern sky, the dull mournful

thunder of the blasting, and the starry heaven watching serenely over all.

Early on the morning of the 19th, all were astir. Many of the boys took the first train for home, to help their parents if there were need of it, or, in any case, to remove their mutual suspense. By evening, our number had considerably diminished, and a decided feeling of loneliness and gloom pervaded Santa Clara. It was even rumored that the college might close up, so restless were many, and desirous of going home, and also so distrustful of the college buildings. On Friday afternoon, however, a skilled architect inspected these and pronounced them perfectly safe. He declared that school could go on just as before, and that whatever repairs were necessary could be made as time should allow. This was the beginning of better things. A reaction began to set in; it was noticeable in the faculty as well as in the boys. That night as a consequence, matters were rather lively in our al fresco dormitory. For whereas the two preceding nights the conversation had been subdued in tone and solemn in subject, now it was quite lively and animated.

This was the last night spent in the open. Next day the boys took up their beds and walked back to the dormitories excepting to the largest one of the 2nd Division, into which, as being on the third floor, no one cared to venture. A class-room did duty instead, but in the course of the week, the earthquake sickness passed away, and now the old dormitory rejoices in the renewed confi-



dence and affection of nearly all its former adherents.

Classes were resumed on Monday, April 23d, with about 120 absentees, including boarders and day pupils. Each succeeding day, however, saw a few return, until by the end of April, the college had pretty well regained its normal appearance. Yet a few of the 1st Division are gone from our midst, forced by the stress of sudden privation to labor for the support of those who had previously supported them. Their absence is, it goes without saying, keenly felt by all, but we are buoyed up by the hope that next September will bring their familiar faces back to us, as well as many new ones, and that the throbbing life and high spirit that manifest themselves in so many forms of intellectual, athletic, dramatic and social activity will be even more in evidence during the coming year than in the "good old days" before the earthquake.

A word about the college buildings. In the dormitories and class rooms no damage was sustained beyond the falling of plaster from the walls. The Boys' Memorial Chapel, a tall brick edifice of recent years, suffered more severely. The front gable got out of plumb, many of the bricks fell out, and the cross on top was unsteady. All this has already been repaired, as well as the ceiling, the broken plaster of which is now covered over with stamped iron, which will later on be painted in white and gold.

But alas! the old "California Hotel" is gone, and with it the "House" and "Senate." These societies had discov-

ered and developed the boyhood's promise of many who afterwards became some of California's most eloquent orators—Stephen M. White, for instance, and the Hon. D. M. Delmas, and J. J. Barrett, and others. But the quaint arched ceilings of the historic House and Senate caved in, and nevermore shall they re-echo the heated argument or the sprightly jest, or merry laughter that they have done for so many happy years. Leaving sentiment aside, however, the fall of the hotel is a boon, for on its site a much more convenient building can be erected, though it must long remain bare of those cherished associations that made its predecessor dear to the heart of many an alumnus throughout the country.

Santa Clara, then, has much to be thankful for. Amid the wreckage of so many stately structures on all sides of us, her old weather-beaten, unpretentious buildings have survived the ordeal without serious injury. Of the five inspectors who have examined them, each and every one expressed his astonishment at the leniency with which we had been visited. That this is due to the care of our Protector, St. Joseph, none of us can for a moment doubt. Many years ago, when small-pox raged in the town and the flag of death waved right at our doors, St. Joseph was appealed to to ward off the pestilence. The desired protection was granted in a wonderful manner, and since that time every succeeding feast of St. Joseph's Patronage sees the students of Santa Clara march in procession to the statue of the saint

erected in the "Vineyard" in gratitude for his care. At the beginning of this year, the college was dedicated to St. Joseph in a most special manner, and the fact that, after but three days of interruption, classes are going on as if there had never been such a date as

April 18th, is the most eloquent proof of our Patron's watchfulness. "He has given His angels—and His saints as well—charge over thee, that they may keep thee in all thy ways."

R. S., '08.

## THE ANNUNCIATION

---

*The world's fair eye had closed in wondrous grace  
To ope its golden lids on other lands;  
The shades of night seem hung by magic hands,  
While Nazareth lies in slumber's soft embrace.  
But stars shine brightly o'er that hallowed place  
Where Joseph's spouse within a lowly room  
Kneels praying on, though all was hush and gloom;  
When lo! from highest Heaven flies apace  
An angel fair. Ah! 'tis the midnight hour  
When God deems fit to show a Godhead's power:  
Deems fit dread Sinai's mists to scatter wide,  
And Gabriel prays with an appeal of might:  
He hears another "Fiat" ring tonight:  
He sees a dove poised o'er the Virgin bride.*

P. H. D., '09.

## THE STRICKEN CITY

---

HARD by the ocean's bed,  
Sadly she bends her head,  
    Silent and wan;  
Child of the Friar blest,  
Queen of the Golden West—  
    Her reign is gone.

Gone is her beauty bright,  
Gone are her wealth and might  
    O'er land and wave.  
Master of quake and blaze  
Do Thou her form upraise  
    Out of the grave !

J. S., '09



## STORIETTES

## 'Twixt Cup and Lip

Mortimer chuckled. The prisoner's confession had come so easily, so suddenly. And then to think that the prisoner should be Kent, Kent, of all men. He lay still listening to his cell mate's irregular breathing. Then he leaned over the edge of his cot.

"Smith, are you awake? Wide awake?"

The other turned over.

"Yes. Why?"

"Did you ever know a man named Jim Mortimer?"

The springs of the other cot creaked.

"Why, yes, at College, years ago. Why?"

Mortimer was brutal.

"Nothing, only I'm Mortimer."

Smith was incoherent.

"You—why no—why I thought—"

"You thought my name was Davis, because I said so. You also thought I was in here for forgery, because I said so. I lied. Now you said your name was Smith. But I didn't believe you, because I knew it was Kent."

There was a swift intake of breath. Mortimer knew his companion was sitting bolt upright in the darkness.

"I guess I may as well tell you the whole story, Kent, and have it over with. When you were suspected of

that Wells Fargo business and arrested, the authorities offered one thousand dollars to anyone who could fasten proof on you. I didn't know who you were then, but I had my eye on that thousand. So I arranged this little plan; had myself locked up in here as a real jail bird in order to worm a confession out of you. And when I saw who Smith was—"

Kent was breathing heavily. Mortimer listened for a moment and then ran on imperturbably.

"You and I were always enemies at College, Kent. You always did your best to do me up. And when you stole my—when you married Betty,—well we'll not bring her name into this. Anyway you know how I swore to get even. And when I saw who Smith was,—Oh you worked into my hands easily, you poor fool."

Kent flung himself out of bed.

"You cur," he spat out.

Mortimer could plainly see his livid face, a gray patch in the darkness, and laughed harshly.

"Don't you suppose I'm armed? I've got you covered right now. Lie down. Tonight when he brought our supper, I gave the signal to the guard. To-morrow he'll let me out, to-morrow morn

ing. Then I'll go to the prosecuting attorney, collect my thousand, and give some evidence which will put you away for a good many years."

Kent seethed with revilement. Mortimer turned his face to the wall, and chuckled again.

On his release next morning, Mortimer changed his clothes and made for the warden's room.

At the door he stopped. It was slightly ajar and he caught the warden's words.

"Cell nineteen is doubly occupied today, Madam. Tomorrow you can see your husband, if you wish."

Through the open door Mortimer caught sight of the woman's face. Instead of knocking, he went on down the corridor, his temples throbbing, his head swimming.

When Mortimer reached the prosecuting attorney's room it was filled with

cigar smoke, and the prosecuting attorney's feet were on his desk.

"Ah, Mortimer," said he, "good morning. So it only took you three days, eh?"

The other did not answer. He remained in the doorway, his hand on the door knob, his eyes staring unseeingly at the opposite wall. That face, her face formed itself in the smoke, he thought.

The attorney was impatient.

"So he told you the truth, eh?"

Mortimer cleared his throat.

"Yes," he answered, "Turn him out."

The attorney's feet came down like a shot.

"What?"

Mortimer looked at him steadily.

"Turn him out," he said, quietly, "he's as innocent as a lamb."

The other whistled.

"Well, I'll be—"

But Mortimer was gone.

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## The Law of the Land

---

When Randall stopped, the bowed figure at the gate straightened. Randall fingered his watch chain nervously.

"I am sorry, Mr. Cale, that you have assumed this attitude toward our company," he began.

The other gazed at him doggedly.

The gnarled fingers tightened on the rifle across his knees.

"Of course you understand that you cannot expect to keep us out for any length of time. We are determined to run our road through your field and we have the law behind us. Besides,

the property is of little value and we are willing to pay you your own price. Surely it is reasonable."

He paused. The old man's eyes were closed and his head bowed wearily. Randall looked over his head at the scant acre of waving grass, and the simple white slab in the middle under the oak tree. It was such an insignificant—thing to stand in the way of a great railroad company. His eyes reverted to the motionless figure at his feet.

"Mr. Cole, this cannot go on. You have threatened to shoot any one who would begin operations on our work. Thus far we have abstained from using any means but persuasion out of respect for your age. Today, however, I am directed to serve our last notice on you."

The other straightened defiantly, his hands gripping his gun convulsively. Randall was looking down the quiet, white, dusty road.

"Unless you yield peaceably, we shall have to employ force. We will bring officers here to—er—to take you away. You cannot hope to resist the law."

The old man's hands slipped from the rifle and it dropped into the dust.

"The law," he repeated bitterly, "My God, the law. Mr. Agent, twenty-three years ago my mother an' me was driven out here and it was the law what drove us. When we came all this land was prairie land. I marked off that acre there, and built that little house an' the barn for the horse. There wasn't nothing here but trees an' wild animals an' us. But we lived happy for we wuz be-

yond the land of the law, until—well, until she died. That left me pretty much alone. I dug a grave an' buried her out there under that oak an' put up that slab an' writ on it, 'dear little mother,' cuz that's what I called her. an' every night the whole year roun' I knelt on the mound and said, 'good night,' an' on winter nights when the wind and wolves was howling outside, I was filled with peace, cuz when the wind 'd die down I could hear her whispérin', always whispérin' to me."

He brushed his hair back, looking dreamily past the figure before him. Randall had rolled a cigarette. The flare of the match startled his companion.

"An' now after she has slept there for 19 years, the law—my God, can't they let her rest? Law? There's a law which you know an' I know which says that you shall not disturb her who is sleepin' under that slab. It ain't the law of the statute book, its the law of the herd. The statute book was writ by man, but God himself made the law of the herd."

Randall cleared his throat.

"This is very unfortunate, most unfortunate, Mr. Cole, but nothing whatever can be done. You must see that it is folly not to yield?"

There was a pause. The old man rose slowly. In his eyes there was no malice, no passion, only a great world-weariness.

"Yes," he said simply. His hand was on the gate, his whole body swaying.



"Yes," he repeated, with eyes closed. He turned and walked towards the mound. The agent followed.

The old man knelt down on the grave, his hands on the slab, his face on his hands. Overhead the joyous music of a bird was suddenly hushed.

Randall had but one more item. He flicked his cigarette away.

"And your price, Mr. Cole?"

But a dry, agonized, sob, intense, silenced him.

JAMES FRANCIS TWOHY, '07.

## THE DESERTED MISSION

*SWEET peace dwells in the village by the sea,  
That clusters round the mission old and gray,  
As vesper-bells ring sweetly o'er the lea,  
And floating softly on, die o'er the bay.*

*How far, how faint they echo 'long the deep,  
The prayerful throbbings of each silver breast!  
How like an angel's song o'er earth they sweep!  
An angel's sigh they die toward the west!*

\* \* \* \*

*Alas, how changed! The sea-bird in its flight,  
Weary and worn, o'er wastes of waters blown,  
A refuge seeking in its lonely plight,  
There shelter finds, and brooding sits alone.*

F. C., 2nd Acad.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18, 1906

---

BUT yesterday she sat on sun-kissed hills  
A miracle of loveliness, her eye  
Sparkling with pride and hope, for at her feet  
Care-free, yet thrifty, toiled her sturdy sons.

Day died in splendor, and a night of doom  
Yet not ill-boding, from the eastward crept.

This morning, widow's weeds of mantling black  
Half-mock their youthful radiance, and she  
Who knew no sorrow save for others' woe  
Now weeps her garnered joys, her hopes foregone.

H. J. F., '08

## THE GAELIC REVIVAL

---

In the long story of the centuries, there is hardly a more pathetic or thrilling incident than the struggle now going on for the revival of the Gaelic language in Ireland. It is a struggle worthy of enlisting the keenest and most heartfelt interest, and if among the rank and file, the spirit of chivalry were not gone beyond recall, this tender interest would be universally accorded the "Cinderella of the Nations." If ours were a less materialistic age, if men were not so prone to appreciate the soul's deepest sentiments by their market price, if a false patriotism had not made the many so self-contained and unsympathetic, if the world were not too busy to value the cherished traditions of the past, then would the present intellectual uprising in Ireland win for itself an interest and good will as lively and solicitous as that which inspired the voice and manned the heart of the voluptuous Byron to sing and to die for a foreign land. The causes, dissimilar in their justice, have many similar features. In both instances, a nation, once the foremost among the nations, illustrious for its learning, illustrious for its military prowess, once the torch bearer of philosophy, of poetry and all the arts of a refined civilization, has been for ages trodden under the foot of the oppressor. Greece about to be absorbed in all its distinctive features into the obsequious thrall of Turkish despotism, preserves

its identity by rising on the tyrant and securing its political freedom. Ireland, about to be decharacterized into an English shire, would preserve its identity by rebelling against the despotism of the English tongue, and restoring its own native Gaelic, wherein are embalmed, as in golden amber, its manner, its customs, its ways of thinking, its peculiarities, and all that goes to make up its national character.

The revival then is not merely a linguistic reawakening, it is something infinitely more important. Dr. Hyde places the situation in its true light with his own pathetic earnestness and force:—

"I am here today to explain to you the life-and-death struggle upon which we are engaged in Ireland. I see that the papers say that this is the last grand struggle of the Irish race to preserve their language. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, it is ten times, it is a hundred times, it is a thousand times more far-reaching than that! It is the last possible life-and-death struggle of the Irish race to preserve, not their own language, but their national identity."

It is not the question, therefore, whether the mellow, dulcet, Gaelic shall never more be heard among the Irish hills and vales that it has so lovingly consecrated in song and story, but whether the Irish race as such shall disappear from amidst the ways of the children of men.



The preservation of the language for its own sake, is avowedly a matter of secondary importance. But even if there were no higher interests at stake, this would be an amply sufficient motive for the herculean efforts of the Celtic Revivalists. What an 'unutterable pity' it were if this storied tongue, which comes down to us from beyond even the faintest dawn of secular history, should in our own day and before our own eyes pass away forever. Long before the Angles and the Saxons landed on British shores with their uncouth jargon, Gaelic flourished in beauty and grace in the lofty halls and at the humble hearth of Ireland. Before the cave of Latium resounded with the wild prophecies of the Sibylline virgin, groves of Irish oak had re-echoed the Gaelic oracles of the pagan priests. And before the Roman nation was, in the far distant age when Draco laid down his savage code, Ireland had her Gaelic Brehon Laws, the basis, in the opinion of many, of the Common Laws of England. Back further still does the history of the wonderful language carry us, back to those dim days which witnessed Homer wandering through seven cities of Asia, begging his bread and singing his immortal epic, and which heard the itinerant bards of Ireland singing their Gaelic songs accompanied by the sweet tones of the harp. But the Gaelic language is older than Homer—far beyond the faint beginnings of Grecian literature it guides us to those vague prehistoric times when the Aryan race was leaving its cradle in the Caucasus, and Greek,

Sanscrit, Gaelic, and its other offspring were still in their infancy. These other languages are living still, though in greatly modified forms. The Greek of Homer, of Aristotle, and of Demosthenes, lives in its purity only on the written page, and Greek today is but a lifeless echo of its former glorious self. Sanscrit was at best a hothouse plant, it was and is the language of the priestly caste of India, but Hindoo is its descendant.

Of all the Aryan languages, Gaelic is the best preserved in its original virtues, and shall it alone be condemned to die? It has mixed with no other language. It has suffered no Roman, no Scandinavian, no Norman invasion. It has retreated before English, it is true, but it has never yielded up its arms, or consented to an alliance. The Irish tongue of today is the language in which the message of the Gospel was conveyed to Ireland by the great St. Patrick, it is the very tongue in which its legion of saints and missionaries most familiarly spoke, and in which they learned the glad tidings of salvation that they so prodigally imparted to less favored lands. It is the same language as that of the thrilling war-cries that rang out over the field of Clontarf and inspired Brian Boromhe and his gallant followers to do and to conquer. It is the language that framed the dying sentiments of so many countless political and religious martyrs whose generous blood has flowed so lavishly during her long reign of terror, that Ireland might as well be called the Crimson, as the Emerald Isle.

Gaelic is the same cordial, emotional, mellifluous language it has always been. In it the impulsive, warm-hearted Celt can express himself naturally and unrestrainedly, where in the more staid and formal English his genius is confined. It is an onomatopoeic language—the sound echoes to the sense to an unusual degree, and hence it affords an easier expression for poetry. It is a spontaneous affectionate language just as English is compound and artificial, and is thus the natural vehicle for the expression of the Irish heart, as long as that heart retains its present disposition. How many a sweet tale of affection has been whispered in its soft tones! How many an agonizing parting of husband from bride, of son from mother to which it has given voice! In how many a plaintive song has it echoed, from woods and caves the woes of homeless evicted peasants! Yes, it would be a pity unutterable if such an heirloom were allowed to pass away. Ireland may read of her past in another language, but in Gaelic alone does she hear the echo of her past; in Gaelic alone does the shadow of the past fall upon her. If Irishmen wish to forget the long centuries gone by, let them forget their own language, and though other tongues may tell of Ireland's history, it will not be *their* history; it will be the history of a people alien to them in language and manners and character. If they wish to seal the crimson pages of four bloody centuries, of the robbing the evicting of the cruelties of Cromwell, the less brutal but equally unhuman cruelties of

his successors, the villany of the penal code—if they wish to bury all this, then let them bury the Gaelic language, and inscribe on its monument *Finis Hiberniae—Finis Hiberniae*.

But such is not to be. The milk white hind, though doomed to death, is fated not to die. The Gaelic Revivalists have stepped in at the last moment with a reprieve.

At first sight, one would fancy that all the arguments adducible for the restoration of the Gaelic language are of a sentimental, or of a non-material character. This is altogether the reverse of the truth. One immediate effect of the revival will be to make Irishmen feel more at home in Ireland, thus helping to stem the tide of emigration. As Rev. Fr. Frieden put it, in his speech at the Dr. Hyde banquet in San Francisco,—

"Some maintain that the Irish exodus was a matter of economics. There is truth in this—but not the whole truth. One great reason, which has endured till recent years, lies deeper. The Irishman has been robbed of his language, and, logically, he came almost to feel that he had no country of his own; so he left the land which a foreign tongue had made strange to him."

The restoration of Gaelic means the restoration of Ireland's national spirit, which will manifest itself, among other ways, in the preference of goods of home make to those embellished with an English trade mark. Dr. Hyde's anecdote of the man who accepted a cigar, but refused the match on the ground that it was English, is a straw



significant of how the wind blows. And the added information that the application of Irish feeling to this branch of industry alone has resulted in an immense factory with 500 employees is a larger straw pointing in the same direction. The success of the present revival means that Irish goods will be patronized, and that Irish lace will be no more distinctive of the county than Irish cutlery, or Irish watches, or Irish statuary, or Irish rifles. Belgium is a proof of this. Twenty years ago,—to quote an observant and much travelled Californian, the Hon. Frank J. Sullivan—Flemish was getting quick out of fashion; French had frowned it down from the high places, from the sphere of the learned and the noble. Twenty years ago Belgium was a mart for French manufactures, which were as fashionable as the language. Today Flemish is asserting its rights; it is spoken by every rank and class, and as a consequence, the native products have asserted their rights as well, completely ousting French importation, and making little Belgium the busiest and most prosperous nation in the world.

In like manner, the reviving of Ireland's national feeling and spirit will mean protection for her industries, a protection as potent as any tariff code could give them. This protection will of course, stimulate production, which means better times financially for the long-suffering land, and a stoppage of the emigration now draining the very life-blood of the country.

That this is not a sweet Utopian

dream, inexorable statistics prove. As Dr. Hyde informs us, no situation can today be obtained under the Corporations of Dublin and Limerick, or the County Councils of Cork, Mayo, and a dozen other places, unless the applicant knows the native language of the country. Six years ago, Irish manufactures had to be stamped "Made in London," or "Made in Paris," but now the favorite brand is getting to be "Made in Ireland." The output of the woolen and cloth mills has been doubled within the last few years, and articles for domestic use are getting more and more exclusively Irish. The linguistic revival means then an industrial revival.

We see thus that the Gaelic movement is very far-reaching indeed in its scope. Nothing that is for the good of Ireland is alien to it. Not long ago, by its means, St. Patrick's day became a Government holiday, and—mirabile dictu—the saloonkeepers have been coaxed into closing up shop on that day of days.

The question arises: But what is the means used in this Gaelic revival? Is it all talk—*vox et præterea nihil*? Is it merely an Irish outburst of enthusiasm that will die away together with the charm of novelty? Does it all depend upon newspaper puffing, and gorgeous banquets, and sanguine after-dinner speeches, and lecturing tours? Not at all—these are but the froth on the surface; below it there is a current flowing broad and deep and strong and daily flowing stronger, for the re-establish-



ment of Ireland's native language—I mean the teaching in the schools.

The school is Gaelic's only hope. It could not be expected that adults would, in any numbers, set about learning a new language, when not under some pecuniary or social compulsion. The only recourse is to the ready, plastic, memory of the rising generation. The studious youth of today is the thinking, acting, struggling world of twenty years hence, and whatever moulds the youth of today moulds the nation of the future. This principle is now understood by all. It is a most powerful principle, but alas! one that is more widely used for the ruin than for the resurrection of many. When France today wants to destroy all Christianity, what does she do? Banishes the name of God from the text books. When the Catholic church would save her children from infidelity, what does she do? Builds separate schools. And the millions of dollars that Catholics in this and in every other country where educational fairplay is denied them, have expended on the proper instruction of their children, is the most eloquent of all arguments for the enduring efficacy of school work in making or marring the coming man.

To the school then Dr. Hyde and his conferees betake themselves. When Gaelic was banned from the schools it began to droop and languish; when it is restored to the school, its pristine vigor returns. The Irish schoolmaster, marshalling into his ranks the child-parents of the future, is to be the Liberator of the Isle of Saints and Scholars. Already

the efficacy of his work is seen. Where six years ago, 260 passed in Irish, 2000 passed last year. Twelve years ago Gaelic was taught in about six schools in Ireland, now it is taught in over 3000. And it is estimated that a quarter of a million of people are now studying to read and write the language. The press also is brought into service, and all the great dailies reserve space for Gaelic. Irish books are being produced rapidly, and a million Gaelic pamphlets have left the Gaelic Revival offices during the past four years.

But if the school is to lend efficiency to the Gaelic revival, financial and moral encouragement must lend efficiency to the school. Even the most enthusiastic teacher cannot live on unadulterated patriotism. It is an inspiring thing to be told that man after man has labored and suffered in the good cause, and has laid down his life in the trenches—it is surely an inspiring thing, but none the less, it is a better thing to live for the cause than to die for it. Ireland's scions and friends in America—and they are legion—cannot fail to be open-handed towards this movement; the prosperous offspring should not forget their filial duty to a needy parent.

More valuable, however, than pecuniary aid is the moral support we can give Dr. Hyde and his colleagues. It is this that they primarily look for at our hands. When the Mayor and 50,000 citizens of Dublin escorted the "Craobhlin" to the American-bound steamer, it was not a mere money-making trip that they gathered to honor. They had

gathered to wish Godspeed to the Apostle of the Celtic Revival setting out on the arduous task of instructing the American people on the real state of the question, and of winning their good will and applause, which joined to the acclaim of the great European scholars, might serve to offset the disheartening effect of Trinity's bigoted frown and England's domineering intolerance.

This sympathy has been unmistakably shown in California. The emerald

"Isle of the West" can clasp no truer hand than that offered her by the far-off golden "Land of the Setting Sun." Separated by a hemisphere though we be, every Irish heart among us, and many a non-Irish heart--are with the patriotic Dr. Hyde and his generous associates in the work of restoring the sweet language, the noble manners, the chivalric ideals of Ireland's past. Cead mille banaght!

SOPHOMORE.

## "THE CASE OF THE SUIT-CASE"

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(CONCLUDED)

### VI.

Had I been struck absolutely dumb without any warning, my inability to utter a sound could not have been more pronounced, as I saw that flickering, yellow flame on the top of the match that the man had lighted. He moved a step in my direction, but did not seem to see me. Instead, he appeared to be looking more to his left than in front of him and suddenly to my great surprise and intense relief he turned completely around, with his back toward me. I saw my chance, advanced a step and quietly blew out the match he held above his head. He muttered something, and started up the stairs. When he got half-way up, he paused and addressed his companion who had remained in the room above.

"Guess it was a rat, Bill," he said, and I recognized to my complete discomfiture, the voice of my scarred-faced friend.

Bill grunted an answer, the man finished his journey through the trap-door which he closed behind him, and once more I was alone, buried in the very thickness of the dark.

At last I had time to think and to form some plan of action. This did not require much time. I decided to remain a prisoner in the cellar until I heard my friends above leave the house. I was pretty sure they would go out

before night or at least some time during the night, so I decided to await my chance. I relaxed the awful tension in which I had held myself, and leaned against the wall to wait. I had not long to do so, for presently I heard footsteps above. The front door opened, then closed with a bang, and I heard the two men go slowly and, it seemed to me, cautiously down the steps.

With a sigh of relief I stepped forward and after a little groping I reached the foot of the steps. I moved up slowly, half walking, half creeping, and putting up my hand I touched the trap door above my head, and pressed against it vigorously, but the thing refused to move! I lifted both hands and pushed again, but there was no use. Then I realized my plight. The trap door was bolted on the other side and my confinement was only just beginning.

Here was a pretty state of affairs, to be sure. I tried again, this time putting my shoulder to the door, but no, it was firm, locked and secured, and did not budge even an inch. Baffled, I sat down, disappointed but not undone.

How long I sat there, musing over my predicament, I do not know, though I judge that it was easily an hour. Of course, at the time it seemed an eternity, it always does when one is waiting for something to happen. Some-



thing did happen as you will shortly see. The footsteps above returned, the front door opened and closed, and the murmuring voices were once more very much in evidence. Now I was in for it again, I decided, and the sickening fear of being trapped crept again over me, and I began to shake all over. I could distinctly hear the two men walking and talking above me, and this time they seemed to be even noisier than before. They entered the room directly above and one of them crossed the trap door. It creaked beneath his weight and in my fear, I almost imagined it was giving way.

Now I could hear them fumbling in the heap of rubbish near the trap door where I had found my manuscript. Ye gods! they were looking for the script!

There was a silence above for a minute, then followed what seemed like a hurried consultation, and to my total despair, one of them began to draw back the bolt of the trap door. I slid down the steps, crossed the cellar as best I could in the dark, and only stopped when I reached the wall. Trembling I put out my hand for support. My hand touched something, a small board it seemed, the wall, or rather, a door in the wall swung open, and I almost lost my balance in the attempt to steady myself. A cool, refreshing draught came through the opening though there was no more light than before. I looked up, as I heard a sound, and beheld the trap door opening slowly, —without another thought—I quickly

entered the opening in the wall, and cautiously drew the door behind me.

## VII.

Just where I was and just how I got there was the least of my troubles. Escape was my foremost thought. I stood still for a moment and listened. My pursuer or pursuers, for I could hear two voices were fumbling around in the outer cellar and talking very rapidly. I could not distinguish their words, nor could I make out their movements. All I knew was that I was very much frightened and in mortal danger.

I stretched out my right hand before me, and with my left felt along at my side, for a wall or some other separating obstruction. I could feel nothing. I moved ahead, still reaching out, but nothing save space greeted me. Cautiously, I continued to walk, and found nothing to hinder me from doing so. After I had gone some few yards, I paused and listened. I turned, facing the direction from whence I had come. An oblong of fine yellow streaks of light confronted me. I knew at once that there was a light in the outer cellar, and that I could see it coming through the cracks that separated the door from the casing. I saw also that the door, the one through which I had entered my inner prison, was about seven feet high by three broad. As I stood listening and watching the streaks of light, the door opened, and framed in its casing were two men, one holding a candle, the other stooping and peering through the opening.

A dead silence followed, and I turned slowly from them, and without any further thought, I plunged ahead into the dark. They heard me for one of them shouted. I did not heed him but quickened my pace, and went blindly on. Again the voice shouted, and it was joined by the other. The light behind me began to move and I knew that I was being followed. I started to run and had gone a few yards when my head struck something—the ceiling above, and I realized that the chamber was getting narrower. I bent down, and feeling to my left I touched a cold cement wall. I stopped, turned and looked behind me. The two men were in hot pursuit; I could see them in the candle light. Undaunted I went on, determined not to give up, but to see the game through and escape, if I yet had a chance to do so.

Suddenly my determination met its first reward, for there, away off in the distance I saw a dim circle of light, not much bigger than a man's fist, but nevertheless a bit of light. My pursuers must have seen it too, for again they ordered me to halt, one shouting that he would shoot, if I did not obey. I went on every minute expecting to receive a shot in the back. They were following me, very close now, every little while ordering me to stop, and threatening to shoot if I did not but as yet not executing their threat. I was on my hands and knees now wringing wet from perspiration, and steaming hot and sticky from my efforts. Behind me I could hear the angry murmurings and

muffled orders of my pursuers; ahead the circle of light was broadening, and I realized that it was white light, the great white light of the world outside. This gave me strength and courage, and I continued to push on undaunted.

The opening ahead was very wide now, in fact I was almost in reach of it. A few yards more and I was there, there at the great round hole, that had been my beacon for the past few minutes. Without turning, I dragged my body to the opening, and dropped lightly through it, and found myself in the dry bed of a creek, down in a sort of a ravine.

Whether it was the sudden contact with the fresh air or not, I do not know, but a cold shudder seized me. I trembled all over for a minute, then I grew frightfully dizzy. I reeled, and things turned black before me. I could indistinctly hear the voices of my pursuers, but I could not move. A terrible senseless, oppressive, dead feeling came over me, and I felt myself sinking on the stones beneath me. As I fell, I tried to save myself, but the effort was feeble, and as I touched the ground consciousness left me.

#### VIII.

Of what followed, I know absolutely nothing, nor do I know how long I lay there, unconscious. When I did revive, I found my head resting in the lap of one of my pursuers, while the other was pouring brandy from a flask down my throat. I tried to rally from them, and half lifted myself in the at-



tempt, but sank back, as they caught hold of me. I lay quiet for a minute, then I slowly opened my eyes and looked up into the faces of my captors. I met, in return, the gaze of the San Jose detective and the Palo Alto constable. Then I smiled sickly, and closed my eyes again.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was sufficiently recovered, I sat up, and they told me between them, of what had happened. They told me how, when they returned to the office and found me gone, they went to the cottage which some one had seen me enter. How they entered the cottage, searched the rooms, found my suit-case in a closet in one of the rooms, and how they searched through the rubbish for the manuscript. They described opening the trap door, hearing me scramble down the steps, and unconsciously opening the secret door, which, they explained, I ran across by chance, having accidentally hit the wooden bolt. They found the door when the detective lighted his bit of candle. They opened it and followed me into the inner cellar which in turn opened into an old unused sewer. It was this sewer through which I had been crawling and which finally led me to the creek-bed. They told me how angry they were when I would not halt, but they had soon cooled off when they realized my condition and my fright. I asked about scar-face, the thief, and they told me that he and a companion had slipped out of town and left no trace behind them. There was nothing in the

suit-case when they found it, nor had they succeeded in finding its contents. I explained feebly that I had the manuscripts all right, and drew them out to further assure them. They explained in a few words that the man had evidently traced me ever since the day he had lifted my suit-case out of the elevator for me. What he thought it contained, they did not conjecture. I theorized privately that the man was not after my suit-case at all, and had found himself on the wrong track when he secured and opened it. He had probably returned to San Francisco when he found out his mistake, but this did not bother me in the least.

With the aid of my rescuers I arose, and with their support, managed to get back to Palo Alto unobserved, thanks to back streets and approaching darkness. I was fully revived when we reached the constable's office, where I brushed up and received my suit-case. I momentarily mourned the loss of its contents, especially the borrowed ones, but the manuscript was safe and that was sufficient. I thanked my preservers, rewarded them both, and left Palo Alto on an evening train. My bed at college that night was more welcome than I had ever before found it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The story, "The Legend of Light," has been published and has been a success, at least my efforts to recover it have been rewarded, and when one's efforts have been rewarded, that is surely a certain amount of satisfaction, I think, don't you?

THE END.

"QUIS." —'o—



# The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

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*The object of the Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Needless to say, the topic of the hour is the terrific earthquake of April 18th, which wrought havoc in many of the fair cities and towns of the Golden State,

and as the result of which San Francisco, the once beautiful and splendid metropolis of the west, stands now with but two of her residence districts intact,

the rest of her territory being a waste of charred and unsightly ruins, the aftermath of the most awful conflagration of modern times. To look back to that dreadful moment when the earth rocked and swayed and rolled, felling in the twinkling of an eye, mighty structures of stone and brick just as a breeze might scatter so many leaves in its course, is to conjure up thoughts of the Judgment Day. In fact, during the period of the big temblor, many thought the day of doom had come. Few of the coast cities escaped the shock, but their damage is insignificant in comparison with the ruins of the city of Saint Francis.

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It is not our purpose to dwell in detail upon the horror and destruction wrought upon that memorable morning and the ensuing days. That has all been told over and over again, day in and day out by the mighty voices of the press both at home and abroad.

In the beginning, despite the terrible truth of it all, the papers, especially the foreign ones, exaggerated the reports of the destruction to a degree that bordered positively on the ridiculous. This resulted, of course, from the fact that all local wires were down and definite news of the panic was scarce. It is true that many were killed by collapsing houses and hotels, others burned to death by the flames and hundreds injured and thousands rendered homeless paupers. Yet we felt throughout it all, and we feel more so now when we look back at what might have been, that we

have much to be thankful for. And we of Santa Clara College, in comparison with other sufferers, have been especially blessed. With the exception of the old Senate building which, incidentally, is not one of the original mission or college buildings but the old California Hotel structure; the cracked gable, the bare ceiling, and the broken statuary of the Memorial chapel, we suffered no damage. The one ruined building has been torn down and is now being cleared away and the chapel is being rapidly repaired. Yes! we have been blessed, and the protection of St. Joseph, our patron saint, has been vitally felt. When we look around us and see the magnificent buildings of Stanford University, representing millions of dollars, a heap of scattered ruins; when we consider the countless educational institutions that have been rendered impracticable for use; when we look upon the devastated area upon which stood our sister college, St. Ignatius, with its treasure church and its unlimited facilities for learning, then, indeed may we fall upon our knees and cry out, "Almighty God, in thy justice, Thou hast been merciful to us!"

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Naturally the recent disaster has upset many of our plans and wrought a number of changes as regards the remaining days of the present semester. The big production of the Passion Play has been called off indefinitely, as has also the Ryland Medal debate and similar programmes. Through the untir-

ing energy of our esteemed and plucky little business manager, Mr. Michael R. O'Reilly, we are able to get out this present number of *THE REDWOOD*, which will be the last one for this scholastic year. The majority of students have remained at college to finish out the year, and we are also housing the senior class of St. Ignatius College of San Francisco, who follow their classes under their own teachers. The presentation of degrees and Closing Exercises will be simple and quiet but none the less effective. A Baseball League has been organized on the Campus and a Handball Tournament is now in progress, all to render distraction and diversion in these times of nervous strain. Considering everything we are moving along here at Santa Clara quite naturally again, and yet our miraculous escape is ever vividly before us.

The optimism of the San Francisco people, of her press and government is positively marvelous. We chanced to be in the city on the morning of the quake and during the two and one-half days of raging fire. We saw the horror and the ruin wrought—the once beautiful place of habitation swept away—we suffered, we agonized with her terror-stricken people fleeing through the streets, gone mad with panic. We lived that awful life of suspense and nervous strain, as during those awful hours, the creeping, leaping, surging flames threatened to devour our own homes with the rest, and yet through it all we felt that the Hand which rules this entire uni-

verse ruled the flames too, and directed them where He willed. And now though the first horror has worn away, and the people have commenced to settle down to more normal conditions, at least in the unburned districts of the city, now that the spirit of the Phoenix has taken possession and they contemplate a City-Beautiful, more wonderful and more brilliant than the former, let them not forget the God who in His mercy and His goodness spared to them their lives. It was He who sent to them the visitation, it is to Him they must turn for succor and for strength. In His hand alone lies the power that can replace the devastated city. "Unless the Lord build the house, he labors in vain who builds it."

On the 18th of April of this year, the Rev. Louis Martin, S. J., the General of the Jesuits passed out of this life to his eternal reward after forty-two years of unceasing and zealous toil in the interests of his chosen and holy vocation. A man of marvelous humility and retiring disposition, he nevertheless made his great executive ability felt in all that concerned the Society of Jesus and its unlimited work. Little was known of his private life, his mortifications, and his enduring patience in moments of trials and tribulations. Few were aware of the agony he suffered from a cancerous affliction which laid hold of him in the very maturity of his life, and which, borne in silence for many years at last reached such a crisis that in order to save his life, it was found necessary



to amputate his right arm. This only delayed the end until a year later when he died at the age of sixty years.

His life was a noble one, an example of fortitude, of courage and of martyrdom.

He fought well his battle for the Faith. The simplicity that marked his days of life has also marked his death. The humility which, to him, was second nature, surrounds his resting place, but before the great white throne of God, his deeds have been recorded, one by one, and there we trust, he receives at last the just reward of one who has labored hard and long in the vineyard of the Lord.

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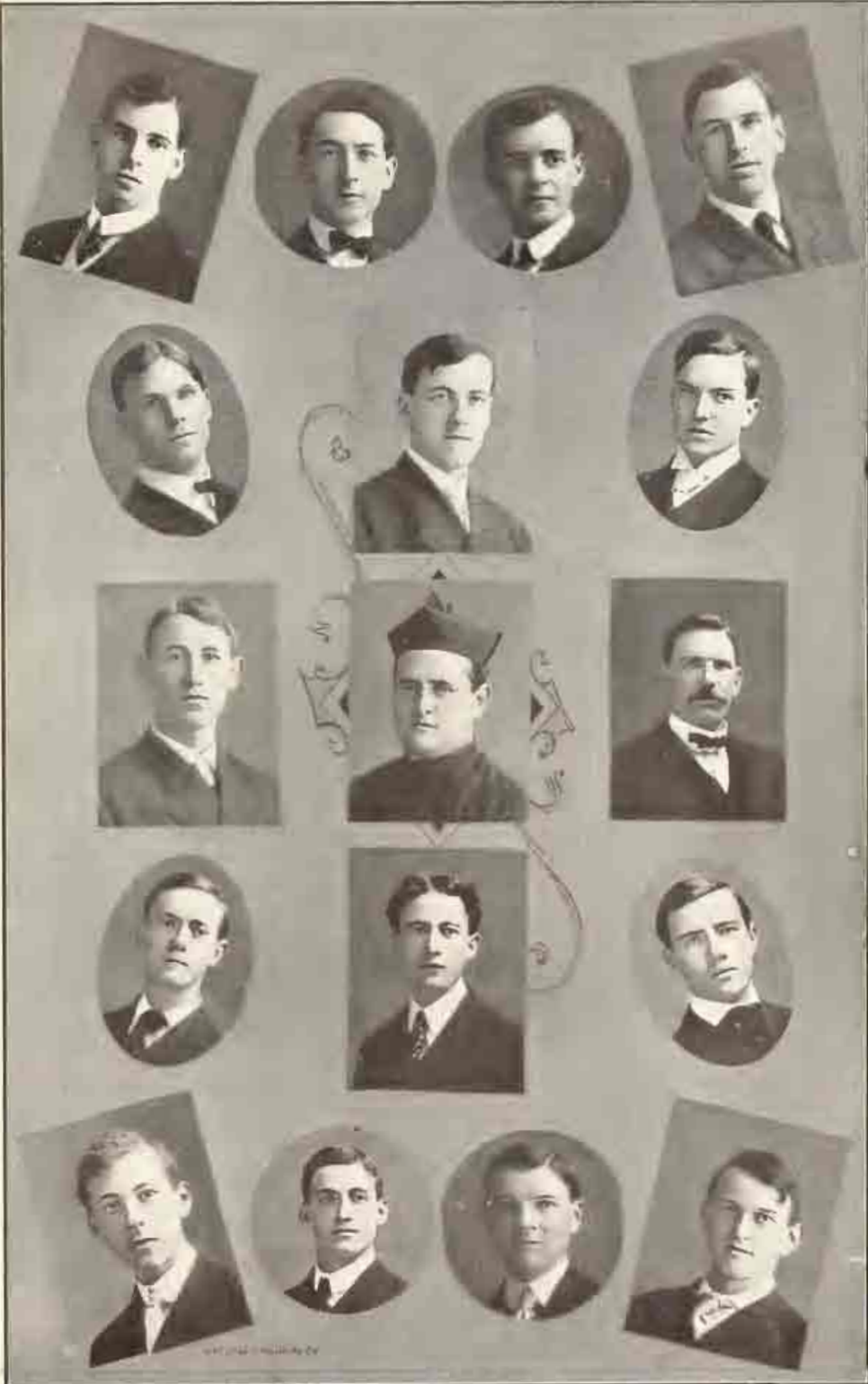
On account of the recent unreliability of the mails caused by the catastrophe, our Exchanges were delayed. We wish to acknowledge our thanks for those received and tender them our wishes for their future success and good luck.

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And now a word before we close the

pages of THE REDWOOD for the present year. It has been an eventful year, one of trials and triumphs for all of us, one of hopes and disappointments. But old Santa Clara has stood through it all and we bid her keep up her spirit, and continue her good work, we who no longer may dwell within her sacred walls. For many it is "Farewell," a word that mingles bitter with the sweet within its cup, for in that word the meaning lies as deep as depths beneath the sea. The end has come for some of us, and in a month we shall depart, each upon his way, carrying in our hearts a love and reverence for those who guided and taught us, a pang at the thought of those dear friendships which we formed, and which have since become as priceless jewels, and a happy golden memory that in days to come will carry us back to the words of one of our esteemed alumni, "The sweet long ago at Santa Clara College," and a most hearty "good-luck" wish for those who shall succeed us on THE REDWOOD.

MARTIN V. MERLE, Special '06.



*Photos by Rushnell*

### THE PHILAEATHIC SENATE, 1905-1906

Reading from left to right: Leo A. Atteridge, '06 Spe'l.; Martin C. Carter, '06, Librarian; Robt. E. Fitzgerald, '06, John W. Byrnes, '06, Francis F. Belg, '06, Treasurer; Martin V. Merle, '06 Spe'l., Recording Secretary; John H. Riordan, '05, Chas. W. Byrnes, '07; Rev. Joseph T. Morton, S. J., President; Thomas F. Leonard, Spe'l.; Floyd A. Allen, '07 Spe'l.; M. K. O'Reilly, '06, Corresponding Secretary; Thomas W. Donlon, '07; Francis A. Lejeal, '06; August A. Aguirre, '07; Robert H. Shepherd, '07; Walter J. Schmidt, '07, Sergeant-at-Arms.







### The Senate

The Philaethic Senate was in the midst of preparations for the Ryland Annual Medal Debate with the other branch of the Literary Congress, the House of Philhistorians, when California was visited with her great calamity. With confidence in their ability the Senate had chosen Senator Atteridge, '06, of Watsonville, Senator Lejeal, '06, of San Francisco and Senator Fitzgerald '06, of Georgetown to represent them in the contest with the House and it was with great regret that owing to the earthquake it had to be called off.

But the worst loss the Senate, and the House, also, has to bear is the loss of the debating halls. The historic adobe building which for over half a century had stood as a relic of California's early days was thrown to the ground. As a relic of days gone by, the building was full of interest; as a part of our college life, past and present, it was no less interesting. Built before the fifties it was for a long period the California Hotel. When later it was added as a part of the

College to the group of historic mission buildings near which it stood, its interior was remodeled and fitted up for the use of the Literary Congress, the Philaethic Senate and the House of Philhistorians. Under its roof such men as Delmas and Stephen M. White received their early training and its registers are filled with the names of those who are today among California's foremost citizens. But the Literary Congress, though it mourns its loss, will not go down with the old building but will arise, not like the Phoenix of old from the ashes, but from the adobe ruins of the old California Hotel.

### The House

The dreadful catastrophe of the morning of the 18th wrought havoc with the prosperity of the House. For weeks past its affairs were in a flourishing condition. The enthusiastic members had devoted several of their vacation days to beautifying their spacious assembly hall. Every piece of furniture was thoroughly overhauled. New

curtains were artistically hung upon the windows on either side of the Speaker's desk; new carpets were spread down the main aisle between the desks of the Representatives and all the medleys containing photos of the members during the past forty sessions, were taken down, cleaned and symmetrically rearranged. The library had been augmented and more orderly disposed and some eighty-five dollars expended in putting in handsome new electric lamps. All of these improvements have been annulled by the general calamity. And would that this were our only loss! Some of our most promising members have left college, in consequence of which the medley we present in this number of *THE REDWOOD* is far from complete. Our meetings have been interrupted and all of our affairs cut short. The team chosen to represent us in the proposed Ryland Public Debate, consisting of Representatives Twohy, Casey, and Brown were working together like Trojans, confident of success. Besides this public debate which had aroused the interest of the entire College and of many outsiders a grand outing was planned for the future by the members. Truly has it been a vivid exemplification of that saying of A. Kempis: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Still in the face of these disappointments we are not disheartened.

The old adobe structure will give place to a new and more commodious building, and the membership will be enlarged by the ambitious new students that are expected to attend the College

in large numbers during the coming school year.

### Junior Dramatic Society

It takes more than an earthquake to upset the members of the J. D. S. Just as before, they are regularly and ardently engaged in the art of Demosthenes. Deserving of special mention was the debate between Messrs. Dunne and Harris for the affirmative, and Messrs. Watson and Shields for the negative on the question: Resolved, "that Public Libraries are an influence for good rather than for evil." We would gladly give a detailed account of the very animated debate, were it not that the editor let fall a dark hint about space etc, and hence we shall content ourselves with saying that the affirmative pleaded so fervently and argued so convincingly, and rebutted so incisively that they certainly deserved to have won the victory, had not the negative slightly outdone them in those very same lines.

A very noteworthy feature of the month's proceedings was a formal trial. It was discovered that in the election of one of the members to an office, the ballot box had been stuffed. Thereupon some of the more zealous members rose up in the might of their indignation and demanded that the matter be subjected to the most searching scrutiny. The following was the personell of the trial: P. M. Dunne, Prosecuting Attorney; J. Peters and E. A. Ivancovich, Attorney for accused; Leo Heney, Clerk; L. Pierce, W. Gianera, H. Shields, accused. In



spite of much damnatory evidence, offered by [thoroughly] [reliable] witnesses, all three were acquitted by the Jury. It is said that these latter were heavily bribed, but we prefer not to take part in the matter, having neither money nor friends to bail us out in case of libel proceedings.

Through the kindness of Fr. Gallagher, our debaters are enabled to see and present the truth in the white light of several electric clusters. Many thanks to the good Procurator!

We wish, in closing this final account of our year's proceedings, to voice our heartfelt appreciation of the kindness of THE REDWOOD, and of the genuine interest it has already manifested in our humble doings. We hope that both THE REDWOOD and the J. D. Society will be as prosperous as they have been this year, and even more so, and to each of them we fervently say: "Ad multos annos."

### The Passion Play

The many admirers of dramatic art will be disappointed to hear of the discontinuance of preparations for the Passion Play which was to have been given in the latter part of May. The rehearsals were interrupted by nature's upheaval and though it was<sup>1</sup> first<sup>2</sup> thought that the presentation would<sup>3</sup> only<sup>4</sup> have to be postponed for a time, it was seen that it was necessary to call off this year's performance altogether. Whether or not it will be given next year is a problem for the future to decide.

In this connection we should like to pay a slight tribute of gratitude to Martin V. Merle, who with the other members of the Senior class will ere long bid farewell to Alma Mater. Three years ago he staged the second production of the Passion Play, and it is no injustice to any one who shared in that great triumph to say that apart from the author, the main part of the credit is due Mr. Merle. It was for him a labor of love. Day and night he worked, devising the scenery with the artist; fixing the stage-apparatus with the carpenter, planning light-effects with the electrician, drilling the actors, spurring on all to take heart for the great undertaking. The great play over, he remained at Santa Clara to take up the literary and philosophic course that he is now about to finish. In the meantime his dramatic talents have not lain under a bushel—a curtain-raiser, a farce, and the famous religious drama, "The Light Eternal," attest his industry in that line. Moreover, he has taken the most cordial interest in everything connected with our stage, and very little has appeared thereon during the past three years that has not profited by his polishing touch. His work will long be held in grateful remembrance by the Senior Dramatic Club of Santa Clara, as well as by the boys in general, and Faculty of the College.

### Ryland Debate

The earthquake, coming just before the time set for the Ryland Annual



Debate between the Senate and the House interrupted the preparations to such an extent that it had to be called off. The two representative teams had been chosen and were working hard for the victory but the quake set aside what promised to be one of the closest and most exciting contests since the institution of the annual debate.

### **Death of Very Rev. Louis Martin, S. J.**

On Wednesday, May 2nd, the students attended in a body a solemn High Mass of requiem for the late Superior-General of the Society of Jesus, who died on the morning of April 18th, R. I. P.

### **The Late Brother Tortore**

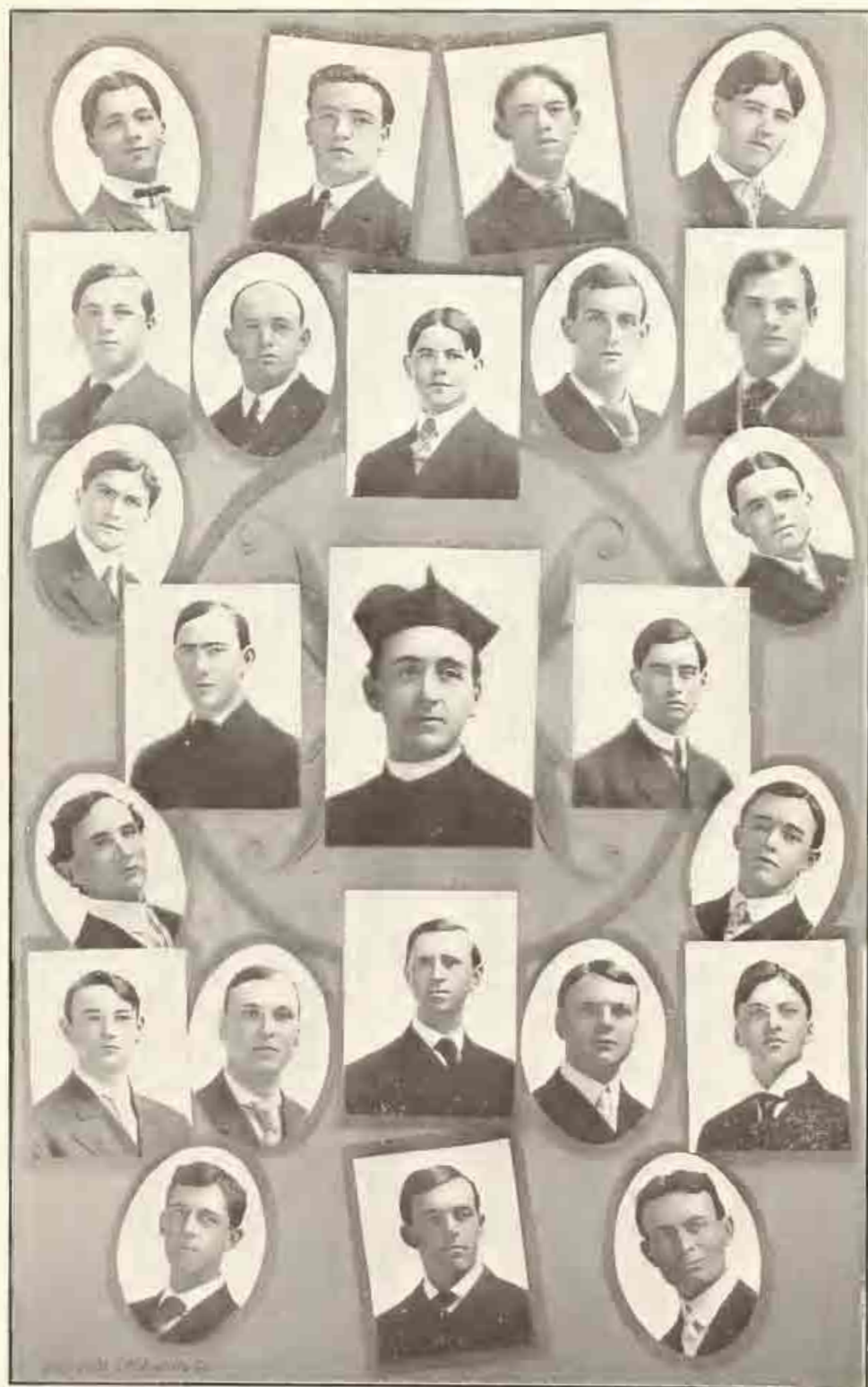
Bro. Bartholomew Tortore died at Santa Clara College on the morning of April 29th. Though he had been ailing for some time, no one had suspected that the end was so near, as the Brother

had been up and moving around, during the whole day preceding. Bro. Tortore was born in Piedmont, Italy, in 1832, and early devoted himself to the study of painting. In this he acquired a great deal of celebrity, winning the first prize in a competition of painters in Rome by his picture of the principal character in Manzoni's "Betrothed." When still in the prime of life he entered the Jesuit Society and was soon after sent to California. He taught painting in Santa Clara College, besides painting a very large number of pictures for churches and religious houses. The students, with their band marched in the funeral procession. R. I. P.

### **Senior Class**

With this, the last issue of the Redwood for the session we say farewell to the class of 1906. In the name of the yard THE Redwood staff wishes them a successful graduation and a most successful future.

ROBERT E. FITZGERALD, '06.



Photos by Bushnell

### THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS, 1905-1906

Reading from right to left: H. P. Broderick; J. C. Lippin; H. A. J. McKenzie; C. P. Kilburn, Treasurer; D. J. McKay; R. Caverly; L. Peckey, Librarian; T. P. Griffin; M. S. Shaler; L. J. Murphy; G. J. Fisher; H. G. Casey, Clerk; Rev. George G. Fox; S. J. Spenser; E. Doherty, Corresponding Secretary; E. McFadden; C. T. Mullen; R. J. Birmingham; R. J. O'Connor; F. M. Heffernan; L. J. Wagner; J. F. Twolhy; H. Cunningham; R. Daulton; R. J. Ryland.





# ALUMNI



Yes, many of Santa Clara's former students were victims of the recent calamity in San Francisco. Such is our answer to the question that has been asked by many. We can say, however, "thank God that none have lost their lives in that awful disaster." The parents of several of our boys who live in San Francisco have been rendered homeless for the time being.

Rev. Joseph Riordan, S. J., was, like many others of the Jesuit Society, forced to leave San Francisco to seek a shelter. Father Riordan has taken up a Mission in Mexico where he will join Father Cunningham, S. J. He is the author of "The First Fifty Years of St. Ignatius College," a book recently published in commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of that late college.

Ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, Ph. D., '03, has done the work of a hero during the past month in San Francisco. Mr. Phelan not only donated large sums of money, but also labored with his own hands in giving relief to the sufferers in

the recent calamity. The real extent of the noble work of this great public benefactor can scarcely be estimated.

The report that "Gene" Sheehy met his death in San Francisco during the recent disaster, has been, in the words of Mark Twain, greatly exaggerated, for "Gene" himself, flesh and blood, was met since by one of our students.

Michael Kelly, Esq., of San Francisco, the founder and donator of the Junior Nobili Medal, has lost all of his possessions. He is at present a guest at Santa Clara.

It was with great pleasure that we read of the reception tendered General James F. Smith, '78, on the occasion of his home-coming from the Philippine Islands on April 14th. Among those who spoke at the reception were Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco, Ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, Ph. D., '03, Rev. J. J. McQuaide, '88, James Araneta, '02 Commercial, and Prof. Moses, ex-member of the Philippine Commission, "Jim," as the old boys called him, was

to have been entertained by his Alma Mater on the 19th of last month, but the great earthquake entirely upset all our plans. We were filled with pride, too, when we saw General Smith heralded as the future Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. That he is fitted for the position he has amply shown by the many and varied positions he has held in the Islands, as Military Governor of the Island of Negros, as a member of the Philippine Commission and as Colonel of the First Regiment of the California Volunteers. THE REDWOOD respectfully offers its congratulations to our distinguished alumnus on his high promotion and wishes him all success in the future.

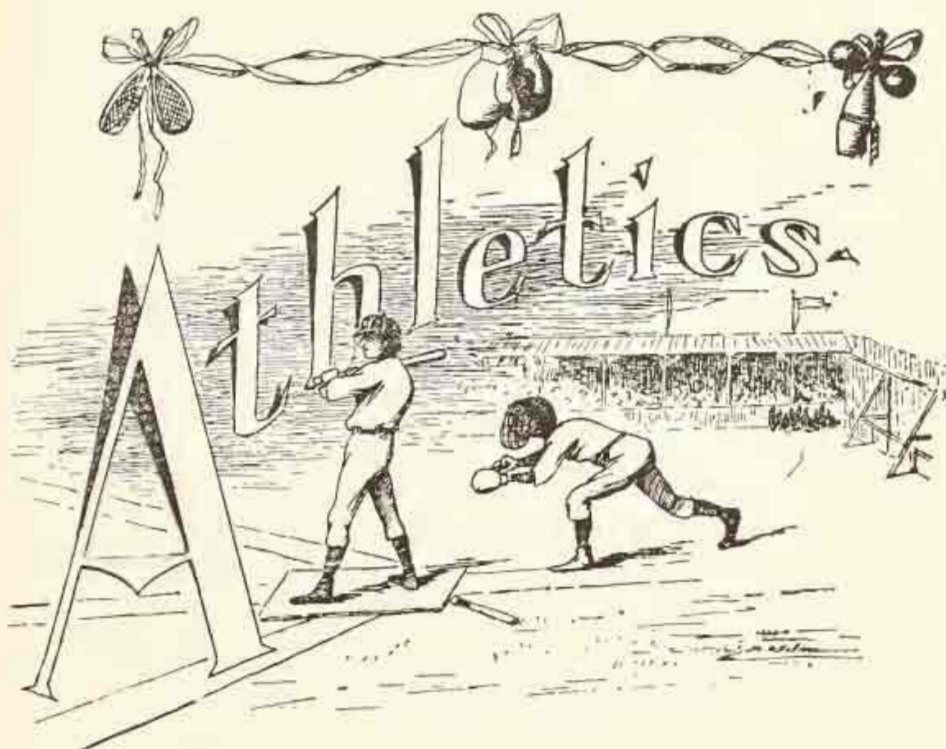
On the 10th of this month Cyril Smith of the Freshman class of '08, paid us a short visit. He is looking fine and it would appear that the climate of the Philippine Islands is agreeing with him. Cyril was very scientifically inclined when here, and his ingenious experiments in every line from sling-shots to aeroplanes used to be the astonishment of 2nd Division.

John Clark, '01, and Cornelius F. De-

vine, '01, spent a few days at College last month. Both were on their way home from San Francisco where they had been looking after their once prosperous interests.

During the past month we have lost one of the strongest and most valuable supporters of our Student Body in the person of August M. Aguirre, '07, more familiarly known to us all as "Augi." Who that knew him will not regret his going? He will be missed in athletics, in the Band and Orchestra and above all in the Senior Dramatic Club, in which organization he was a prime mover and a loyal worker. His interest in all that pertained to the Student Body and the College at large was most unremitting and generous and his place will be hard to fill. But then "Augi" like all others who go forth from the College, has his way to make in the world, and on whatever course he may enter he has the very kindest wishes of the Faculty and Student Body of Santa Clara College, to which THE REDWOOD cordially adds its voice.

ROBERT H. SHEPHERD, '07.



Before entering upon the detailed account of the athletic happenings of Santa Clara, we should like to give vent to a few reflections.

As all the world knows, we have resumed our old baseball rivalry with St. Mary's. For some years there had been some misunderstanding between us, not very serious perhaps, but yet sufficient to keep us apart. While both sides sincerely deplored the breach, we were so far the victims of circumstances that it was not until recently that we could bridge it over and that we could reach again the hands extended us in friendly

emulation. We are glad the little wound is healed—none more glad than we, of Santa Clara, and we are resolved that if it ever festers, ours shall not be the blame. We feel that we are dealing with a friendly and most honorable opponent, and we know that the opposition does us a world of good in more ways than one. It fosters college spirit in an astonishing degree, and an increase of college spirit means a quickening of student activity not merely in athletics but in every other department as well. We are aware that the very same sentiments obtain at St. Mary's



and hence it requires no prophet or son of a prophet to predict that the Santa Clara-St. Mary's games are established as an annual event, an event moreover that will grow in interest and importance with every succeeding year, until—and such is almost now the case—we occupy in the amateur baseball world the position that our great universities have held in the realm of football.

We rejoice then at the renewal of friendly relations with the best amateur baseball players in California—present company excepted, of course—and we would rejoice thereat even if it had been our fate to lose the series. We accordingly ask St. Mary's to rejoice too, and to remember that there is a good time coming next year to wipe the earth with us, though, it goes without saying, we shall not submit to the process unresistingly.

It is by no means subversive of the friendly relations between the two colleges that we should poke a little good natured fun at each other. We ought to be able to give and take—and take in the friendly spirit in which it is given. We ought not to be so miserly of our reputation that we cannot afford a little joke at our own expense. We therefore enjoyed the writeups in the St. Mary's Collegian of the first two games of the series, even though we could not swallow the most self-flattering of its comparisons and the most sanguine of its predictions. The Collegian's athletic editor informs us, for instance, that the team which he has under his wing, or rather quill, could easily beat Santa Clara nine games out of every ten. That

may be quite true if the battle is to take place on paper under his own umpiring; but we have proven pretty clearly that we can beat St. Mary's two out of every three on the plain, unimaginative, inexorable campus.

Before leaving this topic, we wish to make an explanation. An account of our third game with St. Mary's appeared in a San Jose paper, and was quoted in other papers, which account concluded with the following unfortunate sentence—"The beaten team was compelled to swallow their boasts and to admit that ball playing is still an unlearned art for them." If this was written by some over-zealous Santa Claran, it voices an opinion that resides in the solitude of his own breast, and to which no one to whom baseball is not "an unlearned art" could dream of assenting. It was no honor to Santa Clara to conquer a team unlearned in baseball, but it is certainly our signal honor to have conquered the brilliant Phoenix.

By the way, we notice that one of the correspondents to the San Francisco Bulletin is mixing up religion and baseball in a manner that is, to put it mildly, not in the best of taste. Referring to the last game between Stanford and Santa Clara, this second Chesterfield says thusly,—“In the game against the Catholics Thiele was in the box for the Varsity.” Now we should like to know where in the world is the association between Thiele's pitching and our catholicity. Is it that he has some anti-papal curves wherewith to baffle the crafty, Jesuitical swing of our batters?

Or was the game not an exposition of Spalding's Baseball Guide, but rather of the Book of Common Prayer on the one hand and the Catechism of Trent on the other? In that case, a Buddhist should have been chosen umpire. The religion our players profess is a matter entirely of their own business, and they protest against its being bedraggled in the sporting page of a newspaper. While we feel satisfied that the correspondent responsible for the impertinence voices his own personal feelings merely, yet we would not take it amiss if a word of remonstrance from the *Sequoia* or the *Daily Palo Alto* were to spare us any future visitation of this nature.

The above remarks, as well as the accounts which follow, were written before the fatal April 18th, and though perhaps we might write in a different strain now, yet we think it better to let them remain as they are. For want of space, we had to omit the account of the basket ball game with San Jose High school which we won, and the fourth and fifth basket ball games with Stanford, and the second game with Berkeley, which we lost. We confine ourselves to the games with St. Mary's, which left us amateur champions of California.

### **Santa Clara 5, St. Mary's 4.**

"That's the way! That's the way.

That's the way! Fine!"

Under the patronage of good St. Pat-

rick, twenty-five hundred enthusiastic spectators saw the erstwhile amateur baseball champs from St. Mary's college, Oakland, go down to defeat before the mighty stick work of the classical nine representing this old Mission college of ours.

And a glorious victory it was, worth going miles to see. These studious experts of the national pastime who met their first defeat on dear old Erin's day, have played havoc with the various nines aspiring for championship honors during the last five years. Just as the illustrious Napoleon in the early part of the nineteenth century had filled the European countries with consternation so have these knights of the diamond proved the lions of the hour in the baseball world. But, alas! the inevitable Waterloo. The majestic champions strode upon the grassy diamond in their natty green suits with a confidential air amid the tumultuous cheers of their adherents. A few minutes later, the Santa Clara contingent were in an uproar, for our varsity were now on the field and showing great form.

Little did Napoleon McGregor realize that ere the golden disc had settled in the west; he would no longer be the star of the college baseball firmament.

"He who laughs last, laughs best," and so it was for our willing rooters. For seven thrilling innings we were filled with trembling expectation and dreadful fears as to the outcome but the bulldog fighting spirit could not be quelled, and what seemed to be sure



defeat was transformed at last into certain victory, and at this juncture pandemonium reigned supreme.

Our rooters resembled an array of roses with their red and white Tam-o'-shanters dazzling bright in the rays of "old sol." The songs, yells, and retorts nettled our friendly rivals almost as much as the defeat itself. The weather was a trifle cool which instilled much spirit into both players and spectators. The vast throng went wild with excitement when our ever ready lusty-lunged rooters arose in a mass and harmoniously waved their red and white megaphones to the inspiring strains of the college band, which performed noble work during the entire game. Nothing could hold "Fog-horn" Atteridge and his noble three hundred. When the umpire called time, the entire college from wee Harry Curry to Tim, the watchman, performed the famous serpentine on the field of victory after which we departed for home with soothed hearts and sore throats.

## The Game

We took the field and Joyce came to the rubber for St. Mary's. Harry was a trifle wild and gave Joyce a free ticket; he stole second. Haley hit a hard one to Harry who made a pretty stop. Charley Russell missed the peg to third and left two men on the sacks. Haley stole second, Schofield banded one to Shafer who pegged home to catch the runner, the errors at the plate

put a tally down for the pink and the blue. Haley made it two on Russell's error and the crowd went wild. The next two sat down simultaneously, Thompson retiring the side by a fly to Byrnes. Shafer bowed to the applause and hit to Henno who overthrew to first sending him to the keystone station. Wolter beat out an infield hit. Shafer scored on a wild peg to second, amid a deafening din. Harry went to third and came home a minute later on a crude error by Joyce of Collin's fly. Russell sacrificed, and Friene and Byrnes bit the dust. At this stage of the game the crowd was in a fever of excitement and the clarion voice of the umpire was lost in the roar of approval. Both teams had now recovered from their stage fright and put up a rare article of ball. Twohy's long drive for two bags was the only feature of the second. St. Marys came to life in the third again. Haley walked, went to second on a passed ball. Schofield took three swings. Haley romped home on Brady's two-bagger. The next two died in their endeavors to connect. We could not score in our half and St. Mary's rooters yelled lustily. Nothing doing now till the seventh when McGregor reached first on a dinky hit. Joyce sacrificed. Haley laid down a mean one to Russell and McGregor scored making 4 to 2. Schofield hit the air again. Brady's long drive to left made little Lappin the star of the day, for he took the seemingly unstoppable drive in with one hand while the crowd went into hysterics. We were not beaten



yet and the boys shortened the gap in their turn by shoving Byrnes over the pan. We retired with two men on bases. The Oakland students were but one to the good and excitement was at the boiling point. Our rooters responded to the occasion and yelled themselves hoarse. St. Mary's went out in regular order. Harry Wolter started the fire works by reaching first on an infield hit. Collins sent the enthusiasm up the thermometer by tearing off a single which placed Harry on third.

He traveled home on an error and lo! the score was tied! The police drew their billies and the crowd kept their seats. Joe scored the winning run during a melange between Poultney, Brady and Freine. We took the field and our rooters held their breath until the climax. Both teams played gentlemanly ball throughout, there being no unpleasant incident to mar the afternoon's sport. The merciless critic saw the thing as follow:

## ST. MARY'S

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Joyce, ss.....     | 3  | 1 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 4  | 0 |
| Haley, 2b.....     | 4  | 2 | 1  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Schofield, cf..... | 5  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Brady, 1b.....     | 5  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 13 | 0  | 0 |
| Poultney, c.....   | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 5  | 1  | 2 |
| Dunn, lf.....      | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Thompson, rf.....  | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Henno, 3b.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 2 |
| McGregor, p.....   | 4  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 1  | 4  | 0 |
| Totals .....       | 34 | 4 | 5  | 4  | 24 | 12 | 4 |

## SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 4  | 1 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1 | 2 |
| Wolter, p.....     | 4  | 2 | 2  | 0  | 1  | 3 | 0 |
| Collins, c.....    | 3  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 9  | 1 | 2 |
| Russell, 3b.....   | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 3 |
| Freine, cf.....    | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 3  | 1 | 0  | 1  | 6  | 0 | 0 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 4  | 1 | 0 |
| Broderick, rf..... | 3  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 2  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 5  | 1 | 0 |
| Totals.....        | 20 | 5 | 5  | 3  | 27 | 7 | 7 |

## RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| St. Mary's.....  | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0= 4 |
| Base hits .....  | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0= 5 |
| Santa Clara..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | *= 5 |
| Base hits .....  | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | *= 5 |

## SUMMARY

Two base hits—Broderick, Brady. Sacrifice hits—Russell, Joyce. First base on called balls—McGregor 3, Wolter 5. Left on bases—Santa Clara 4, St. Marys 7. Struck out—By Wolter 9, by McGregor 4. Double play—Brady (unassisted). Wild pitch—McGregor, Wolter. Time of game—2 hr. Umpire—Perrine. Scorer—R. H. Shepherd.

## Champions 8, St. Mary's 0

Smiling Harry Wolter, Heady Happy Hogan, Leo Atteridge Sousa, eight willing ball tossers and one hundred lusty rooters placed the Santa Clara College baseball team of 1906 at the top of the ladder in the inter-collegiate baseball world. The victory was most decisive and beyond the hopes of our most sanguine upholder. The colossal hero of the day was the "Team" with smiling Harry as the pilot. The trio of defeats

previous to the struggle had ostensibly done much for the college nine, for they played the game in major league style, which made the dopesters sit back in fits of surprise and chagrin. Our midgets were the superior team from the clarion call of "play ball" until the last straggler had left the grounds. It was a gala day for baseball. The blandishing rays of the sun gleamed playfully on both players and spectators. Both bleachers were resplendent with the hues of the contesting teams; Professor Fitzgerald and his retinue of musicians played enchanting music throughout the game which spurred the team on to mighty efforts. The game itself was practically decided in the third when we shoved two men across the rubber. From that time on it was only a question of how many we should make.

The pink and blue batsmen were simply bewildered by the puzzling smiles and curves of Gibraltar Wolters. Harry was certainly in great form, he allowed but the three scratch hits which did no damage. He started out very badly, walking several men but as the game grew older, steadied down and pitched in phenomenal style, sending man after man to the bench. Several times the Oaklanders occupied the three stations with but one out. Harry would wind up three times and then deaths would occur on the bases. The team played superb ball behind our trusty captain; Byrnes, Kilburn, Freine, Shafer, Collins, Twohy, Lappin, and Broderick drew the plaudits of the vast throng on several occasions by their brilliant

playing. Harry not only made his south-paw work like the old town clock, but also wielded the willow with the precision of a policeman, tearing off three beautiful bingles out of four attempts. Freine, our trusty guardian of the intricate corner, came before the limelight and the critics of the press by tickling the sphere for a homer. He also distinguished himself by playing errorless ball. Collins behind the bat played like a Trojan, holding up Harry in great style and pegging with much accuracy being his worst faults.

Midget Shafer and Little Husky Lappin received the sky rocket quite often for their flashy fielding and timely stick work. Charley Byrnes could perform in any league if he played the cushion as he did on the 5th. Twohy was guilty of many brilliant plays around second during the contest, while Kilburn who patrolled the outer garden to the extreme right, robbed a fleet collegian from Oakland out of a beautiful single by a perfect throw to Byrnes. This was probably the prettiest play of the game.

McGregor, who twirled for the Phoenix is a slabster of no mean ability and was trying all the time. He was clearly outclassed on this day by our captain, who allowed but three hits to McGregor's thirteen.

Brady at first for St. Mary's played his usual steady game. The college team was treated with most generous hospitality by the St. Mary's boys and were royally entertained after the game.

\* \* \* \* \*



The team has certainly played great ball this season and seems, with a few exceptions, to be on a par with the great nines of former years. There is, without a doubt material of the Keefe, Graham and Chase type in the 1906 champions. If they cared to follow the leather for a profession they could make good. We are certainly proud of the aggregation, who with Hogan as a coach, have placed us on the pedestal of balldom as champions.

Our gratitude and that of the faculty was sincerely exemplified the following day when the team arrived from their glorious conquest.

The outlook for 1907 at the present writing is very encouraging and we should, with a nucleus of champions to build on, keep up the enviable record which the present nine have made.

Here is the "beau ideal" for the future nines of the red and white to follow.

## SANTA CLARA

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Shafer, ss.....    | 5  | 2 | 2  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 |
| Wolter, p.....     | 4  | 2 | 3  | 1  | 1  | 3  | 0 |
| Collins, c.....    | 5  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 8  | 1  | 0 |
| Russell, cf.....   | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 |
| Friene, 3b.....    | 4  | 1 | 2  | 0  | 1  | 2  | 0 |
| Byrnes, 1b.....    | 5  | 1 | 1  | 1  | 14 | 2  | 1 |
| Lappin, lf.....    | 4  | 1 | 2  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Kilburn, rf.....   | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Twohy, 2b.....     | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 5  | 1 |
| Broderick, cf..... | 2  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Totals.....        | 40 | 8 | 13 | 6  | 25 | 15 | 3 |

## ST. MARY'S

|                    | AB | R | BH | SB | PO | A  | E |
|--------------------|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|
| Joyce, ss.....     | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 2  | 2  | 4 |
| Haley, cf.....     | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Poultney, c.....   | 3  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 11 | 2  | 0 |
| Brady, 1b.....     | 4  | 0 | 2  | 0  | 8  | 1  | 0 |
| O'Bannion, lf..... | 3  | 0 | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Thompson, rf.....  | 4  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Henno, 3b.....     | 4  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1 |
| Feeney, 2b.....    | 3  | 0 | 0  | 0  | 4  | 4  | 1 |
| McGregor, p.....   | 2  | 0 | 1  | 1  | 0  | 4  | 1 |
| Totals.....        | 32 | 0 | 5  | 2  | 27 | 14 | 7 |

## RUNS AND HITS BY INNINGS

|                | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9    |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Santa Clara..  | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3-8  |
| Base hits...   | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5-13 |
| St. Marys..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-0  |
| Base hits....  | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0-5  |

## SUMMARY

Earned runs—Santa Clara 5, St. Marys 0. Three base hit—Friene. Two base hit—Lappin. Double play—Joyce to Feeney to Brady. Passed ball—Collins. Out bunting third strike—Thompson. Hit by batted ball—Haley. Struck out—By Wolters 7, by McGregor 8. First base on called balls—Off Wolters 6, off McGregor 2. Left on bases—Santa Clara 7, St. Marys 11. Umpire—James McDonald. Scorer—R. H. Shepherd. Time of game—2 h, 30 m.

## Track

The students who are contending on the cinder path and within the oval for glory, have during the past few weeks made the atmosphere on the sodality field redolent with the inspiring fumes of witchhazel and other limbering compounds. This lightning-like burst of enthusiasm, which we sincerely hope will become permanent, was caused by



"Hermes" McHenry, the wing-footed lad who upheld our colors in the greatest athletic meet ever held in the West. Out of thirty entries in the classical hundred, "Mercury Mac" secured third; being beaten at the tape by a hair, after running four heart-breaking trials. Many of the contestants in this event have enviable records and innumerable prizes, so we can justly feel proud of the showing made by the college.

Owing to the stringent rules in regard to entrance eligibility, such men as Donlon, Doherty, Brazell, Lowe and Caverly could not compete.

The Stanford students deserve much praise for the impartial and business-like way in which they conducted this meet and it certainly is a welcome inno-

vation, tending, as it does, to purify amateur sport in California.

The team was treated with genuine southern hospitality by the cardinal hosts and returned to college with nothing but generous feelings for the Stanfordites.

Captain Donlon's huskies are training conscientiously for the field meet on Rector's day. The captain and Doc Doherty are working off superfluous flesh with the weights, while Falkenburg is going over the bar in the high jump. Gray is pegging away with the pole at a fair height. Lowe, Caverly, Fisher, R. McHenry, and Durney are traversing the distances in good style. The clockers expect great things from "Mercury Mac."

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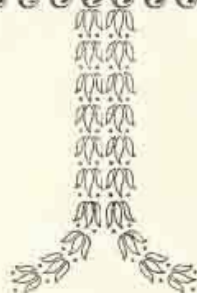
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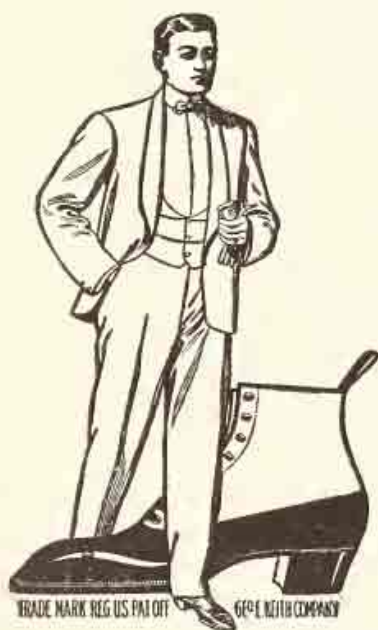
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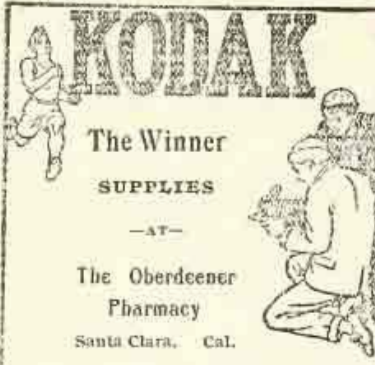
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